

STORIES OF  
**BRITISH  
HEROES  
IN INDIA**

**EDWARD GILLIAT**



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## PREFACE

A BOOK which recalls the lives and work of England's greatest servants in India needs no apology. For we too soon forget what others have done for the Empire. That service has not been all by warfare and strength of will and might. President Roosevelt has eulogized our rule in India in a recent speech. "It is a greater feat than was performed under the Roman Empire . . . indeed, if English control were now withdrawn from India, the whole peninsula would become a chaos of bloodshed and violence ; all the weaker peoples, the most industrious and law-abiding, would be plundered and forced to submit to indescribable wrong and oppression. . . . I have seen many American missionaries who have come from India, and I cannot overstate the terms of admiration in which they speak of the English rule in India, and of the benefits it has conferred, and is conferring, upon the natives."

Lord Curzon, speaking before the Royal Asiatic Society of the problems of administration which India offered, stated that they were "the most complex, the most delicate, and the most responsible that were anywhere devolving upon the shoulders of the English race." Any young Indian Civil Servant who went there, he said, would be doing some-

## PREFACE

thing definite and practical, and of positive value to large masses of human beings at a time of life when, in any other country, he could only be occupying a secondary and irresponsible place.

The thanks of the author are due to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and to Mrs. Bosworth Smith, for permission to use *The Life of Lord Lawrence*, and to Messrs. Sands and Co. for some part of the information in Chapter I, which is taken from Mr. W. S. Lilly's *India and its Problems*.

### PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

*The contents of this volume have been taken from the Reverend Edward Gilliat's larger and more expensive volume entitled "Heroes of Modern India."*



# CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES . . . . .	1
II ROBERT CLIVE, THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE	14
III LORD CLIVE, THE REFORMER OF ABUSES . . . . .	27
IV WARREN HASTINGS, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL . . . . .	41
V THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS . . . . .	54
VI MARQUESS WELLESLEY, STATESMAN AND SOCIAL RE- FORMER . . . . .	67
VII SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, THE HERO OF ASSAYE . . . . .	81
VIII HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT . . . . .	96
IX SIR JOHN MALCOLM, SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT . . . . .	108
X MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER . . . . .	122
XI SIR CHARLES METCALFE, A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR	133
XII SIR ALEXANDER BURNES, EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR . . . . .	143
XIII MAJOR POTTINGER, THE DEFENDER OF HERAT . . . . .	155
XIV LORD DALHOUSIE, A MASTERFUL RULER . . . . .	172
XV INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR . . . . .	183
XVI SIR HERBERT EDWARDES, THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT . . . . .	198

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A RAID BY PINDARIS

A STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS AT ARCOT

THE DEATH OF TIPPoo SAHIB

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY RALLIES THE SEPOYS AT ARCAUM

AN INDIAN CAVALRY CHARGE AT POONAH.

ATTACKED BY ROBBERS

THE MURDER OF SIR ALEXANDER BURNES

THE DISASTER IN THE KHOORD KABUL PASS

# HEROES OF MODERN INDIA

## CHAPTER I

### INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

**I**N these days of rapid travel, when many of us have friends passing in the space of three weeks or less from London to Bombay, our knowledge of India and the Indian Empire is quickened by personal interest. But before recounting the story of some of our heroes, it were well to touch lightly upon some of the differences that separate and distinguish that enormous continent from our own little island home. The first Europeans who went to India after Alexander the Great entered that country as peaceful traders : the goods of Northern India found their way to Europe by way of Kabul, Samarkand and the shores of the Caspian and Euxine Seas. Another way was through Persia, by Damascus and Alexandria, and a monopoly of this trade was in the hands of the prince-merchants of Genoa and Venice.

The Portuguese were looking eagerly towards the south, if perchance they might find a way round the southern corner of Africa. So they sent Vasco da Gama, who named the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, and found himself in 1498 at Calicut, where he did a little trading.

In 1502 the Portuguese sent another expedition, not only to trade, but to exclude the Muhammadans or any other from the Indian Ocean. Gama fell in with a ship full of

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

pilgrims going to Mecca : he reserved the children for slaves ; the rest, some 300, he battened down in the hold and set the ship on fire : they were not Christians !

After some years of fighting and scrambling for monopoly of trade, the Portuguese made Goa, south of Bombay, their capital. For some years they sacked and burnt numberless towns and villages along the coast. Then they came into collision with the kings of the Deccan, or South : but in 1597 they intercepted two Dutch ships. The Dutch did not like this, and sent out stronger fleets and brought back rich cargoes.

The English won their first victory over the Portuguese in 1612. Before that we had met the Dutch in friendly rivalry at Bantam and in Java. Some cloves purchased from a Java junk for £3,000 fetched £37,000 in England. Captain Hawkins in the *Hector* was the first to reach India. As he found the Portuguese would not let him trade freely, he carried a letter from James I to the Great Mogul, who wished to treat him kindly, but the interference of Portuguese missionaries drove him away ; and it was not until 1634 that permission to trade in Bengal was obtained from the Mogul at Delhi. Five years later Fort St. George was founded close to what is now Madras. In 1661 Bombay was ceded by Portugal to the British Crown as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and was afterwards made over by Charles II to the East India Company.

India is so enormous in size compared to Great Britain that we shall not be surprised to find that it contains many nations and many languages. Its extreme length and breadth are nearly equal, being 1,900 miles from north to south, and 1,500 miles from east to west.

The map we use will possibly be on the scale of 150 miles to the inch, whereas in England we are used to consult one on the scale of from two to ten miles. In the north are the giant Himalayas, south of these the great river plains ;

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

east and west, sloping southwards, are the tablelands and the two chains of ghats.

The Himalayas, or Abode of Snow, are twice as high as the Alps ; they are not so beautiful, because much of that mountainous country is sterile and rugged, deficient in those green beauty spots which refresh the eye in Switzerland : there is a lack of lakes and waterfalls, though in many of the lower valleys we find great cedars, pines and sycamores, the finest in the world, and rhododendrons growing like forest trees with trailing orchids. When we travel through Hindustan proper, the Punjab on the north-west, Sind, Oudh, Bengal, Assam, etc., we see much of it is highly cultivated ; we find fertile plains yielding two crops each year ; wheat and tea-plant grow in the north, rice and sugar-cane, cotton and tobacco, indigo and precious spices. We see melons and yellow pumpkins spreading over the low, thatched roofs ; festooning the jungle there are flowering creepers of gorgeous colours, while every tank, or irrigation lake, bears on its bosom the lotus and water-lily. The whole of Southern India was once covered with vast forests and its hilly regions are still wooded with noble timber.

When we consider the races that inhabit this great continent we may well wonder how it is possible to govern so motley a world. The Aryans, akin to the white races of Europe, seem to have entered India 3,000 years B.C. They settled in the Punjab for some 1,500 years, and then began to move east towards the Ganges valley, driving a Mongolian race into the Himalayas. About 1,000 A.D. the Muhammadan invasions began and lasted until the middle of the sixteenth century. There are some 90,000 Parsees, few but select, mostly refugees from Persia, eminent for wealth and intelligence. The British element consists of only 135,000 ; and Eurasians, the descendants of white fathers and native mothers, are about the same in number. The original inhabitants of India, such as the Bheels and

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

Khonds, are found mostly in the hill country of the north and south, black in colour, with woolly hair, thick lips and broad noses.

The earliest history of India is very uncertain after the first glimpses given us by the Greeks; but sometimes a sportsman pushing his way through the thick jungle will come suddenly upon the ruins of a marble city, "twice as old as Time." There is one ruined city in the Madras Presidency which fell before five Muhammadan princes, whose walls were twenty-four miles in circumference. The greatest of the Muhammadan rulers, Akbar, excelled both in mental and bodily qualities. It is said of him that he could spring upon the back of an elephant who had killed his keeper and force the beast to obey him. He ruled wisely and lies buried at Agra in a beautiful mausoleum. Another great Muhammadan was Aurangzeb, after whose death Southern India began to be broken up into independent states and left a loophole for conquest by French and English. When the English had overpowered the Marathas and established peace—a peace which had not existed for 1,000 years—at first the benefit was felt, but of late years there have been signs of general discontent. It is very difficult for us to get to know the real feelings and desires of the Indians: the system of caste and the seclusion of the ladies are the chief impediments to this. For 2,000 years the Brahmans have been at the head of Hindu society, by force of tradition and intellectual eminence. They have been the priests, philosophers, poets and legislators of their race. The second caste were the warriors, the third the food producers, and the fourth the Sudras, or slaves.

The caste into which a man is born represents the divine judgment on the previous lives through which he has passed: therefore to break caste is to break God's law, not merely man's.

The chief rules of caste are these: (1) Individuals may

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

not marry who do not belong to the same caste ; (2) A man may not sit down to eat with another who is not of his own caste ; (3) His meals may only be cooked by persons of his own caste, or by a Brahman ; (4) Cow's flesh, pork, fowls, etc., may not be eaten ; (5) The sea may not be crossed, nor India left by land ; (6) No widow may be married. When a Hindu has done one of these things and has been excluded from caste his relations and friends will not visit him or ask him to their houses : he cannot obtain brides or bridegrooms for his children ; his fellow caste-men refuse to serve him or help him in any way.

The Hindus strongly resent any interference with this social organization, and it of course makes social intercourse with Europeans strained and difficult. Go into an Indian village and you will find you have entered a little republic. The village has its headman to represent it in its external relations : then there are several hereditary officers, such as the barber, the accountant, the money-changer, the potter, carpenter, shoemaker, astrologer and others. The astrologer is a very important personage, who fixes the hour for weddings, feasts, etc. ; he can avert evil influences, bless houses and wells, consecrate new idols and pray for boy babies ! But greater than the astrologer is the guru, the holy teacher, who only comes round at intervals, but is welcomed even in rich men's palaces with awe. " The Lord has come ! " Every one falls prostrate before him : a bath is prepared for him, and the choicest food is set before him. His head and face are shaven, leaving only a tuft of hair at the top : this and a bead necklace mark him as a Brahman : to offend such a man would imperil your salvation, for he can bless or curse a whole household.

As you pass through the village you will notice the tiny huts of only one room without any window : the walls are only straw mats hung on a framework of bamboos, or rows of straw and reeds plastered with mud. Floor and walls

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

are strewn with cowdung, to keep off flies. If you call upon a wealthy Hindu you must not sit too near him on the carpet, or he will have to change his clothes when you have gone, or bathe perhaps in the cleansing water of the Ganges. You will see no furniture in the room, but a rug or two and a few round pillows. There will be gold and silver vessels for eating and drinking. But the polish of the ivory-white walls will strike you as beautiful, also the bright fresco and quaint niches in the walls, and the carving of doors and pillars. You will not see the ladies; they are hidden behind the purdah, or curtain.

The condition of women in India remains much as it was. The old laws of Manu declare, "For women there are no separate holy rites, fasts or ceremonies: all she has to do is to worship her husband, and thus will she become famous in heaven. In her childhood she must be in subjection to her parents, in her youth to her husband, in her old age to her children." A Hindu woman must not eat with her husband, but must sit at a respectful distance from him. She must walk behind him and not speak to him in the presence of others. The poor, uneducated creature lives out of sight, knowing nothing of what goes on in the world, except by the gossip of her slave girls. She remains secluded in the zenana, and only on rare occasions she is invited out to the houses of relatives, to which she is carried in a close *palki*, deeply veiled. If she becomes a widow, she must dress in mourning all her life, wear no jewels, appear at no feasts. She no longer is allowed to be burnt on the funeral pile of her husband, but for that capital sentence has been substituted what amounts to imprisonment for life. The ceremony of purification for a lady after the birth of a child is thus described by Miss Leslie in *The Dawn of Light*. "Her nails were cut, her hair tied up: she was put in a palanquin, the bedding having been taken out, and carried to the river, a distance



## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

of six miles. The bearers waded into the stream with their burden as far as they could go, and the sacred waters gush in, around and upon her, shut up there in her dark box. She was then carried back all those six miles in her wet clothes ; such was the efficacy of the bath, that from that time she was reckoned ceremoniously clean. The neighbours were feasted with sweetmeats and worship was offered to the goddess Sasthi."

Such wives, untaught and ignorant of the world, can be no companions to their husbands : their only subject of conversation is dress and cooking, and the wife's highest powers are brought out in trying to check the bills that are brought to her : most of them begin by being dolls, and end by becoming household drudges. The Zenana Mission has tried to combat many of the old traditions and introduce some little education, but owing to strong prejudice it cannot yet achieve much. There is one department of life in which the Indian naturally surpasses the European : that is in artistic spirit. The architecture of their old temples is magnificent and full of lovely detail : but the artistic spirit seems to pervade all classes ; for delicate woven fabrics, blending of colours, working of metals and precious stones they are unrivalled. Sir George Birdwood writes : " Every house in India is a nursery of the beautiful. In the meanest village hut the mother of the family will be found with her daughters engaged in spinning or weaving : and in the proudest native houses of the great cities, the mistress, with her maid-servants, may be seen at all hours of the day embroidering cloth in coloured silks, and silver and gold thread, reminding the visitor of similar scenes in ancient Rome."

Again, speaking of the village potter, Sir George says : " Near his wheel is a heap of clay, and before it rise two or three stacks of pots and pans, while the verandah of his hut is filled with the smaller ware and painted images of

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

the gods and epic heroes of the old poems. He has to supply the whole village with pitchers and cooking-pans and jars for storing grain and spices and salt. Altogether he earns from £10 to £12 a year and is passing rich with it. He is, in truth, one of the most useful and respected members of the community, and in the happy organization of Hindu village life there is no man happier than the hereditary potter." He draws a pretty picture of the handicraft of the native and contrasts it with the mechanical drudgery of the mills and factories which are being introduced.

"Outside the entrance of the single village street, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel, moulding the swift-revolving clay by the natural curves of his hands. At the back of the houses, which form the low irregular street, there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the street, the brass and copper smiths are hammering away at their pots and pans, and further down, in the verandah of the rich man's house, is the jeweller working rupees and gold mohrs into fair jewelry, gold and silver earrings, nose-rings and tinkling ornaments for the feet. . . . At four in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to draw water from the tank, each with two or three water-jars on her head. . . . Later, the men drive in the mild grey kine from the moaning plain, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, feasting and music are heard on every side, and songs are sung late into the night. This is the daily life going on all over Western India in the village communities of the Deccan, among a people happy in their simple manners and frugal way of life."

It is a pleasing picture. We are glad to think that the British rule has put a stop to the internal wars that used

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

for 1,000 years to call the men from their villages and sometimes devastated their fields and filled their tiny homes with corpses.

The Mussulman conquests, which began when Alla ud Deen crossed the mountains in 1293, sacked a province and carried the Rajah Ram Deo prisoner to Delhi, first introduced the unhappy Indians to war on a large scale. Before that, their villages had been burnt and their fields ravaged by petty princes, who were from ambition or jealousy trying to rise to higher things. But with the advent of the conquering Muhammadan army in 1310 war became more cruel, because it was mixed up with religious fanaticism.

In the short period between 1295 and 1326, the empire of Delhi experienced four Mogul invasions. Every capture of a village or city was a scene of ruthless bloodshed and excess : revolutions were incessant after the conquerors had partially withdrawn ; revolutions had to be put down—more cruel bloodshed ! And these wars for gold or conquest, these uprisings of Hindu natives went on alternately through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, until the land reeked with blood, and the people sighed for a strong tyrant who could put down the lesser tyrants, and give them a little sense of security and some days of quiet and peace. Mill gives us a picture of what usually went on in these invasions of the eighteenth century. Delhi had opened its gates to the invaders and smiled upon them as they entered : but a brawl arose in the evening between the troops and the citizens. With the first light of the morning the invading leader issued forth, and dispersing bands of soldiers in every direction, ordered them to slaughter the inhabitants, without regard to age or sex, in every street or avenue in which the body of a murdered Persian could be found. From sunrise to midday the sabre raged ; and by that time not less than 8,000 were numbered with the

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

dead. During the massacre and pillage the city was set on fire in several places. The Afghan invasions were even more brutal ; one gang of 25,000 Afghan horsemen swooped down upon the sacred city of Muttra while a festival was being held and when peaceful Hindu pilgrims thronged the streets. They burned the houses, together with their inmates, slaughtering others with the sword and the lance, hauling off into captivity maidens and youths, men and women. In a moment the pleasant family life was swept away and in its stead was substituted a cruel bondage under savage taskmasters of another race and language and religion.

But if we have made such wars a thing of the past, there remain two evils which we can only partially put down—the plague and the famine. In India, except in the irrigated tracts, famine is chronic, and has always been so, as we read in the histories written by Muhammadans. During the first eighty years of the nineteenth century, 18,000,000 people died of famine. You may ride at such a time along a sun-baked plain, and see crowds of wandering folk, like skeletons, children forsaken by their mothers, mere rods of gristle and sinew, and everywhere unburied bodies, half eaten by dogs and vultures. In May 1900 it was spread over an area of 417,000 square miles and affected a population of 40,000,000 persons. The chief cause of these famines is the failure of the crops when the periodical rains do not fall. Another cause of the poverty of the cultivator is his being always in debt to the usurer, who lends him money to pay for lavish outlay at marriages and funerals. A third cause is the insane love of going to law which most of them possess. We have tried by extensive irrigation to check the first and great cause of famine, though earlier rulers of India had done very much in this direction. For instance, there were left us 60,000 large tanks with about 35,000 miles of embankment in the Madras Presidency.

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

One river, the Vaigai, had been so admirably managed that scarcely a drop of water reached the sea; the water was all utilized for irrigating the fields.

Relief works are of course started and grain given to the starving ryots or cultivators; but it is strange how difficult it is to do good without doing harm.

The writer was told by an English Engineer officer that one day he was riding on the outskirts of a famine district when he met a large caravan of whole families who were journeying towards the famine-stricken country. He pulled rein and shouted, "Stop! you must not go that way: it will lead you to a land where hunger and death will seize you." "We know that, sahib," they replied, "but we hear that the English are feeding them, so we go yonder to be fed." They were in no need in their own villages, but thought it a capital plan to hurry to the famine district and get their share of the good things!

Then the plague is another evil which we have not yet learnt how to check: in the years 1885, 1896, 1898, 1904, 1905 we have had experience of its ravages, chiefly in parts of the North-West Provinces and in the Bombay Presidency.

In the years 1896 to 1899 52,549 died in the city and province of Bombay. Doctors tell us that it does not always come from dirt, as a house of correction at Byculla, which was kept spotlessly clean, suffered very severely from the plague. It seems to begin in the autumn and die away during the summer, for sunlight kills the bacillus. The sufferer has inflamed glands and wears a dazed look of stupor, as if partially drunk: pains begin in the groin and under the arm, where the glands are resisting the attack of the bacillus. Many animals and insects suffer from the plague—dogs, cats, rats, mice, fleas, etc., rats being the most susceptible. Clothes are not always infectious, but insanitary habits and dark,

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

sunless alleys promote its growth. Many streets and wynds in Bombay have been razed to the ground, but the suspicions and superstitions of the natives render such measures difficult. The plague died out of Western Europe some years ago and only thrived when Europeans lived in windowless houses and lay on filthy straw. The crusade against rats has not been so successful in its results as had been hoped. The rats are evidently not the original cause of plague. In the days of old they called it "the visitation of God": the ancients built an altar to "Pestis." It is better to build a hospital and ascribe its origin to the neglect of the laws of God.

The rivers of India may be described as somewhat wayward: many of them dry up in the hot season, after being allowed to waste valuable floods in the rainy season. Near the hills they are liable to sudden spates, which are apt to astonish the unwary. For instance, you may have walked across a stony river-bed to visit a friend, and enjoyed a game of tennis in the evening. You find on your return to the river that it is running deep with murmur of many pebbles and quite impassable. An officer of the Royal Engineers had just completed a beautiful bridge and had ordered a special engine and carriage to take him and a friend for the last examination of the work: the little train pulled up some yards before reaching the bridge, and our Colonel put his head out of the window and shouted to the driver, "Go on, stupid: go on over the bridge."

"I can't go further, sir: I don't see no bridge."

"No bridge, fool! it is quite safe to use: go on at once."

The Colonel settled himself angrily into his corner: the engine moved a few yards and then stopped again. "The bridge is gone, Colonel!"

"Gone!" In a moment the Colonel and his friend were out on the track. There yawned the gap, and there smoothly flowed the smiling flood. Some wreckage near

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLES

the broken girders explained the little error. "Who would have thought it?" muttered the Colonel. "I had allowed an ample margin for the biggest flood ever known: but I had not allowed for an Indian village riding and tossing upon the surface of the waters."

As the East India Company figures so much in the history of our earlier dealings with India, it may not be out of place to give a short summary of its history. It began as a small trading company with a subscribed capital of £30,000 in 1599. Queen Elizabeth granted them a charter in 1600 for fifteen years, in which the Company is styled "The Governor and Company of the merchants of London trading into the East Indies." The old East India House was in Leadenhall Street, the front being highly decorated with deep-waisted ships riding across a troubled sea. In 1609 James I renewed the charter and made it perpetual, giving them the power to seize and confiscate any ships of contraband traders. In 1629 the Dutch massacred the leading members of the English factory at Amboyna: the outrage long remained unredressed; and, as the Dutch impeded their trade in every way, the Company were often in great straits. In 1698, owing to the misconduct of the Company, the House of Commons voted the formation of a new Company, but the two were amalgamated in 1708. In 1784 the Company had to submit all political papers to a Board consisting of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and four Privy Councillors. In 1834 all their property was to be held in trust for the Crown, and their dividend was guaranteed out of the revenues of India. After the Indian Mutiny, 1857-8, the entire administration was transferred to the Crown, the Governor-General held the new title of Viceroy, and the naval and military forces of the Company were united with the regular forces of the Queen. The Company was finally extinguished in 1873.

## CHAPTER II

### CLIVE, THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

THERE are few instances on record of such success in life as was won by Robert Clive, who began the world without a shilling in his purse, and at the age of thirty-four returned to England with a fortune that brought him an income of some £50,000 a year. But that was nothing to what he had achieved for our Indian Empire : as he had saved a province, conquered a kingdom and substituted order for misrule, justice for violence and wrong. One would have thought that such success would have made life fairly comfortable and happy for him ; but he had done some indefensible things in India and his political opponents attacked him in Parliament with such bitterness, and so humiliated his proud spirit that he “ with a bare bodkin ” escaped haughtily from an ungrateful world.

Robert Clive was the eldest son of Richard Clive, an attorney, who had succeeded to his brother's small estate near Market Drayton. At the age of three Robert was sent to live with his mother's sister, Mrs. Bayley, at Hope Hall, near Manchester. Mr. Bayley, writing in 1732, when Robert was seven years old, says, “ I am satisfied that his fighting, to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out upon every trifling occasion : for this reason I do what I can to suppress the young hero.” Like General Charles



## THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

Gordon of Khartum fame, this young fellow could be like flint and make himself to be obeyed. No meditative dreamer was here, but an iron will that was to move the mountains of misrule and Oriental sloth and untruth.

Clive's education did not make rapid progress, possibly because in their impatience his guardians kept removing him from school to school, a proceeding which is not unlike that of the youthful gardener who pulls up his plants once a week to see how the roots are getting on. He was removed from Lostock in Cheshire before he had completed his eleventh year; next he was sent to Market Drayton, thence he went to Merchant Taylors' school in London: but even in this safe harbourage he did not stay long before he was again removed to a private academy in Hemel Hempstead. It is possible that some of these removals may have been made at the suggestion of the pained authorities, for even in boyhood he established a reputation for daring and leading other spirits into revolt.

It is told of him that when he was at Market Drayton he one day ascended to the top of the church tower, and was seen by a horrified and increasing crowd of upturned faces to be letting himself down over the parapet wall, some three feet below. Was he attempting to save a life? I regret to say that the boy was putting his life in peril in order to retrieve a smooth stone he had thrown up, which had stuck in the water-spout. He was not wise always, either then or afterwards.

As an organizer he showed his mettle full early; for the boy put himself at the head of all the young rascals in the neighbourhood, drilled them and appointed to each section a quarter of the town, where they made life so intensely disagreeable to the shopkeepers that when Clive went round and offered to stop all this nonsense if they would pay him so much a week, they readily and thankfully closed with his offer. One obnoxious dealer refused

## ROBERT CLIVE,

to pay blackmail, and to punish him Clive ordered his boys to throw up a barrage, or mound of turf and soil, across a dirty water-course, so that when the next rain came the shop of the recalcitrant dealer should be flooded.

When the rain did come the barrage was seen to tremble, and it seemed as if all their labours would be wasted ; but Robert Clive shouted for more turf, more soil. Meanwhile he flung himself down behind the barrier across the dirty gutter, and so filled the breach until his comrades had strengthened the little wall, and the flood at length poured merrily in at the shop door. We see that even at the age of thirteen this child was brave and resolute and thorough.

One of his masters, Dr. Eaton, prophesied great things of his naughty scholar. "If he lives to be a man, and opportunity for the exertion of his talents be afforded, he will win for himself a name second to few in history." Dr. Eaton was no ordinary gerund-grinder ! Clive's own relations used to shake their heads when they talked of the idle dunce, the headstrong leader of rebels. "Poor Bob will never come to any good—he'll die in a ditch, you'll see," muttered his father. Ah ! Mr. Richard Clive, you sang quite another tune when "poor Bob" came back from India only fourteen years later and paid your £9,000 of debt ! However the father could not foresee such magic prosperity as this, and grumbled rarely because Bob said he did not wish to enter the lawyer's office ; he liked open-air pursuits.

"Then, dash it, sir, I will get you a writership in the East India Company." The threat was acted upon. Robert received his nomination in the spring of 1743, and embarked soon afterwards for Madras ; he was then in the eighteenth year of his age and, in spite of his hot temper, had won many hearts by his strong natural affections and generosity.

In our days you can go from England to India in about

## THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

three weeks ; 150 years ago, if you were lucky, you might do it in nine months, going the only way, round by the Cape—Clive was not so lucky as this : his ship put in at Brazil where it was detained nine months, and again at the Cape of Good Hope some delay occurred. However our good-for-nothing Bob did not waste all his time, for he set himself to learn Portuguese in Brazil, which in after life came in useful to him. But he was no born linguist, and never could learn to converse with the natives of India in their own language.

It was the autumn of 1744 before the ship arrived at Madras ; the expenses of the long voyage had eaten into his little store of money, and the gentleman to whom he was bearing a letter of introduction had already quitted India before Clive's arrival, so that he found himself on landing the possessor of only a few pounds which he had borrowed at an exorbitant rate from his ship's captain, and he was not to live the nice open-air life he was dreaming of. He was only the clerk of a trading corporation which possessed a few square miles round its factory, rented from native governments, and an ill-constructed fort manned by a handful of troops. The native portion of this force bore both sword and shield, some only bows and arrows. His duty was to sit at a desk in his shirt-sleeves, take stock, make notes of advances to weavers and shipments of cargo ; his pay was miserably insufficient, and the lower clerks could barely keep out of debt. He found that senior clerks could make money by private trading, which they did to the detriment of the Company, and often returned home as wealthy nabobs.

The town of Madras had risen rapidly near Fort St. George, which was built on a barren spot beaten by a stormy sea. The richer agents of the Company lived in white villas surrounded by little gardens in the shaded suburbs, where every luxury was supplied them. But Clive in his

## ROBERT CLIVE,

stuffy rooms in Writers' Buildings nursed his shy pride and refused to enter into such society as the place afforded. He loathed his daily duties, pined for home and grew morose and melancholy. "I have not enjoyed," he wrote home, "one happy day since I left my native country." But the Governor possessed a good library and permitted Clive to have access to it. It was at this time of his life that he acquired nearly all the knowledge of books that he ever possessed. One day he quarrelled with one of his superiors and gave such offence that the Governor ordered him to apologize. Clive did not dare to disobey lest he should lose his post, but his apology was somewhat curt. Some days after the same functionary invited him to dinner. Clive replied, "No, sir, the Governor desired me to apologize, and I have done so, but he did not command me to dine with you."

Besides this irritable temper Clive suffered at times from fits of low spirits which overpowered his will. One very hot day a companion knocked at his door in Writers' Buildings; on entering he found Clive seated in a corner with a small table near him on which lay a pistol.

"Take that pistol and fire it out of the window," said Clive sullenly.

His friend did so, and no sooner was the loud report heard than Clive in great excitement sprang from his seat, exclaiming—

"My God! I twice snapped that pistol at my own head and it would not go off. I feel that I am reserved for some purpose or another."

But political events gave a different shape to Clive's future: the war of the Austrian succession, in which England and France took opposite sides, reached even to India, where the French had large possessions. Labourdonnais, the French Governor of Mauritius, resolved to do something for France, and he compelled the English fleet to

## THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

abandon the east coast, landed with an army and put Madras in a state of siege. Madras was soon given up to him, the Company's warehouses were looted, and the English were constituted prisoners of war upon parole.

But Duplex, the French governor of Pondicherry, hearing what Labourdonnais had done, refused to ratify the capitulation, and threatened to blow up St. George; he then had the English Governor, with some of the chief members of the factory, conveyed under a guard to Pondicherry, and marched them, like captives in a Roman procession, through his town.

Clive and some of his friends thought that this conduct absolved them from their parole, and they fled in the disguise of Mussulmans and took shelter at St. David's. Here, as he had no duties to perform, he fell into the habit of frequenting the gaming-table—anything to escape his morbid feelings of dejection and melancholy. But as he played he noticed that two officers were winning by unfair means; Clive refused to pay his losses and called them cheats. On this one of the officers challenged him to a duel. They met without seconds, and Clive having the first fire shot widely, and stood at the mercy of his adversary, who walked up and, presenting his pistol at Clive's head, said, "Now ask me for your life!"

"All right: I have no wish to be shot," said Clive.

"Beg my pardon for saying I was a cheat, sir!"

"That will I never do: I saw you cheat more than once."

"Then I will shoot you," exclaimed the bully excitedly.

"Shoot away—and be hanged!" replied Clive unconcernedly.

"You are a madman!" shouted the officer, but something in the steady gaze of Clive's eyes cowed him. "Simply a madman," he muttered and turned away.

Clive refused to bring the matter before the authorities, and even refrained from referring to it in society. "No,"

## ROBERT CLIVE,

he said, "I will not do him an injury on any account; I will never pay what he unfairly won, but he has given me my life, and from me he shall take no hurt." Clive's cool courage soon got bruited about, for this officer had been the military bully of Fort St. David.

But the irascible temper of the "fighting Bob" of Market Drayton had not yet learnt self-control, for shortly after this Clive sought and obtained an ensigncy in the Company's army and on several occasions showed he possessed judgment and prompt decision as well as intrepidity. On one occasion Clive had command of a battery before Pondicherry, and as the ammunition was nearly expended he in his eagerness ran to the rear to order a fresh supply. It was unusual for an officer to do this, and later some sarcastic comments were made by a brother officer. Clive at once challenged him to a duel, but his superiors stopped it. An inquiry was held and a public apology to Clive was ordered to be made, and was made. But Clive was not content with this and still urged his opponent to fight.

"I will not; I have made my apology, that is enough."

"You are a coward, sir, and I have a good mind to cane you," replied Clive, shaking his cane over the offender's head.

These stories show that the unbridled insolence of the idle boy had not yet been exchanged for the sagacity and wisdom of the leader of men. Clive took part in other expeditions and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and then returned for a time to his desk.

But political storms were brewing which were to call forth the soldier-clerk from his counting-house. The great Mogul empire, whose seat was at Delhi in the north, was beginning to totter during the forty years that succeeded the death of Aurangzeb. A Persian conqueror entered Delhi and bore away such treasures as the Peacock Throne and the Mountain of Light. Then the Afghan burst in, and

## THE FOUNDER OF 'THE INDIAN EMPIRE

the Sikhs arose, and—worst of all—there came from the highlands near the western sea-coast a still more formidable race—the Marathas, who plundered and subdued many a fertile province. “Wherever their kettledrums were heard,” as Macaulay writes, “the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle and fled with wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighbourhood of the hyaena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. The camp-fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the Palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice-fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horsemen of Berar, and the name of the Maratha ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.”

It was Dupleix who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy; he dreamed of utilizing the numerous hosts of India disciplined under French officers, and it was a touch and go then as to whether France or England should be the lord of India. Dupleix allied himself with a political party in the Carnatic and, sending 400 French soldiers and 2,000 Sepoys, fought and conquered and won the Carnatic. Dupleix had suddenly become rich and powerful, the Governor of South India. The English began to fear for their own existence: only Trichinopoly remained to their friend Mahommed Ali, and this city was invested by the French. It was a young clerk of twenty-five years who thought out and enacted the means of security. Clive was made captain to the troops, and he was not too modest to go and have a straight talk with Mr. Saunders, the new Governor of St. David's; he pressed upon him the assault on

## ROBERT CLIVE,

Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, as being the only way to relieve the pressure on Trichinopoly.

The heads of the English settlement were in a panic, but they sent Clive with 200 English soldiers and 300 Sepoys armed with English muskets. Four of the eight officers who accompanied him were clerks in the Company whom Clive had persuaded to offer their services. Arcot, placed on the left bank of the river Palar, consists of a town of some 100,000 inhabitants and of a citadel; the latter was surrounded by houses and narrow streets, the walls were loose and crumbling and the ditch was choked. Chunda Sahib, who claimed to be Nabob of the Carnatic and was an ally of the French, had a garrison of some 1,100 men in the citadel. On August 26, 1751, Clive marched from Madras with three light field-pieces and his little army. After meeting with a furious thunder-storm he halted within ten miles of Arcot, but spies had already carried the news that the English were coming through the lightning and the rain, and the citadel was at once evacuated, and Clive took possession.

Then came the tug of war, for Clive knew that Chunda Sahib would try to win the city back by force, so he lost no time in arming the towers and storing provisions. He found nearly 4,000 inhabitants living in the citadel; these he treated with the utmost kindness and they all preserved a strict neutrality and even helped to repair the walls.

The garrison which had fled at Clive's approach had soon been reinforced to the number of 3,000 men and were encamped close to the town. So at dead of night Clive marched out of the citadel, surprised their camp, slew many and scattered the rest, returning to his quarters without having lost a single man.

Chunda Sahib, hearing this news, sent 10,000 men from Trichinopoly to Arcot under the command of his son with orders to retake Arcot.



## THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

The little garrison now consisted of only 120 Europeans and 200 Sepoys and four officers, with scanty stock of food.

The siege was kept up for fifty days, and hunger began to make itself felt. One day the Sepoys came to Clive and besought him to give them no more rice ; “ the white men,” they said, “ need it most ; give us the water in which the grain has been boiled : that do for us, Captain Sahib.”

The same touching act of generosity occurred years afterwards at the siege of Jellalabad. When the native has learnt to respect and love the white man he is capable of great self-devotion and heroic generosity. They admired and loved Clive and were ready to die for him.

The enemies’ general tried to bribe Clive to surrender, but he spurned the offer and refused to negotiate. A Maratha chief who had been hired to fight against the English, admiring this strange bravery, proposed to Clive to bring 6,000 men to his assistance. Thereupon Rajah Sahib fixed on a holy day, November 14, for his final assault. At early dawn four columns advanced to the attack at various points. Elephants, whose foreheads were protected by iron plates, were driven against the wooden gates, but, galled by the fire of the garrison the sagacious beasts turned and trampled on their own people, as Hannibal’s elephants had done in Italy. Clive himself directed a field-piece and swept the foe from a raft that was crossing the ditch, and everywhere the assailants were beaten off, leaving 400 dead in the ditch. Next morning the enemy had cleared out of the town, leaving a valuable booty behind.

The effect produced on the natives by Clive’s great resistance was marvellous ; many who had declared for Chunda Sahib now joined Clive, and in proportion as our prestige rose, that of the French sank. When Clive, in marching back to Fort St. David, destroyed a town which Dupleix had called after his own name as well as a monumental

## ROBERT CLIVE,

column describing his victories, then it was seen that the tide had begun to turn ; the foundations of our great Indian empire were then laid when the admiring natives first learnt what English prowess and daring could accomplish.

Just as the Government of Madras had resolved to send Clive to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly, Major Lawrence arrived from England to assume the chief command. The question was, would Clive take the lower place ? Yes, Lawrence had formerly treated Clive with kindness, and this was a thing he never forgot in any one. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend ; and Lawrence recognized his captain's ability, for he wrote of Clive as " a man of undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier, for without a military education of any sort, from his own judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

The English triumph was complete : the besiegers of Trichinopoly were besieged in their turn : Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Marathas and was put to death. Yet Dupleix did not give in, though France sent him no help, and his only troops were the sweeping of the galleys. He went on trying to defeat the English by intrigue, by lavishing his private fortune and procuring decrees from the Emperor at Delhi. He deserved to win, but if your own country will not back you up, what can one man do ? He returned a broken man and a beggar, the scorn and derision of the politicians of the cafés. Clive had one more work entrusted to him before he visited England : there were two forts, Covelong and Chingleput, held by French garrisons. These he was instructed to take with 200 recruits just arrived from the lowest purlieus of London and Portsmouth. These Clive had to train to face fire ; when they heard the first gun they all fled, and could with

## THE FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE

difficulty be rallied. But by degrees he animated them with some of his own spirit and by reckless daring shamed them into a sort of bravery, so that they actually took Covelong, and by laying an ambuscade in the jungle destroyed the detachment that was marching to relieve Chingleput, which then capitulated.

On his return to Madras he married Miss Maskelyne, sister of the Astronomer Royal, a handsome and accomplished girl, to whom he was always greatly attached. Then, feeling rather worn by his exertions, he embarked for England ; he was still but twenty-seven, but already was known at the India House by the honourable nickname of General Clive, and on his arrival in London was feasted by the East India Company and offered a sword set with diamonds. This he declined unless a similar gift were made to his friend and commander, Lawrence. Then he took his bride to see the old home, where his father had for some time ceased to grumble at poor good-for-nothing Bob, as the strange news of his exploits came from time to time ; nay, he had even got beyond saying, " Humph ! there's some stuff in the booby after all ! " But when a dashing young officer drove up one day with a wonderful four-in-hand and Indian servants sparkling like princes, and when that same young officer said in the quiet of the study, " Father, have you any little debts I can wipe off for you ? " that father's pride in his son knew no bounds. Fortunately Robert Clive had a sensible and discreet mother who did all she could to prevent Robert's head from being turned by the flattery of his countrymen. But in spite of her good counsel Clive rushed into reckless extravagance, living splendidly in London, with carriages and thoroughbreds to ride, so that he incurred jealousy and envy and wasted his small fortune. The crowning point of his excess was reached when he got elected to Parliament and had to fight a petition against his return. He

## ROBERT CLIVE

found himself ejected from Parliament and vastly impoverished, so that when the Company offered him the post of Governor of Fort St. David he gladly accepted it. The King, who had been following his career with admiration, gave him the commission of a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army, and in 1755 he again set sail for India.

## CHAPTER III

### LORD CLIVE, THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

CLIVE landed at Bombay and at once, in conjunction with Admiral Watson, captured the fortress of a renowned pirate named Angria; a booty of £150,000 was divided among the conquerors.

Clive then went on to Fort St. David, but had not been there two months before news from Bengal called him forth into the arena of conflict. In Bengal the French had a commercial settlement at Chandernagar, on the Hoogley. Nearer to the sea the English had built Fort William. A row of spacious houses lined the bank of the river and a native town was springing up near. For the land the English paid rent to the native Government. The great province of Bengal was governed by a Viceroy of the Mogul Emperor, who had become virtually independent. A youth of twenty, named Surajah Dowlah, was now Viceroy, a boy of feeble intellect and vicious disposition. From a child he had hated the English, and as a rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, Surajah Dowlah marched with an army against Fort William.

The traders in Bengal, unlike those in Madras, were unused to the alarms of war and fled on board ship. The fort was taken and many English were taken prisoners. One hundred and forty-six were forced by their gaolers into a cell only twenty feet square. They laughed at the

## LORD CLIVE,

idea of all going into so small a space. It was summer time and the Nabob was asleep and could not be disturbed. They were forced in at the point of the spear. In vain they cried for mercy and strove to burst the door or bribe their gaolers. No, the Nabob was asleep! Some went mad; they trampled one another down for places at the tiny windows. The gaolers held lights to the bars and laughed loud at the rare frenzy of the suffocating whites. Next morning only twenty-three were found alive, and could barely stagger out. Surajah Dowlah awoke from his drunken sleep and showed no concern for that horrible cruelty; indeed, he sent some of the survivors up country in irons.

It was this ghastly tale which reached Clive at Madras. The whole settlement cried out for vengeance, and Clive was ordered to go with an expedition to the Hoogley. Nine hundred English infantry and 1,500 Sepoys were to meet the Nabob's tens of thousands. They reached Bengal in December, and at once Clive set to work, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta and sacked the town of Hoogley. The Nabob was enjoying himself at Murshidabad in all security. Why, he said, there are not 10,000 men in all Europe; what was there to fear?

But when he heard the grim news he turned pale, and felt a little sorry for what he had done. So he offered to restore the factory and compensate those who had lost money. Clive consented to treat with the monster, as he had heard that war with France had begun again. Hitherto, as a soldier he had acted with ability and honour; now there opened out a new chapter in his life, in which he pitted himself against the lying diplomacy of the East, and, unfortunately for his fame, he deigned to counter fraud with fraud and deceit with deceit. He seemed to think that nothing was unfair when dealing with the wily tricksters of Asia.

## THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

First, however, he captured the French settlement at Chandernagar ; then he played fast and loose with Surajah Dowlah, and while pretending to support him was intriguing with Mir Jaffier, who was plotting to depose him.

Clive did not scruple even to forge Admiral Watson's signature to a fictitious treaty. But once more he was to serve his country with honour. Surajah Dowlah had assembled his whole force a few miles from Plassey : it was twenty times as numerous as Clive's, and his 40,000 infantry were armed with firelocks, pikes, swords and bows : they had fifty pieces of cannon, drawn by white oxen and pushed by elephants : his cavalry were 15,000, mostly drawn from the vigorous races of the northern highlands. Clive with his poor 3,000 well-trained men paused at the bank of a river, and called a council of war. Shall we cross the river and give battle ? The majority voted no : to fight so many were rank madness.

An hour later Clive was thinking hard under some shady trees : not to fight, he resolved, would be the greater madness : he returned to camp and gave orders that all should be made ready for passing the river on the morrow.

On the morrow they crossed the water and marched all day till, long after sunset, all in the dark they silently encamped in a grove of mango trees near Plassey. Clive could not sleep that night : the booming of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob mingled with his anxious thoughts. Nor did Surajah Dowlah feel so certain of victory as his numbers might have warranted : he dreaded assassination, desertion and the avenging furies of those who died in the " black hole of Calcutta ! "

To-morrow would decide the fate of India ! Richard Clive's " poor booby " was going to make a great effort to change the history of the world. But he too felt nervous, for he had marked how much stronger were the cavalry than any he had met before ; both men and horses were of

## LORD CLIVE,

superior race and breed. At daybreak the army of the Nabob began to stream towards the bank round the grove: a cannonade ushered in the fight, the Nabob's pieces making more noise than ruin. Many of Surajah Dowlah's officers fell and the Nabob was distinctly uneasy, so that when some one suggested a retirement he snatched at it and ordered his army to fall back. But Clive at that moment ordered an advance, and the mob of ill-disciplined Indians fell back in great disorder; some French troops alone disputed the ground with the English. In an hour the Nabob's army was dispersed: only 500 were killed, but their camp, guns, baggage and cattle were captured. The Nabob on a swift camel fled to Murshidabad, called a council and resolved to fight once more: but in the night he changed his mind, put on disguise and, with a casket of jewels in his hand, let himself down from a window in the palace. He was taken a few days later and brought before Mir Jaffier: when he flung himself on the ground in an agony of fear, and implored mercy. He was led into a secret chamber and put to death. So perished the young tyrant who had done so many cruel acts. Clive spoilt his great victory by his fraudulent treatment of Omichund, a wealthy native, who had been expecting a great reward for his services. When told that the treaty he had signed was a false one and that he was to have nothing, he fell back insensible, languished a few months, and then died. As we should say now, it was not playing the game; it was not English to deceive so grossly, and Clive's fair fame was stained for ever. A sum of £800,000 in coined silver was sent down the river to Fort William. Clive walked between heaps of gold and silver, crowned with rubies and diamonds, and was at liberty to help himself. He accepted between £200,000 and £300,000.

The excuse for Clive taking so much is that the Company had authorized its agents to enrich themselves through the



## THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

liberality of the native princes. The directors, on receiving news in London of Clive's brilliant victory, appointed him Governor of their settlement in Bengal. Mir Jaffier, whom Clive had set up in the Nabob's room, regarded him with slavish fear.

Once, when scolding one of his officers for not keeping better order, he said, "Are you yet to learn who that Colonel Clive is, and in what station God has placed him?" The officer replied with grim humour: "I affront the Colonel! I, who never get up in the morning without making three low bows to his jackass!" In fact, Clive had them all at his feet now, natives and Europeans alike. There were other military measures taken with his usual success before Clive again sailed for England.

This time he was raised to the Irish peerage: George III, who had just ascended the throne, received him with honour, and Pitt, who had described Clive in Parliament as a heaven-born General, said he had displayed a military genius which might excite the admiration of the King of Prussia. Clive's income now was close upon £50,000, a huge fortune at that time for one who started without friends or favour and who was only thirty-four years old.

As soon as the battle of Plassey had enriched him, Clive sent £10,000 to his sisters, helped munificently many poor friends, ordered his agent to pay £800 a year to his parents and settled £500 a year on his old commander Lawrence. There was no meanness in Clive's character: but ostentation there was, no doubt.

"I must trouble you," he wrote to his agent, "to provide me two hundred shirts—the best and finest you can get; sixty pairs of the finest stockings and a box-full of full-bottom wigs." He might dress himself better than others, but God had given him a face somewhat plain and coarse: he used to bet at cards and in the cock-pit, as other gentle-

## LORD CLIVE,

men did, but he never became a slave to such amusements : he loved handsome horses and splendid equipages, but after all these things came second to his great ambition for power.

He was greatly flattered when the Queen proposed to stand godmother for one of his children, and when he was assured that a statue would be raised to him in the India House, and a medal struck to commemorate Plassey.

But of course all this ostentation of wealth raised up numerous enemies, even amongst the shareholders of the East India Company.

Clive had been in England nearly five years when he was again called to India ; for alarming news had come with every ship of the greed and misgovernment of the Anglo-Indians. The servants of the Company were getting for their own private gain a monopoly of the internal trade : they were making enormous fortunes at the expense of the poor natives, who had found in the rule of the Company a tyrant more exacting than Surajah Dowlah. A Mussulman historian writes, " If the English knew how to join the arts of government, if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them, or worthier of command. But the people under their dominion groan everywhere and are reduced to poverty and distress. O ! God ! come to the assistance of thine afflicted servants and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer."

The spirit of greed and rapacity spread even to the army, and the Sepoys had to be kept in order by military executions.

At last the Court of Proprietors clamoured for Clive once more. When things went wrong they cried for Clive to go out : when he returned, they began to backbite and whisper evil of him. But Clive rose in the Court-room and said he would never undertake the government of Bengal while his

## THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

enemy Sullivan was chairman of the Company. Then came a sudden silence, followed by a tumult of angry voices, some raised for Clive and some against him : the former easily prevailed, because the most part were frightened for their dividends. So Clive was nominated Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British possessions in Bengal, and Sullivan had to resign the chair.

In May 1765 Clive reached Calcutta and found that the nine most powerful servants of the Company had divided amongst them £140,000 sterling, as a bribe for the placing a native child on the throne of his father. Clive wrote to a friend, " I declare, by that great Being who is the searcher of all hearts, that I am determined to destroy these great and growing evils, or perish in the attempt." Macaulay says in his essay, " Clive redeemed his pledge. He remained in India about a year and a half, and in that short time effected one of the most extensive, difficult and salutary reforms that ever was accomplished by any statesman. This was the part of his life on which he afterwards looked back with most pride. He had it in his power to triple his already splendid fortune, to connive at abuses while pretending to remove them. He knew that if he applied himself in earnest to the work of reformation he would raise every bad passion in arms against him. He knew how unscrupulous, how implacable, would be the hatred of those ravenous adventurers who, having counted on accumulating in a few months fortunes sufficient to support peerages, should find all their hopes frustrated. But he had chosen the good part : he called up all the force of his mind for a battle far harder than that of Plassey." His iron will and dauntless courage prevailed in the end, though he had to send for some civil servants from Madras to take the places of those whom he was compelled to turn out of their offices.

But Clive also saw the other side of the question : he acknowledged that the Company had been paying its ser-

## LORD CLIVE,

vants miserable wages on which they could not live in comfort, far less make provision for old age. It is the same now with the civil servants of Spain and Turkey; they are so inadequately paid that they are almost compelled to take bribes, and the nation suffers. In India the pay of a Member of Council was then only £300 a year: and his style of living cost him between £2,000 and £3,000.

The servants of the Company had been mere counting-house clerks a few years before: in Clive's time they had become pro-consuls with immense power. Clive knew that the Directors were unwilling to sanction any increase in the salaries out of their own treasury, therefore he appropriated to the support of the Company's servants the monopoly of salt. This reform was bitterly criticised at home, but it stopped the need of private trading and of receiving bribes. "Such is the injustice of mankind," says Macaulay, "that none of those acts which are the real stains of his life have drawn upon him so much obloquy as this measure, which was in truth a reform necessary to the success of all his other reforms."

Clive had broken the resistance of the civil servants, but next he had to face a revolt of the English officers. Their pay, never too high, had been retrenched by the Directors: 200 English officers determined to resign their commissions on the same day, fully believing that Clive must grant their demands or have no army at all. But, like Caesar in a similar difficulty, he faced the danger boldly, and sent for more officers from Fort St. George, and gave commissions to traders and their agents. The conspirators were undone: the troops were steady and faithful to Clive: the Sepoys stood by him loyally, for they looked upon him with reverent and affectionate admiration. The leaders in the plot were arrested, tried and cashiered: the younger were treated leniently, the ringleaders were sent home. The army had found that it was better to trust to their

## THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

General's just and generous spirit than to attempt to force his hand.

The arrival of Clive had put a stop to the dangers arising from foreign intervention : the Nabob of Oudh, the Afghans and the Marathas, who had been forming a coalition against the British, now implored peace in the humblest terms : the Great Mogul issued a warrant empowering the Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa and Behar. It would have been easy for Clive to have doubled his private fortune. The Rajah of Benares offered him diamonds, the Nabob of Oudh begged him to accept a large sum of money. Clive courteously refused all presents, a fact which only became known after his death ; the princely gift which Mir Jaffier left him by will he devoted to the service of a fund for helping officers and soldiers invalided in India.

In September 1765 Clive writes thus to his father : " I have been 700 miles up the country and have been very conversant with His Majesty, the Great Mogul. He has made me one of the first omrahs, or nobles, of his empire. I have concluded a peace for the Company which I hope will last, and have obtained from the King a grant of a revenue of £2,000,000 sterling per annum for them for ever. . . . With regard to myself I have not benefited or added to my fortune one farthing, nor shall I, though I might, by this time, have received £500,000 sterling. This ship, sent express, will bring the Company the most important news they ever received : and, if they are not satisfied, I will pronounce there is not one grain of honour or integrity remaining in England. The reformation I am making, in both the civil and military branches, will render the acquisition of fortunes not so sudden or certain as formerly."

We can get a glimpse of Clive's anxious state of mind by the letter he wrote to the Governor of Madras. " Do you think that history can furnish another instance of a

## LORD CLIVE,

man, with £40,000 per annum, a wife and family, brothers and sisters, abandoning his native country, and all the blessings of life, to take charge of a Government so corrupt, so headstrong, so lost to all sense of principle and honour as this ? ”

Clive reached England in July 1767, and was admitted at once to private audiences by the King and Queen, while the Court of Directors showed him every mark of respect. But his enemies had multiplied : all those pilferers and disaffected officers whom he had sent home combined with their relatives and friends to work against him. Newspapers were hired to run him down. Exaggerated stories of his cruelty and rapacity were spread abroad. “ Their malevolence aimed at nothing less than the utter ruin of his fame and fortune : they wished to see him expelled from Parliament, to see his spurs chopped off and his estate confiscated.” Then in the summer of 1770 the rains failed in Bengal, the tanks were empty, the rivers dried up, famine stalked, lean and loathsome, over the Valley of the Ganges. The Hoogley rolled down myriads of corpses over whose bodies hovered kites and vultures. “ Tender and delicate women, whose veils had never been lifted before the public gaze, came forth from the inner chambers in which Eastern jealousy had kept watch over their beauty, threw themselves on the earth before the passers by, and with loud wailings implored a handful of rice for their children.” This terrible report added to the excitement in England : some said that the Company’s servants had created or fostered the famine. The result was that Clive became still more unpopular, though he had been living quietly at home for three years. “ He had to bear the double odium of his bad and of his good actions, of every Indian abuse and of every Indian reform.” But Clive was not one to stand meekly on the defensive : he rose in the House and vindicated himself vigorously from the accusations which men were bringing against

## THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

him. Lord Chatham declared that he had never heard a finer speech. Then a Committee was chosen to inquire into the affairs of India, in which Clive was subjected to the most ruthless cross-examination. He afterwards complained that he, the Baron of Plassey, had been treated like a sheep-stealer. He was questioned not merely in regard to what he had done, but as to the motives which swayed him ; and all his policy was by insinuation resolved into a scheme for aggrandizing his own family. But the King was still his friend and Clive was in June installed as a Knight of the Bath, and in October he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Salop. Yet still the proceedings in committee went on with increasing bitterness : Clive was accused of falsifying accounts and selling justice to the highest bidder. But after an eloquent defence, in which he briefly touched upon the services he had rendered to his country, he burst out into the following apostrophe, electrifying the House by his burning words :

“ After such certificates as these, Sir, am I to be brought here like a criminal, and the very best parts of my conduct construed into crimes against the State ? Is this the reward that is now held out to persons who have performed such important services to their country ? If it is, Sir, the future consequences that will attend the execution of any important trust will be fatal indeed. Sir, I cannot say that I either sit or rest easy when I find that, by the extensive resolution before the House, all I have in the world is confiscated, and that no one will take my security for a shilling. I have not anything left that I can call my own, except my paternal fortune of £500 per annum, which has been in the family for ages past. *Frangas, non flectes* : you may break, you shall not bend me. My enemies may take from me what I have : they may, as they think, make me poor, but I will be happy ! . . . before I sit down I have one request to make to the House—that when they come to

## LORD CLIVE,

decide upon my honour, they will not forget their own." The debate was adjourned, and in May it was decided by a majority of 155 to 95, that, "admitting all to be true which was stated in regard to the moneys acquired, Robert Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country."

If we may consider that Clive was not treated with generosity, after his life of strenuous endeavour in an enervating climate, after winning an empire by his pluck and genius for war, what shall we say of the Government of Louis XV? For that ungrateful country had done to death almost every Frenchman who had served his country nobly in the East. "Labourdonnais was flung into the Bastille, and, after years of suffering, left it only to die. Dupleix, stripped of his immense fortune, and broken-hearted by humiliating attendance in ante-chambers, sank into an obscure grave. Lally was dragged to the common place of execution with a gag between his lips." It is strange to reflect that if Clive had not been in India, or if France had backed up her pro-consuls with all her power, the Indian Empire would in all probability be now administered from Paris. It wanted only a little turning of the scale to determine the future of India this way or that. Those who lived so close to the critical events were unable to judge of their historical importance: the use of trickery in dealing with Oriental tricksters, the early greed for wealth, the ostentation, the irritability, the self-will of a tyrant who would brook no other tyrant in his vicinity—all these faults caught the eye of the moralists at home: they prevented them from considering what had been this man's temptations, what were the effects of a deficient education, and how much was sickness of body, caused by climate and worry and the sense of responsibility.

What was it to them that he was brave and firm and self-reliant! He had come home with a fortune squeezed from



## THE REFORMER OF ABUSES

the poor Indians. He annoyed the old families by his upstart magnificence : and then, when he had secured his own prosperity, he had made it difficult for others to do likewise. He was not handsome or prepossessing in appearance : his face wore an air of vulgarity, redeemed in part by an expression of keen intelligence. The boy who would lie across the gutter rather than see his plans fail had developed into the man who would forge a signature to a treaty, and flood the Court of Directors with the creatures of his own pocket. He was generous to those who had served him well, but he had few real friends. And at the last, when he retired from Parliament after his partial censure, he tried hard to be happy ; but pain came and disease, and pain had to be soothed by laudanum : laudanum weakened his moral fibre and left him a prey to his old foe, melancholy. So that he took to heart and brooded over every insult in the press or in Parliament. He had no religious consolation, no higher solace to lean upon when these dark thoughts intruded. He had played for this world's happiness, and found it lacking in interest ; but more than all this, his great soul shuddered at all the wrong things he had done to serve a country which repaid him, as he thought, with black ingratitude.

About noon on November 22, 1774, a lady who was visiting at his house came into his library and said, " Lord Clive, I cannot find a good pen : will you be so good as to make me one ? " " To be sure," he replied, and taking a pen-knife from his waistcoat pocket he went towards one of the windows and mended the pen. The lady then left the room.

Shortly afterwards a servant entered the library and found Lord Clive lying in his chair—dead. By his side lay the little knife which had mended a pen and opened a vein. So the indignant soldier refused to stretch himself any longer on the rack of this rough world. We may say with Shelley :

## LORD CLIVE

He has outsoared the shadow of our night :  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain  
And that unrest which men will call delight,  
Can touch him not, and torture not again.

## CHAPTER IV

### WARREN HASTINGS, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

**W**ARREN HASTINGS was descended, they say, from the Danish sea-king who threatened our Saxon Alfred so long. In later years the family received from the Tudors the earldom of Huntingdon. The Manor of Daylesford in the south-east of Worcestershire had long been in their possession, but during the Civil War the loyalty of the Hastings of that day induced him to raise money on his lands, send his plate to Oxford, and join the army of King Charles. Then when Cromwell won the day he was fain to ransom his life by making over some of his remaining estate to 'Speaker Lenthal. The next generation, living at Daylesford in great need, could do no better than sell the home estate and house to Mr. Jacob Knight, a London merchant. But before leaving, the squire presented his second son to the rectory of the parish. His son, Pynaston, married early and died, leaving his little son, Warren, to the care of his grandfather. Warren attended the neighbouring village school at Church-ill and learnt to read side by side with the labourers' sons, being dressed very little better than they were. Warren was a bright, intelligent little boy and soon went ahead of his companions; he loved to play along the banks of a rivulet which flowed through the ancestral domain, and often he pondered on the old times and wondered—he dared hardly hope it—if he might some day regain

## WARREN HASTINGS,

the lands of Daylesford. He once told a friend many years later, "To lie beside the margin of that stream and muse was one of my favourite recreations, and there, one bright summer's day, when I was scarcely seven years old, I well remember that I first formed the determination to purchase back Daylesford. I was then literally dependent upon those whose condition scarcely raised them above the pressure of absolute want, yet somehow or another the child's dream, as it did not appear unreasonable at the moment, so in after years it never faded away. . . . And though perhaps few public men have had more right than I to complain of the world's usage, I can never express sufficient gratitude to the kind Providence which permits me to pass the evening of a long and, I trust, not a useless life amid scenes that are endeared to me by so many personal as well as traditional associations." When he was eight years old his Uncle Howard removed him to a preparatory school at Newington Butts near London, where he stayed two years; at the age of ten he was entered at Westminster School, where he remained six years. Dr. Nichols was then the Headmaster, and Vincent Bourne, a delightful wit and poet, was the most popular of its young masters. Of him Cowper, the poet, wrote, "I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him."

But Warren Hastings, used as he was to rough fare, must have gone through some tough experiences, for of all schools in England Westminster is the most conservative of old customs, and old customs usually led to the survival of the fittest. Founded by Queen Elizabeth, or rather, like Harrow School, refounded—for the Benedictine monks of Westminster had a school in the cloister long before Tudor times—the boys were bestowed in the old monastic buildings; forty King's scholars were to receive a free education

## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

and, exclusive of the choristers, the numbers were not to exceed 120. Shortly before Hastings entered the school the granary of the old monks, which had been used since 1560 as the school dormitory, was pulled down and a new long room built of two stories.

The great schoolroom remains now as it was in Hastings' time, except that the apse at the north end—which has given the name of "shell" to the middle forms of so many schools—is now removed. The college dining hall, once the refectory of the monks, had been furnished with long and massive oaken tables, made from the timbers of wrecked warships of the Spanish Armada. What strange scenes were these to stir the imagination of an able boy! How he must have marvelled to see one of the King's scholars stand in the schoolyard, uncovered, with hood doffed, as they used to say, all the time he was speaking to a master. Reverence for age and learning is still taught to the sons of the English gentry; there, too, he first marvelled at, and then took part in the "Pancake Grease," when the Abbey verger with silver mace solemnly precedes the college cook and the frying-pan, by order of the Dean: or he went to the school steps on Thames bank and learnt how to pull an oar and how to swim. Then came the challenges, when competitors for vacancies in the list of King's scholars challenged each other to answer hard questions in grammar and logic: they "wrangled" for the post of honour and emolument. On May 27, 1747, the list was read out by the Headmaster, and the first name was Warren Hastings! Did the eager boy dream that night he was going to re-purchase the family estates? He had taken the first step to fame and fortune, and could talk on equal terms—he and Elijah Impey, who came fourth on the list—with his comrades in "College." There were names, too, on the school list of boarders which are not unknown even now: poets, such as Charles Churchill and William Cowper; noblemen's sons, such as Lord

## WARREN HASTINGS,

Shelburne and George Hobart, third Earl of Buckinghamshire, Hamilton Boyle, Earl of Cork ; hosts of future canons and archdeacons and one dramatist, George Colman. With the gentle, dreamy Cowper Hastings formed a friendship which neither lapse of time nor the malice of lying enemies could dissolve.

Hastings worked well and played well, and would naturally have gone to Christ Church, Oxford, with a scholarship, or studentship as the title is, but his Uncle Howard died, leaving Warren to the care of a distant relative, Mr. Chiswick, a Director of the East India Company. Warren was sixteen when he received a letter from his guardian saying he was to leave school. Hastings in a fragment of autobiography says, "When I waited upon Dr. Nichols to inform him of that purpose of my guardian he, in the most delicate manner, remonstrated against it, adding that, if the necessity of my circumstances was the only cause requiring my removal, and I should continue at school, he would undertake that it should be no expense to me."

Mr. Chiswick, as a business man, thought it safer to send young Warren, the elegant scholar of Westminster, to the writing master of Christ's Hospital for private coaching in caligraphy and keeping of accounts. The boy was then made to write a humble petition to the Court of Directors that they would appoint him a writer in their Honourable Company, as he had been bred up to writing and accounts. So Warren left the school of George Herbert and Cowley, of Busby and Dryden, Atterbury and Locke, Prior and Wren and of his own gentle and faithful friend William Cowper ; perhaps it was with some misgivings that this refined dreamer in January 1750 set foot on the ship which was to take him so far away to a station which he had promised "to discharge with the greatest diligence and fidelity."

On reaching Calcutta he was at once set to work at a

## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

desk and occupied for two years on bills of lading. All business was over by noon, when they dined in the common hall, later they took the air in palankeens or native buses. In October 1753 he was sent up country to Cossimbazar, a little town on the Hoogley famed for its trade in silk. While he was thus occupied in the Company's factory, learning native languages and living a quiet literary life, Surajah Dowlah declared war on the English, seized Cossimbazar and sent Hastings and other prisoners to Murshidabad. Through the kind intervention of the Dutch Company Hastings was allowed a certain measure of freedom, so that when the Nabob took Calcutta and murdered those who were left behind in the "Black Hole" the Governor, Roger Drake, who had taken refuge at the mouth of the Hoogley, sent secret messages to Hastings, desiring the clerk to furnish him with information as to the doings of the Nabob. It was dangerous work, but Hastings made himself a valuable and able diplomatist. Already treason against Surajah Dowlah was in progress and Hastings at last had to flee to Fulda, where the Governor was in hiding. Soon after this, in December 1756, Clive came from Madras, sailing up the Hoogley with his little force of revenge. Hastings, full of admiration for Clive, determined to serve under him in the ranks and carried a musket. Clive soon noticed his intelligent face and promoted him; after the battle of Plassey Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the new prince, as agent for the Company. There he remained till 1761, when he was made a member of the Council and so obliged to reside at Calcutta. It was the time between Clive's first and second administration, when the Governor, Mr. Vansittart, failed to keep order amongst the English clerks and traders who were busy trying to wring out of the natives all they possibly could, so that they might return home rich men. Hastings, however, continued poor, and his bitterest enemies never were able to fasten

## WARREN HASTINGS,

any stain upon his honour at this period. Warren Hastings probably despised the crowd of greedy, grasping money-lovers; his education and friends at Westminster had ill fitted him to play the part of a bullying robber. In 1764 he returned to England, leaving behind him at interest most of the moderate savings which he had effected. He behaved liberally to his relations and occupied four years in the society of men of letters and linguists. Amongst other things he had taken a strong liking for Persian literature, and was agitating for an endowment of Oriental teaching at Oxford. It was with reference to this that Hastings called on Dr. Johnson, who seemed impressed by his visitor and wrote to him with great respect when he was the ruler of British India. However, as the need of more money began to make itself felt, Hastings had again to seek employment in India. He was obliged to borrow money for his outfit; but this "robber," as Edmund Burke afterwards described him, did not in his extremity seek to withdraw any of the relief which he had given to his poorer relations.

When residing at Cossimbazar Hastings had married the widow of Captain Campbell, who bore him two children, both of whom died young; their mother also died at Cossimbazar.

On his second voyage to India Hastings first met the Baroness Imhoff, who was afterwards to be his second wife. Macaulay says, "she had an agreeable person, a cultivated mind and manners in the highest degree engaging. Her maiden name had been Marie Anne von Chapuset; her family was of a Huguenot ancestry, but had been ennobled in Germany since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She and her husband, Baron Imhoff, did not agree well together, and he sued for a divorce in Franconia which he obtained after proceedings lasting for six years. Hastings then married her."



## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

Landing at Madras Hastings found the trade of the Company in a very unsatisfactory state. He applied his mind to the business and in a few months had effected an important reform. The Directors at home were so pleased with him that they resolved to place him at the head of the Government of Bengal. There he found the same system which Clive had left, the English having supreme power, but holding their territories as vassals of the King of Delhi. The Nabob of Bengal lived at Murshidabad, surrounded with the magnificence of a royal court, but having no real power or influence in the government. In the time of Hastings the Governor had only one vote in Council, so that if he had a disaffected Council he might have no direction of affairs at all. There was a native minister who was responsible to the British Government for the collection of the revenue, the administration of justice and the maintenance of order. His stipend was £100,000 a year, and such a post was naturally much sought after. There were two candidates most prominent, one a Muhammadan, Reza Khan, of Persian birth, able, active and religious; the other a Hindu Brahman, the Maharajah Nuncomar, who had played a part in all the intrigues and revolutions since the fall of Surajah Dowlah. He was, in short, the prince of rogues. In the words of Macaulay, "What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindu is to the Italian, what the Bengali is to other Hindus, that was Nuncomar to other Bengalis." The people of Bengal are feeble in body, languid and effeminate. Courage and truthfulness they know not, but they defend themselves by lying promises, smooth excuses, perjury, fraud and the softness of a purring cat. As money-lenders and lawyers they are the cleverest in the world, and if they dare not resist the striker yet they often display wonderful firmness in bearing torture and death.

Nuncomar had repeatedly been detected in criminal intrigues and in conspiracies against the English, while

## WARREN HASTINGS,

pretending to be our best friend. For these practices he had long been kept in confinement, but his talents had at last procured his release. However Clive had decided in favour of Reza Khan, who, when Hastings came as Governor, had held power seven years.

The revenues of Bengal had been yielding less than the Directors in Leadenhall Street had liked ; Nuncomar, who had agents in London, suggested that it was owing to the mismanagement of Reza Khan. Soon after Hastings reached Calcutta he received a letter addressed by the Court to himself in particular, bidding him to remove Reza Khan and institute an inquiry into the administration of the province, availing himself of the help of Nuncomar. Hastings offered Nuncomar's son a post, thereby hoping to evade the ignoble necessity of promoting Nuncomar himself. Reza Khan was brought to trial, and after a year's examination was acquitted.

Then the police of Calcutta were remodelled, for gangs of dacoits, or members of a robber caste, were plundering and killing all over the country.

Nuncomar had hoped to step into the shoes of Reza Khan, and when Hastings did not appoint him, but abolished the office of Minister, thereby getting rid of the dual government of Bengal, the disappointed Brahman nursed an intense hatred to him and only bided his time for revenge.

Meanwhile the Directors at home were clamouring for larger dividends, though Hastings had an empty treasury, an unpaid army, his own salary often in arrear, with famine and plague decimating the villages. Hastings had to find money somehow to please his masters ; he bethought him of reducing the allowance of the Nabob of Bengal from £320,000 a year to half that amount. He also sent word to the Emperor of Delhi that he should occupy the provinces of Allahabad and Corah, as the Mogul had not observed his part of the bargain. But as those provinces would have

## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

been a white elephant to the British, Hastings sold them to his neighbour and ally, the Nabob of Oudh, for more than half a million sterling. But there were in the neighbourhood of Oudh a fair-skinned, warlike people, the Rohillas, who having come down from the mountains of Afghanistan, loved liberty and misrule.

Hastings says he had long considered the power of the Rohillas as dangerous to Oudh. But Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Oudh, shrank from tackling so dangerous a foe, though he coveted their lands. Yet he suggested to Hastings to lend him English soldiers for a small consideration of £400,000 sterling, and the maintenance of the troops on service.

Macaulay says, "The object of the Rohilla War was this to deprive a large population, who had never done us the least harm, of a good government, and to place them, against their will, under an execrably bad one."

It looks as if Hastings had sold the lives of innocent people for a sum of money. But recent discoveries have shown that this brave mountain-folk had been intriguing with Sindhia and Holkar, and had planned a raid across the Ganges into the Cawnpore district. They were not the quiet, innocent folk depicted later by Burke, but cruel taskmasters who made the Hindu peasants very miserable. The peasants' view of the war is shown by the way in which a million Hindu cultivators remained behind when their Pathan over-lords with 18,000 followers were driven away; they remained because they preferred English rule to Pathan misrule. Colonel Champion then was sent to join the forces of Surajah Dowlah; a great battle was fought, the Rohillas charged splendidly, but the well-served guns broke them time after time; at last the brave warriors could face our disciplined troops no more, but fled. Surajah and his men did not happen to be present at the fighting, but when they saw the field was won, they rushed in to

## WARREN HASTINGS,

loot the camp. No wonder many British soldiers exclaimed, "We have had all the fighting, and these rogues are to have all the profit." Then there ensued much slaughter and pillage, which, however discreditable it might be, could not have been stopped by Hastings. Yet he is described as "folding his arms and looking on while the villages were burning and the children were being butchered."

In the end 18,000 of the Rohillas were permitted to migrate across the Ganges to Meerut. Champion no doubt did what he could to mitigate the horrors of war; Hastings in his letters to Middleton, the political agent, bids him remonstrate with the Nabob against all wanton acts of cruelty, but those who were for hounding down Hastings saw only the evil he did, not the evil which he prevented.

The million Hindu husbandmen might have told a different tale; after the brave Rohillas had been driven away they tilled their soil in peace. Hastings had added about £450,000 to the annual income of the Company, besides procuring about a million in ready money. He had also relieved the finances of Bengal by getting the Nabob of Oudh to spend upon our soldiers nearly a quarter of a million a year.

In 1773 Lord North's Regulating Act was passed in Parliament; the Governor of Bengal was transformed into a Governor-General, his Council was reduced to four members, and Madras and Bombay were placed under their control. A chief-justice and three judges were to administer law for all British subjects. Hastings was made the first Governor-General. Only one old member of the Council remained, Richard Barwell: the other three, General Clavering, Colonel Monson and Philip Francis, were selected in England by Lord North's Government; thus the Act settled the right of Parliament to control the political management of the Company's affairs.

Philip Francis, the leading spirit, had been chief clerk

## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

in the War Office. Macaulay says of him : " He must have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. . . . No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties."

Hastings wrote friendly letters to each of the new councillors on their arrival at Madras ; to Sir Elijah Impey, an old school friend, he wrote most cordially. But the new councillors had come with a strong prejudice against Hastings, and from the very first, without pausing to make themselves acquainted with the facts, they opposed their chief.

Monson called upon Hastings to produce all the letters which had passed between him and Middleton, his agent at Lucknow. Hastings replied that no power on earth should compel him to give up letters written in the strictest confidence. The councillors, being in the majority, voted the recall of Middleton, and withdrew Colonel Champion from Rohilkhand. In vain Hastings, speaking with local knowledge, protested against these acts, only Barwell supported his arguments. Hastings had to put up with insult after insult from these ignorant and self-opinionated men. " We three are King," said Francis, and he attacked and found fault with everything that Hastings had done. When the language of the Council-chamber grew unbearable, Hastings and Barwell would retire to another room.

Meanwhile Hastings was writing home to his friends in this strain. " There have been many gentlemen in England who have been eye-witnesses of my conduct. For God's sake, call upon them to draw my true portrait, for the devil is not so black as these fellows have painted me."

In a short time the three bitter opponents had stripped Hastings of all his power, even of his patronage, leaving him little better than a clerk. And yet he had all the secrets

## WARREN HASTINGS,

of government at his fingers' ends, and they knew nothing except what the malice or mendacity of informers might lay before them to swallow undigested.

Every one in Calcutta saw that the Governor-General was deserted by his Council, and many natives were busy raking up out of the refuse of scandal choice bits for the triumvirate, that they might foul his good name.

"An Indian Government," says Macaulay, "has only to let it be understood that it wishes a particular man to be ruined, and in twenty-four hours it will be furnished with grave charges, supported by depositions so full and circumstantial that any person unaccustomed to Asiatic mendacity would regard them as decisive. It is well if the signature of the destined victim is not counterfeited at the foot of some illegal compact and if some treasonable paper is not slipped into a hiding-place in his house."

Philip Francis, who, in all probability, was the author of the Letters of Junius, in which he held up many worthy and eminent statesmen to undeserved scorn, had some selfish interest to serve in blackening the character of Hastings. For we read in a letter of his to a friend in London, "I am now, I think, on the road to the Government of Bengal, which I believe is the first situation in the world attainable by a subject. I will not baulk my future." His hatred of Hastings extended to the Governor-General's friends. Francis even accused Sir Eyre Coote of "settling the most infamous and atrocious measures together with Hastings and Barwell—upon my soul I never heard of so abandoned a scoundrel. It is a character to which your English ideas of dirt and meanness do not reach." This of Sir Eyre Coote! an officer whom every one else respected and admired.

Francis was a great card player; "I have won a fortune," he writes, "and I intend to keep it. Your tenderness for the loser is admirable. If money be his blood, I feel no

## FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL

kind of remorse in opening his veins." On one day in 1776 he won nearly £20,000 at whist.

Such was the man who was determined, by fair means or foul, to bring Hastings to dishonour that he might step into his place. On March 11, 1775, Nuncomar, the wily Brahman, who also hated Warren Hastings, played his trump card. How he played it we must reserve for another chapter.

## CHAPTER V

### THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

**I**T was a grudge of seventeen years' standing : Nuncomar, the old Brahman plotter and intriguer, thought the time for revenge was ripe. He handed over to Francis a sealed paper the day before the Council, and begged that it might be laid before the Council.

We may imagine the astonishment and disgust of the Governor-General when he heard one of his own English colleagues reading a paper of accusations drawn up by a well-known Hindu forger and cheat. In this paper Hastings heard himself openly accused of taking bribes from the Munni Begum, of sharing in the plunder amassed by Reza Khan, and of procuring that officer's acquittal by another bribe.

He could not endure this insolence and rose to protest against the right of his colleagues to sit in judgment on the Governor-General, especially when the charges came from so foul a source. The other three councillors insisted on going on with it ; so Hastings broke up the meeting and with Barwell quitted the Council-chamber.

At another meeting Nuncomar asked to be heard in person ; Hastings refused to compromise the dignity of his office and retired again. Monson and Francis voted Clavering into the chair and summoned Nuncomar, who came in with fresh charges and a letter from the Munni Begum, to show that Hastings had received great presents from her :



## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

the signature was not like that lady's, but it was sealed with her seal. The Council promptly found Hastings guilty of taking presents to the value of £35,000, and ordered him to refund the whole sum.

Hastings refused to obey any such order and pronounced the letter a forgery. Other charges were brought by obscure natives, and Francis was busy writing down their depositions and shaking a solemn head at his chief's failings.

The Council recorded their conviction that there was "no species of peculation from which the Honourable Governor-General has thought it reasonable to abstain."

Hastings, resolute spirit though he was, for a short time quailed before the storm of charges and accusations: he was almost minded to resign, and no doubt had many a talk with his old Westminster friend, Sir Elijah Impey.

That Judge bethought him on reflection that so long ago as March 1774 a certain suitor had been trying to get hold of some documents needed in a case against Nuncomar and had failed to secure them. The Judge was naturally very indignant with the persecutors of his friend, so he looked into the case and saw to it that those documents were surrendered. The result was that Nuncomar found himself, on May 6, charged with obtaining a large sum of money from a dead man's estate by a forged bond. He was committed to gaol for trial on a felonious charge. Calcutta was atonished, the Council were furious, but could do nothing to help Nuncomar, because the Supreme Court was independent of the Government. Macaulay and others assert that the arrest of Nuncomar was Hastings' doing: a desperate last resource of a falling man. But it is much more likely to have been the generous and perfectly lawful interposition of the Chief Justice, seeing that the case against Nuncomar had been begun a year ago.

The Council, however, heaped honours on Nuncomar's family and wrote home to the Directors expressing their

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

belief in Nuncomar's innocence and accusing the judges of treating the prisoner with cruelty before his trial.

On June 8, Nuncomar was brought before a court of four judges with an English jury; the trial lasted eight days, the verdict was guilty and the sentence death. Macaulay is very indignant that a Brahman should have been condemned to death for forgery: according to the old Indian laws a Brahman could not be put to death for any crime whatever, and this man was the head of their race and religion! Yes, but this man had falsely brought charges against the head of our race, in order to bring him to the dust. There are times of unrest and discontent when a show of severity will be the most merciful policy. Clavering swore that Nuncomar should be rescued even at the foot of the gallows. But the great majority of the English, and the hearts of the officers and soldiers, were in favour of Hastings, and no rescue was attempted.

Nuncomar died with fortitude; he was hanged on the Maidan outside Calcutta, amid the groans of his horror-stricken countrymen. From that moment every native felt it was safer to take the part of Hastings than that of Francis, and the Governor-General was troubled with no more lying accusations.

In the great trial of Hastings Burke was ever proclaiming that Hastings had murdered Nuncomar by the hands of Sir Elijah Impey: he seems to forget that there were four judges and a jury. And Sir James Stephen, a high judicial authority on criminal law, has examined all the documents bearing on the trial of Nuncomar, and has recorded his opinion that the judges were right: nor is there any evidence, he says, to show that Hastings said or did anything to ensure the prisoner's fate.

The death of Monson in September 1776 gave Hastings the use of his casting vote, and made him for a time once more supreme.

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

Meanwhile at home Lord North was exerting all his influence with the Directors to bring about the recall of Hastings and the appointment of General Clavering in his place. It was put to the vote and in the end the party in favour of Hastings prevailed. But Maclean, Hastings' agent in London, had received instructions to present his patron's resignation, if he thought it desirable. When he saw a few days after the vote that Clavering was gazetted a Knight of the Bath, and that Hastings was left out, he presented the resignation. The Directors accepted it, as being an easy way of saving themselves from surrendering to the dictation of Lord North.

Hastings received the despatches from England in June 1777, telling him that Sir John Clavering was to succeed him as Governor-General and that Wheler was to take the vacant seat in Council. Hastings was prepared to abide by it, but Clavering's conduct made him resist. For the very next morning, without waiting for Hastings to resign his post, Clavering summoned a Council in his own name, took the oaths as Governor-General and commanded the troops in Fort William to obey only his orders. Francis of course was urging him to this course.

Hastings' dignity and temper were alike touched by this rapid movement: he sent a counter-order to the troops, who willingly obeyed him, and Colonel Morgan locked the gates of Fort William against General Clavering.

Then Hastings appealed to the Chief Court: their ruling was that Clavering had no right to assume an office from which Mr. Hastings had not yet retired. In a letter to Lord North Hastings entreats the Minister not to "permit him to be dragged from his post like a felon, after the labour of twenty-seven years dedicated to the service of the Company and the aggrandisement of the British dominion."

On August 29 Sir John Clavering died of dysentery and the power of Francis was again lessened. The Court of

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

Directors, too, fearing war with France, thought that after all India was safest in the control of their old servant, and they quietly reappointed him for five years.

Things had not been going well for Britain : in America a senseless war was losing us our colonies, Ireland was a hotbed of discontent ; France, Spain and Holland were on the point of assailing us. In India itself a new and strange power was locoming in the distance : the Marathas, coming originally from the western hills of the Indian coast, had developed from a horde of robbers into a conquering race. The Maratha king's Peshwa, or chief magistrate, kept an almost royal court at Poonah. News was brought to Calcutta that an envoy from Louis XVI had reached Poonah and had offered a treaty hostile to England. This set Hastings thinking and Francis, as usual, cavilling at his rash projects. Just then news came that war had been proclaimed both in London and Paris : so Hastings resolved to strike the first blow by espousing the cause of a pretender to the Peshwa's power, and thus getting half the Maratha race to fight on his side. He also seized the French factories in Bengal, sent orders to Madras to occupy Pondicherry, and strengthened the river works of Calcutta. Sir Eyre Coote had been sent from England as commander of the forces and member of the Council : it was twenty years since his great exploits in the South of India, and he was not so vigorous in mind and body as he had been : but his name was a talisman amongst the native soldiers : they loved and admired him, which is worth more than many guns or squadrons in that land of hero-worshippers. Coote and Hastings got on well together and the Council-room became for a time a haven of peace : the "frantic military exploits," sneered at by Francis, came to a successful end, and the Maratha danger had passed.

But Francis, who had agreed on Barwell's departure for England to assume a more friendly attitude, soon broke

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

his promise and began to oppose all Hastings' acts ; so that the latter, irritated beyond endurance, said, " I do not trust to his promise of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found devoid of truth and honour."

Francis replied, " No answer I can give can be adequate to the dishonour done me by the terms you have made use of. You have left me no alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affront you have offered me." Hastings rejoined, " I had expected the demand and am ready to answer it."

Next day Francis occupied himself in settling his affairs and burning papers, in view of a disastrous ending to the duel.

On the 17th, at about six in the morning, they met, with their seconds, near Belvedere, and were set at a distance of fourteen paces. Francis thus describes the incident. " My pistol missing fire, I changed it. We then fired together and I was wounded and fell. I thought that my backbone was broken, and of course that I could not survive it. . . . After I had suffered great inconvenience from being carried to a wrong place, I was at last conveyed to Major Foley's house on a bed. The surgeon arrived in about an hour and a half from the time I was wounded, cut out the ball and bled me twice in the course of the day. Mr. Hastings sends to know when he may visit me." Francis declined the visit as civilly as possible, and four months after the duel left India after a residence of seven years.

At last Hastings breathed freely : his tormentor was gone, and he set himself resolutely to retrieve past misfortunes and, as he wrote, " to re-establish the powers of the Company and the safety of its possessions."

There had been for some time strained relations between the Indian Government and the Supreme Court. When

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

Francis was gone Hastings was able to smooth over this quarrel by offering Impey the Presidency of the Company's chief civil court with a larger income. This was described in the trial of Hastings as an infamous bribe : but Sir James Stephen asserts that it was "the only practicable way out of the unhappy quarrel." There were no longer any broils between rival authorities. Hastings found time in the midst of wars and rumours of wars to establish a Muhammadan College for the Mussulman youth in Bengal ; he tried also to open out a regular line of vessels trading to Europe by way of Egypt and the Red Sea.

Meanwhile Francis had called upon the King and Queen at Windsor, but the Court of Directors offered him no greeting. "The Court is devoted to Hastings," he wrote, "and I am in great hopes will go to the devil with him."

Francis was spending most of his time now, both by interviews and pamphlets, in stirring up enemies to the Governor-General. He had brought home a fortune which yielded him £3,000 a year : so he got himself elected to Parliament for Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. When he kept repeating, "I have not a spark of personal animosity to Mr. Hastings," his hearers tried politely not to smile ; but he materially helped Burke and Fox in the great trial, though the House would not permit his name to be included amongst the managers of the trial.

We have not space to follow Hastings' policy further ; let us quote a striking passage from Macaulay, who was not too lenient to the Governor-General. "It is impossible to deny," he says, "that against the great crimes by which his administration is blemished, we have to set off great public services. England had passed through a perilous crisis, the only quarter of the world in which Britain had lost nothing was the quarter in which her interests had been committed to the care of Hastings. Benares was subjected, the Nabob Vizier reduced to vassalage. His

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

internal administration gives him a title to be considered as one of the most remarkable men in our history. He dissolved the double government. He transferred the direction of affairs to English hands. Out of a frightful anarchy he educed at least a rude and imperfect order . . . he boasted that every public office which existed when he left Bengal was his creation. To compare the most celebrated European Ministers to him seems to us as unjust as it would be to compare the best baker in London with Robinson Crusoe, who, before he could bake a single loaf, had to make his plough and his harrow, his fences and his scarecrows, his sickle and his flail, his mill and his oven. . . . Quick and vigorous as his intellect was, the patience with which he endured the most cruel vexations, till a remedy could be found, resembled the patience of stupidity . . . his resentment so seldom hurried him into any blunder, that it may be doubted whether what appeared to be revenge was anything but policy . . . for every difficulty he had a contrivance ready. . . . In Persian and Arabic literature he was deeply skilled . . . he was the first foreign ruler who succeeded in gaining the confidence of the hereditary priests of India . . . he enjoyed among the natives a popularity such as other Governors have perhaps better merited, but such as no other Governor has been able to attain. He spoke their dialects with facility and precision. He was intimately acquainted with their feelings and usages . . . in general, he carefully avoided all that could shock their national or religious prejudices. . . . There is no reason to suspect that the Rohilla war, the revolution of Benares, or the spoliation of the Princesses of Oudh added a rupee to his fortune."

When he announced in February 1785 that he was about to quit his office, both European and Asiatic societies sent in addresses of regret. Several barges escorted him far down the river, and all bade him good-bye with respect

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

and reluctance. How little could Hastings have counted on the reception he was to meet with in England! "The Saviour of India," they called him who knew the truth: "a criminal—a spider of hell—a thief, tyrant, robber, cheat, swindler, sharper"—such and similar were the epithets of an orator, who had been a great statesman in his day, but whose unbridled abuse shows the failure of reason and the tyranny of an overwrought imagination.

On reaching Plymouth in June 1785 Hastings rejoined his wife, was honourably received by the King and unanimously thanked by the Court of Directors. No wonder the tired "Saviour of India" thought that he possessed the good opinion of the country.

But a week had not passed since his landing when Edmund Burke gave notice that he would at a future day make a motion respecting the conduct of a gentleman just returned from India. So that instead of enjoying a peaceful life at Daylesford, which estate he bought within three years of his return, Hastings had to spend laborious days and months in preparing for his defence. The trial began in Westminster Hall in 1788. Miss Burney was there and has left her impressions of the trial—of the entry of Hastings in a plain poppy-coloured suit of clothes, of his smart spare figure, still upright, and his bearing which showed a due mixture of deference and dignity, of a high forehead with arched eyebrows overhanging sad, soft eyes, of the calm pallor of an oval face framed in brown, waving hair.

Burke's opening speech lasted four days: Fanny Burney began by admiring the orator and shivering for poor Mr. Hastings; then as Burke grew more vehement and violent in his flood of abuse, she says "there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice, and, in short, so little of proof to so much of passion that in a very short time I began to lift up my head—a mere spectator in a public place."



## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

But even Hastings himself was for a time carried away by Burke's eloquence, for he says, "For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

Sheridan's speech, described by Burke as "something between poetry and prose," and by Pitt as "surpassing all the eloquence of ancient and modern times," characterized Hastings' administration as forming "a medley of meanness and outrage, of duplicity and depredation, of prodigality and oppression, of the most callous cruelty contrasted with the hollow affectation of liberality and good faith."

Fine words ! which Sheridan apologized for some years after the trial, when he and Hastings were guests of the Prince Regent in the Brighton Pavilion. Hastings made Sheridan a low bow and said not a word.

In replying to his accusers in Westminster Hall, Hastings said with great dignity, "I am arraigned for desolating the provinces in India which are the most flourishing of all the states in India. It was I who made them so. I gave you all, and you have rewarded me with confiscation, disgrace and a life of impeachment." Party politics have much to answer for, but perhaps the trial of Warren Hastings is one of its meanest achievements.

The witnesses for the defence were brow-beaten and bullied, and the historian, Mill, remarks how the intemperance of the tone and language of Mr. Burke operated strongly as a cause of odium to the managers of the trial. His old school friend Cowper, after witnessing part of the trial, wrote :—

Hastings ! I knew thee young, and of a mind,  
While young, humane, conversable and kind ;  
Nor can I well believe thee—gentle *then*—  
Now grown a villain, and the worst of men.

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

After seven years of suspense and anxiety the Lords began to discuss in committee the evidence for each charge, and on April 23, 1795, they proceeded to judgment. Each peer in his robes was called upon by the Lord Chancellor to give his verdict. Each peer in turn uncovered his head, laid his hand upon his breast and replied, "Not guilty, upon my honour," or "guilty upon my honour." There were sixteen charges, and the average was about eleven to two in favour of Hastings. Amongst the numerous congratulations which rained down upon Hastings not the least acceptable was one from the officers of the Bengal Army, ending thus: "With us and with the natives of this country your name must ever be revered, and, with Clive's, be handed down with honour, respect and admiration to the latest posterity."

But the great pro-consul was now in his sixty-third year and was well-nigh ruined—a broken man, without pension or income: for his long defence had cost him nearly £100,000. Pitt curtly declined to give him any help or compensation from the public purse; but the Directors of the East India Company voted him a pension of £4,000 for twenty-eight years, with a loan of £50,000 free of interest. They at all events knew the value and worth of this servant who had toiled for them so long in a deadly climate. Hastings had invested some £60,000 in buying and rebuilding Daylesford, so that though he contrived to spend his remaining years on the old ancestral estate, he had to live frugally. The new house, built of the pale grey stone of the locality, is set on a small hill in an undulating park of about 600 acres, which contain many exotic trees first introduced by Hastings; and there are several pretty lakes framed in by overhanging beeches. The halls were not hung around with trophies of the chase, for Hastings cared not for sport: but drawings and paintings of old cities and rivers in India reminded his guests of the brave

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

days of old ; while Oriental furniture, tiger skins, buffalo horns and lovely work in brass and ivory and jade were scattered about the drawing-room in elegant confusion. Hastings busied himself with breeding horses, trying new methods of farming and raising fruits and vegetables from Indian seeds. He kept up his old habit of rising early and cold bathing and would breakfast by himself in his library on bread and butter and tea. In society he was full of fun, loved epigram and wit and repartee, "could trifle with the gayest" and laugh heartily ; for had he not outlived all his enemies ?

He was still fond of swimming and riding on horseback when he was past eighty ; he even chose the most refractory mount in his stable, and was proud to tame him to his will. If he had any great desire left, it was to know that his character was cleared in the eyes of his countrymen ; so that when Lord Wellesley returned from India his staunch admirer, though he had years ago voted eagerly for his impeachment, the pleasure which that news gave him was "beyond rubies."

In 1873, at the age of eighty, Hastings was ordered to attend at the bar of the Commons and give evidence on the question of renewing the Company's Charter. It was twenty-seven years since he had read his answer there to the charges brought forward by Burke. Great was the change in public opinion since then : men thought no longer of his faults, they remembered only his great services. A storm of cheers greeted his entry, and when he retired a few hours later the members rose and uncovered. Some weeks later the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and the undergraduates cheered him heartily in the Sheldonian Theatre. Hastings was sworn of the Privy Council, but a peerage he never received. However he was very happy in the society of his wife and friends. On July 13, he writes in his diary :

## THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

"I took an airing after dinner in the coach with Mrs. Hastings ; on leaving it I was seized with staggering. I sent for Mr. Haynes, who took from me about seven ounces of blood. I slept well, but with additional weakness." On August 22, after six weeks' illness, surrounded by his best and dearest friends, he drew a handkerchief over his face and slept. When some one gently raised it, he was found to be dead. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September 1818 declares, "In private life he was the most amiable of human beings. He was the most tender and affectionate husband ; he was the kindest master ; he was the sincerest friend ; . . . his generosity was unbounded in desire, and did not always calculate on his means of indulging it." Mrs. Hastings survived her husband nearly twenty years, dying in her ninety-first year. He left no children, the house was left to her son Sir Charles Imhoff. Hastings was buried behind the chancel of the Parish Church of Daylesford, not far from the bones of his distinguished ancestors.

Here, as a little boy, he had played with peasants' sons ; here he had dreamed of making a fortune and buying back the old home. This he had fairly done ; but surely he had never dreamed that he should be one to set up kings on their thrones, or to cast them down ; nor that he should be called to preserve and extend an empire beyond the seas. As Macaulay says, "He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age ; in peace, after so many troubles, in honour, after so much obloquy . . . tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either."

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY,

Eton, which place of learning and delight he grew to love so well that he desired his body to be laid in the vault of Eton Chapel.

The boy was a distinguished classic and poet ; he contributed many pieces in Greek, Latin and English to the *Musae Etonenses*.

On leaving Eton he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and in 1780 gained the prize for Latin Verse. The death of his father called him away from College before he had taken his degree ; returning to Ireland he voluntarily took upon himself his father's debts and obligations, and placed the estate under the management of his mother. Though a member of the Irish House of Peers, Lord Mornington got himself elected to the English House of Commons in 1784 ; his first speech criticised Hastings for the conduct of the Rohilla war, and from that time he became distinguished for his able and effective speeches. In 1788 he was elected member for the royal borough of Windsor and was admitted to the confidence of King George III. In 1792 he strenuously supported Mr. Wilberforce in his efforts to put down the slave trade and made many eloquent speeches thereon.

In 1793 he was appointed a Commissioner for the affairs of India ; this gave him the opportunity of mastering the main questions in dispute concerning India, for with unwearying diligence he always made a thorough study of the papers and despatches which came to the Court of Directors. During the years of the French Revolution Lord Mornington spoke often for the Government in favour of the war with France. "The effusion of blood at Paris," he says, "has been such, that not less than a thousand executions have taken place there within the course of six months. . . . I cannot forbear to remark that during the whole period when all the power and authority of government in France were exercised by that humane and

## STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

benevolent Prince whose innocent blood was shed on the scaffold, not one instance is to be found of an execution for a State crime ! ”

From a speech of Sheridan we get a description of Lord Mornington's manner as a speaker. “ I remember to have seen the noble Lord with the same sonorous voice, the same placid countenance, leaning gracefully upon the table,” and Lord Mountmorres sneeringly compared his attitudes with those of Garrick. In 1794 he married Mdlle. Hyacinthe Gabrielle Roland, a young lady both beautiful and clever, and, until Lord Mornington was appointed to India, the marriage was a happy one. In October 1794 Lord Mornington was raised to the dignity of a Peer of Great Britain and appointed Governor-General of India.

At the Cape he had the good fortune to meet Lord Macartney, late Governor of Madras, and other officials, from whom he obtained much useful information. His younger brother, Arthur, had been in India with his regiment a year and three months before Lord Mornington arrived, and could also have given him some account of the state of affairs.

In April 1798 the new Governor-General landed at Madras, his younger brother, Henry, being Confidential Secretary. On the very day after his arrival he opened communications with the wily Nabob of the Carnatic and presented a letter from the King. He writes : “ My fixed rule was, during my stay at Madras, to treat the Nabob with the respect due to his rank, with the kindness due to the ancient friendship between his family and the Company, and with the delicacy demanded by his dependent position. At the same time I avoided all familiarity with him, and I animadverted very fully upon the defects of his administration.”

On May 17, 1798, he reached Fort William and got his first glimpse of Calcutta, but found that there was a grave

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY,

danger of the French joining with Tippoo Sultaun and making war on the English settlements. There had always been fear on this score. Horace Walpole had said in 1785, "The present view of the French is to divest us of India."

Tippoo Saib, Sultaun of Mysore, was the son of Hyder Ali Khan, who had fought so stoutly against the British during the wars between the French and English in the Carnatic, or south-east province of India. Hyder had risen from a private soldier in the army of the Rajah of Mysore to command that army. Tippoo, his eldest son, was educated in such learning as the Muhammadan teachers could supply; but his talent was for war, and at nineteen he was leading a corps of cavalry.

In 1770 the Marathas invaded Mysore and Hyder Ali applied to the English for help against them; this help was refused, and such was Hyder's rage and resentment that he made terms with the French at Pondicherry and swept down upon the Carnatic in overwhelming force. The English were panic-stricken and deserted their villas outside Madras. Colonel Baillie with 400 Europeans and 2,000 Sepoys made a gallant resistance, and repulsed no less than thirteen charges of the Mysore cavalry, hoping that Sir Hector Monro would come to his assistance. Sir Hector heard the boom of the guns and unfortunately marched in the opposite direction, and thus got his men safe behind the gates of Madras.

Colonel Baillie with 200 officers and men alone survived that day, and would have been massacred by Tippoo, had not the French officers intervened. Sir Eyre Coote was sent down from Calcutta by Warren Hastings and changed the fortunes of the war, gaining a great victory near Porto Novo, on the sea-coast. But Hyder also had his victories and refused the peace which was offered him. Meanwhile Colonel Baillie and his companions were being cruelly tortured in the dungeon of Seringapatam, and many of

## STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

them died in their fetters. Tippoo defeated Colonel Braithwaite in the Tanjore country, and again the French officers saved the English prisoners from massacre. In 1782 Hyder Ali died in his eighty-second year. Then the Bombay Government sent a strong force and captured many forts and cities, but the English were quarrelling together about the treasure captured at Bednor, when Tippoo arrived with 50,000 troops and annihilated the British force under General Mathews. This unfortunate commander was marched in heavy irons to the dungeons of Mysore. The havildar who had charge of him told his prisoner that he must take his choice, either starve or eat the poisoned food which he brought. For several days Mathews tried to hold out and starve, but at length, maddened by the sight of the food he craved for so much, he ate and soon afterwards was a corpse. Many other officers also were poisoned and some went mad in prison. When things were going badly for the British, news came in 1783 that there was peace between France and Great Britain, and so the most formidable war we had fought in India was ended by a peace.

Tippoo was a great enthusiast for conversion to his own creed. Besides a forcible conversion of his prisoners, he carried away for conversion 70,000 native Christians from Malabar, and made 100,000 Hindus into beef-eating Mussulmans. War with Tippoo followed when he invaded the dominions of our ally, and the Marquess Cornwallis came and besieged Seringapatam, but just before the storming party started for the breach, Tippoo gave in and accepted conditions; he was to cede half his dominions to the British, the Nizam and the Marathas, to pay the expenses of the war, deliver up all prisoners and surrender his two sons as hostages.

But again he sent an ambassador to the French while pretending to be very friendly with the English. So Lord



## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY

Mornington, who had recently arrived in India, sent a letter to General Harris, saying it was his intention to assemble an army upon the coast of Coromandel to fight Tippoo. This letter caused much alarm in Madras, for they were quite unprepared for war, had little money and remembered only too well their late reverses. But the authorities at Madras had not yet learnt how resolute was the spirit of the new Governor-General; they were to learn that Lord Mornington spared no pains to enlighten himself before coming to a decision, but when that decision was made nothing could move him.

On the last day of the year 1798 he landed at Madras, where the son of the great Lord Clive was Governor. There was no jealousy possible, as Wellesley with great delicacy requested Lord Clive to conduct all the details of government as if the Governor-General were not present.

In the first place Lord Mornington contrived that the Nizam's French force should be disbanded and a British force received in its place. The execution of this without shedding a drop of blood produced a powerful sensation throughout India, and struck dismay into the hearts of the disaffected. But Tippoo Sultaun went on dissembling his hate for the British. This prince had now been reigning forty-six years; he was neither so robust nor so tall as his father, Hyder Ali, and had a short neck, small hands and feet, large and full eyes and dark complexion. He spoke in a loud, rasping voice, was an excellent horseman, was very vain and arrogant, and could not read the characters of his servants; he worked hard at his duties, tried many reforms but carried out few. His great idea was to carry on a holy war for the faith. He was a brave soldier, but neglected his cavalry, and so failed as a general. After much delay Lord Mornington received a letter in 1799 from Tippoo, saying he was about to proceed on a hunting expedition; in reality he fell upon the Bombay army

## STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

under General Stuart, and nearly succeeded in annihilating them; but he fell back upon Seringapatam. Thence he made an onset upon the Madras army under General Harris at Malavelly, in which battle the future Duke of Wellington fought for the first time in India.

On April 30 the breaching-battery opened against the walls of Seringapatam. On May 2 a great magazine of rockets blew up in the town with a fearful explosion, spreading death and dismay amongst the natives. When Tippoo witnessed the advance of the British army across the river he said to his officers, "We have arrived at the last stage; what is your determination?" "To die along with you," was their one reply.

General Baird was chosen to lead the storming party. This gallant officer had been a captive within these walls for four years, and the prospect of avenging his wrongs and those of his countrymen may well have fired him to dare and do all that man can. Silent stood the men in the trenches as the expected hour drew near. Precisely at one o'clock Baird drew his sword, stepped out of the trenches and ascended the parapet in full view of both armies.

In less than seven minutes, after crossing the rocky bed of the river and pressing on through fire and smoke and repulsing with heavy slaughter Tippoo's chosen guards, the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach. They had chosen the time when Asiatics generally take their midday rest. Tippoo was at dinner under a covered shed when the alarm of the assault was brought him. He washed his hands, seized his arms and mounted his horse; then took part in the defence and fired with his own hand, checking for a time the advance of the left column. But two wounds brought him down, and his servants laid him in his palanquin: however, as the heaps of slain blocked his way, Tippoo sprang out and proceeded on foot, when he met some British soldiers; one of these,

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY,

ignorant of his person, but attracted by his jewels, tried to pull off his sword-belt. Tippoo, disdaining to proclaim his rank, cut at the soldier with his sabre and wounded him in the knee, then the soldier shot Tippoo Suldaun through the head and he fell a corpse.

When the city was taken, General Baird interviewed the sons and sought for the body of Tippoo ; it was growing dark when he was brought to the gateway and told that his enemy had fallen near the gate. A great heap of bodies had to be removed and examined, one by one ; at last Tippoo's body was found and recognized, the eyes still open, the body still warm, but stripped of every ornament. Colonel Arthur Wellesley, who commanded the reserve, came up just then and had it carried to the mausoleum where Hyder Ali lay, where the funeral was honoured alike by Muhammadan rites and the military honours of Europe. A terrible thunderstorm burst over the island of Seringapatam immediately after the funeral, to the terror of the superstitious.

Thus, with the fall of Tippoo, perished the hopes of those who aimed at making the French power paramount in Hindustan. Four hundred and fifty-one brass guns, and 478 iron guns were found in the arsenal ; 287 were mounted on the works. Stores, ammunition and treasure were captured in great quantities. It was discovered that all the British prisoners had been secretly murdered. By this war a kingdom yielding an annual revenue of more than a million sterling was transferred to the East India Company and their allies. Lord Mornington was created Marquess Wellesley. Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command of the fortress, and later was invested with the civil government of Mysore, upon which General Baird, feeling that he had been passed over, exclaimed, "Before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer !" And many people at home blamed

## STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

Lord Wellesley for favouring his brother. But in the Governor-General's despatches, he writes, "A more judicious operation, conducted with more heroic gallantry and spirit, never was achieved. . . . I am anxious to see the gallant leader of the assailants of Tippoo Sultaun's capital rewarded in a manner suitable to his exertions and their beneficial effect. . . . I should also hope that his extraordinary merits on May 4 would induce his Majesty to consider him a proper object for the Order of the Bath."

And to his brother Arthur Lord Wellesley writes :— "Great jealousy will arise among the officers in consequence of my employing you, but I employ you because I rely on your good sense, discretion, activity and spirit, and I cannot find all those qualities united in any other officer in India who could take such a command."

Lord Wellesley, finding that the wife of the Hindu Sovereign of Mysore was still alive, and that the representative of the royal line was a boy five years old, resolved to invest the child with the Rajahship, reserving to England the Court of Malabar, and the right to keep a small army in Mysore.

The state-sword of Tippoo was presented to General Baird in the name of the Army. It was proposed by the Chairman of the East India Company to grant Lord Wellesley £100,000 out of the spoils of Seringapatam ; this he declined, and then the Court voted him an annuity of £5,000 for twenty years.

The Governor-General lost no time in sending Dr. Buchanan through Mysore to report on the crops, breeds of cattle and condition of the inhabitants ; he was anxious to learn if the soil was fitted for the cultivation of the cotton plant. We pay the United States of America many millions yearly for cotton and we have not yet realized the value of Lord Wellesley's foresight and advice, given more than a hundred years ago.

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY,

It is curious to observe that the Governor-General was already in favour of free trade, and was somewhat in hot water with the Court of Directors in consequence. In his letter announcing the fall of Seringapatam he had suggested an expedition from India for the purpose of attacking Buonaparte in Egypt by way of the Red Sea. For two years Wellesley waited for orders and had troops ready. But as he was often as much as seven months without news from Europe, he did not like to move without sanction of His Majesty's Ministers. In 1800 Sir Ralph Abercrombie led a British expedition to Egypt; it was to join this force that General Baird was sent by Wellesley to march from the shores of the Red Sea across the Syrian desert. A powerful French force occupied Egypt from which Napoleon had said "the thunderbolt should issue which should overwhelm the British Empire."

England and France were preparing to contend for the Empire of the East in this, the cradle of ancient civilization. The battle of Alexandria shook to its base the fabric of French power in Egypt, and the news of the approach of Baird with his dusky battalions induced the French commander at Cairo, with 13,000 men, to propose a capitulation.

General Baird had, under great difficulties, accomplished his hot march across the desert from Cossier to Thebes with great skill. On August 27 the Indian Army reached the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Then Menou also capitulated, and Egypt was delivered from the yoke of France. So the Governor-General of India had the satisfaction of hearing of the triumphant success of operations which he had been the first to recommend to the English Government, and in the execution of which he had so energetically co-operated. But Lord Wellesley did not escape censure at home, any more than Clive or Warren Hastings, for some part of his policy.

## STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

It was in regard to his management of the kingdom of Oudh, a large province on the north-west frontier of India, that charges were presented to Parliament, accusing the Governor-General of high crimes and misdemeanours in his conduct towards the Nabob Vizier of Oudh.

The condition of Oudh had been for some time a source of anxiety to Wellesley, for the Oudh army was nothing more than a dangerous band of robbers, a terror both to the Vizier and his subjects.

Vizier Ali had been deposed by Sir John Shore and was living at Benares, but as it was thought imprudent to allow him to remain so near his former dominions, he was directed to remove to Calcutta. This the ex-Vizier strongly resented, and paid a visit to Mr. Cherry, the British Resident, to whom he complained bitterly of the order for his removal. Cherry gently requested Ali to moderate his language, when the furious prince aimed a blow with his scimitar at the British Resident. Ali's attendants at once unsheathed their swords and killed Mr. Cherry as he was trying to escape through a window. Two English gentlemen who were in the room were also put to death, and then the assassins hurried to the houses of other English inhabitants in order to massacre as many as possible.

However, one English gentleman took his stand on a narrow staircase, held them at bay with his sword and prevented their efforts to pass him, so that time was given for the arrival of a party of horse. The ex-Vizier and his little band managed, however, to escape and took refuge in Oudh, where they were soon joined by a large force. When the Nabob Vizier was called upon to join the British force and march against the ex-Vizier, he replied that he dare not trust his troops. Fortunately General Sir James Craig crushed the outbreak and seized Ali, who was sent to prison at Fort William. Then Lord Mornington proposed to the Nabob that he should reorganize his own

## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY,

mutinous troops and also receive into Oudh a larger permanent British force.

The Nabob assented, changed his mind, tried by evasion and subterfuge to frustrate the Governor-General's scheme. Then Wellesley sent him one of his polished but severe despatches, ending thus: "I entreat your Excellency not to delay for a moment the reform of your military establishment and the provision of funds for the regular monthly payment of all the Company's troops in Oudh. The least omission or procrastination in either of these important points must lead to the most serious mischief."

Lord Wellesley directed his brother, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, to proceed to Lucknow and conduct the negotiations with the Vizier, demanding that a cession of territory should be made to the Company to balance the increased subsidiary force of British troops.

A treaty was drawn up and ratified, and then Lord Mornington resolved to visit Lucknow in person. He went on board a yacht and sailed up the river from Fort William, being saluted by the troops at various stations. When he reached Benares, he received the news of the surrender of Alexandria to the British army. A royal salute was fired and the troops paraded and fired three volleys. On February 3 he was met by the Nabob Vizier and a large train of attendants six miles from Lucknow, and every attention was paid him by large receptions, dinners, fireworks, etc.

The Nabob Vizier had seen his master and recognized his own weakness: the journey had been quite successful and all had been arranged and settled. A dispatch soon came from the Court of Directors approving of the treaty with the Nabob of Oudh, but peremptorily ordering that Mr. H. Wellesley should be removed forthwith. For they were jealous of their privileges and thought that Wellesley

## STATESMAN AND SOCIAL REFORMER

was usurping their rights in appointing his brother to Oudh.

Lord Wellesley was naturally hurt by their want of generosity, and Henry Wellesley soon after resigned his post of Lieutenant-Governor of Oudh. Then speeches were made in Parliament violently denouncing the Governor-General and his brother, and making out the Nabob Vizier to have been an innocent victim of British fraud and oppression. As he was not supported by the Directors, he tendered his resignation in 1805, and returned to England early in the following year. Charges were then formulated against him in the House of Commons, but no division was taken until 1808, when the House passed a vote of thanks to Lord Wellesley for his general conduct in the performance of his arduous duties in India.

In 1807 he went as Ambassador-Extraordinary to Seville and in 1809 he became Foreign Secretary in Spencer Percival's Ministry. After Percival's death he was asked by the Prince Regent to form a new Cabinet, but found himself unable to do so.

Besides his political measures there were many social reforms begun by Lord Wellesley. It had been the custom of the natives to sacrifice their firstborn children at many holy places on the Ganges, and even adults were thrown in to be eaten by sharks: this by an order he declared to be murder and punishable by death. He also directed an investigation to be made into the custom of wives burning themselves on the death of their husbands. It was found that the number of women who thus sacrificed themselves in 1803 within thirty miles of Calcutta was 275; one of the widows was a girl of eleven. In Orissa it was the custom, when the wife of a man of rank was burned, that all his concubines must burn with her. If they refused, they were pushed by bamboos into the flames. The term "Suttee" by which that practice



## THE MARQUESS WELLESLEY

was known means a good and chaste wife. When the husband dies the wife breaks a small branch from the mango tree and sits down by the body. The village barber paints the sides of her feet red ; then she bathes and puts on new clothes. The drum begins to beat in a certain way and the whole village comes together. The son, or head-man of the village, provides the articles necessary. A hole is dug in the ground, round which stakes are driven into the earth, and green stakes laid across form a kind of bed in which are thrown dry faggots, hemp, clarified butter and oil. The widow gives away all her ornaments to her friends, ties red cotton on both wrists, puts new combs in her hair, and some parched rice and cowries into her bosom. Prayers are repeated, and accompanied by a Brahman the widow walks seven times round the pyre, strewing rice and sprinkling water over the bystanders ; this they believe will prevent diseases and expiate sins. The Brahmans then present her with a lighted torch, which she carries with her as she steps upon the pile. Her husband's body, wrapped in rich clothing, is laid across her knees. She herself lights the dry grass, and as the tongue of flame rises into the clear, blue sky a shout of exultation rends the air ; tom-toms sound, the folk clap their hands, the brave, patient widow utters no groan nor sigh. " If I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me ! " she cries. It was calculated that from the year 1756 to 1829 no less than 70,000 widows had been burnt alive in British India. The honour of totally suppressing " Suttee " must be given to Lord William Bentinck in 1829

## CHAPTER VII

### SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, THE HERO OF ASSAYE

**S**IR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, who was known so well as the Duke of Wellington, was born at Dangan Castle, Meath, in 1769, the birth year of Napoleon. Arthur was the brother of the Marquess Wellesley, being the fourth son of the second Baron Mornington.

Arthur's mother was left with nine children and not much to keep them on : but they were clever and good-looking and made their way in the world. Arthur seems to have incurred his mother's dislike and was sent away early to school. The Countess used to speak of him as the dunce of the family : he was not bright and talkative, but rather silent and thoughtful, taking in notes for future use. After being a short time in a private school in Chelsea, and subsequently a pupil in the house of the Vicar of St. Nicholas, Brighton, he was entered for Eton. But there he made no mark, for he was not, like his eldest brother, fond of classical studies and writing verses in many languages. Arthur's talent lay rather in arithmetic, which at that time was a study held in some contempt at Eton College. So his mother said in fine scorn, " Poor Arthur ! he is only fitted to be food for powder, and nothing more."

The boy was packed off to learn soldiering in France and entered the Military College of Angers. He completed his course without attracting notice, except that he was very fond of his white terrier : and in 1787 at the age of seven-

## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY, .

teen became an ensign in the 41st regiment of foot. He changed twice from infantry to cavalry and won rapid promotion, for many times at mess he could explain things which were puzzling his seniors ; his curiosity was great, and he tried to understand every new invention. He himself said in after life that his special talent was the power of rapid and correct calculation, and he would have made a good financier.

He was fond of pleasure in his youth, and spent money freely when at the age of twenty-one ; he became a member of the Irish House of Commons and was aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant. It is said that on two occasions he was relieved from debt by two Dublin tradesmen, yet in after life he asserted that he had never been in debt, so the story is probably false.

"Debt," he said, "makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt."

He is said to have spoken rarely in the House, to have had a ruddy complexion and an awkward address. He had not the grace of his brother.

He fell in love with Lady Catherine Packenham, third daughter of the Earl of Longford, a lovely girl who returned his love. But as both had slender means the Earl refused his consent. Captain Wellesley resolved to wait for better times and went with his regiment, the 33rd, to the Continent.

They were sent by sea to Antwerp to reinforce the Duke of York who with his allies was retiring before the French. This was Arthur Wellesley's first experience of war, and he won great credit by deploying his regiment and checking the enemy's advance at a critical moment. This movement was the result of the young Colonel's great attention and observation : he saw what was happening, and did what was required to remedy a mishap.

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

General Dundas noticed his conduct and placed him soon after at the head of a brigade to cover the retreat of the army. This he did with conspicuous coolness and courage. Perhaps the numerous mistakes made by his superiors may have been a useful lesson in strategy and tactics.

On his return to Ireland he wrote to Lord Camden to solicit a civil post. "I see the manner in which the military offices are filled," he writes, and probably he thought a civil post would enable him to marry.

But it was not to be, for in October he was ordered to join an expedition against some French settlements in the West Indies. However storms drove the fleet back to Spithead, and that expedition was abandoned.

In April 1796 he was ordered with his regiment to India and landed at Calcutta in February 1797. His letters now became full of sensible observations, and his criticisms of the Indian artillery very valuable. In July he writes, "The natives are much misrepresented. They are the most mischievous, deceitful race of people I have ever read of. . . . It is true that the feats which have been performed by Europeans have made them objects of fear, but wherever the disproportion of numbers is greater than usual, they uniformly destroy them if they can; and in their dealings and conduct among themselves, they are the most atrociously cruel people I ever heard of. . . . There is more perjury in Calcutta alone than there is in all Europe taken together."

Colonel Wellesley stayed two months with Lord Hobart, Governor of Madras, and instead of getting all the fun and enjoyment out of his visit, as most officers would, he went back to Fort William furnished with statistics in regard to the resources and capabilities of defence of Madras which were much valued by his brother, the Governor-General.

It has been said of Lord Mornington that his intelligence was greater his probity more settled than that of Clive.

## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

He was more energetic and more determined than Cornwallis ; more discreet, more true to his word than Hastings.

Lord Mornington had come to India more than a year after his brother Arthur ; he found British India tottering, he left it strong and consolidated. The public service was corrupt, he left it honest ; three great powers were contending for the lordship of India on his arrival, when he left the French and the Dutch had retired from the contest. And in achieving all this he leaned much on the good sense and advice of Arthur Wellesley. More especially did the younger brother warn his chief against the power of Tippoo Sultaun. For already Napoleon had sent emissaries to Tippoo to concert measures of attack upon their common foe. A letter from Napoleon at Cairo to the Sultaun states : " I write to inform you that I have arrived on the borders of the Red Sea, at the head of a countless and invincible army, filled with the desire of delivering you from the yoke of England. I am anxious that you should send to Suez or to Cairo an intelligent person in whom you have perfect confidence, that he may communicate with me. May the Almighty augment your power and destroy your enemies ! "

This letter proves that Lord Mornington was right in making war on Tippoo : and Sir Thomas Munro wrote to him in June 1798, " So long as the power of Tippoo Sahib exists we shall always be in danger of losing all we possess." Colonel Wellesley at Fort George was helping General Harris to prepare for this war, calculating the number of bullocks that would be necessary for the transport of supplies, and buying them up gradually and economically.

Colonel Wellesley was sent to take temporary command of the British forces, and when General Harris arrived at Headquarters in February 1799, he found an army well organized and disciplined. So well had Colonel Wellesley employed his time.

Yet in spite of forethought and prudence the British

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

army was much harassed by a plague which broke out among the bullocks : numbers dropped on the way and died : the army had to halt every second day to repair its transport and the loss in powder, stores and provisions which had to be abandoned was enormous. When the battle came, the exhaustion of the bullocks which were dragging the guns prevented the English from following up the flying Mysoreans.

Arthur Wellesley and Colonel Shaw were ordered to make a night attack on Tippoo's line of defence. Shaw succeeded, Wellesley lost his way in the dark and failed ; his men came under a heavy fire and retired in confusion. Twelve grenadiers of the 33rd fell into the enemy's hands and were carried before Tippoo, who ordered that they should be put to death by driving nails into their skulls. Wellesley himself, with a wounded knee, barely escaped the same fate. Writing to his brother about it, he says, "The night was very dark, the enemy expected us and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle. . . . I have come to a determination never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight."

Evidently he is dissatisfied with the want of scouting, and was sent into an unknown country without sufficient preparation.

Wellesley had done wonders in supplying rice and getting money for his General, instead of pocketing it, as was often the custom of officers in those days ; and he had seen his orders and regulations adopted by General Harris with the remark, "I should mention my approbation of all you have done publicly, Wellesley, only I am afraid others would be displeased and jealous." So we find him writing to Lord Mornington, "It is hard that when one's endeavours do succeed they should not receive the approbation

## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

which it is acknowledged by all they deserve. I was much hurt about it at the time, but I don't care now, and shall certainly continue to do everything to serve General Harris and to support his name and authority."

After the fall of Seringapatam Colonel Wellesley was chosen commandant of the city by General Harris without the knowledge of Lord Mornington. The pillage and confusion were terrible and needed a strong hand to check it.

"I came in to take the command on the 5th and, by the greatest exertions, by hanging, flogging, etc., in the course of that day I restored order among the troops." Next day he wrote, "Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished and the people are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead."

The sons of Tippoo were pensioned and residences were assigned to them at Vellore. Courts of Justice were appointed, crime was put down, forts were razed : he respected the opinions and religious tenets of the natives and won their esteem.

"About six weeks ago," he writes to his brother, "I was sent in here with a garrison, consisting of about half the army and a large staff, and I have not received one shilling more than I did in Fort George : the consequence is that I am ruined."

When he did receive his share of the prize money, some £7,000, he wished to repay Lord Mornington for the money which he had advanced to purchase his lieutenant-colonelcy ; this offer his brother refused. We have almost forgotten the old ways of buying army promotion. When war became a science, it was necessary to get the clever men to the top, and so examinations have taken the place of purchase. But examinations do not find out who can control large forces, who can keep cool in danger, who can bear prolonged fatigue, who can win the love of his men. It is after all a very imperfect instrument for discovering military genius.

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

Soon there arose a robber leader in Mysore, named Dhoondia, who gave so much trouble that Wellesley had to ask leave to pursue him. As Wellesley was making preparations, a native came to his tent and salaamed.

"Well! what do you want?"

"I am here to show you how to kill your enemy."

"Indeed! I am thinking how best to do that very thing."

"I will stab him with this poniard! he is very sharp: feel him!"

"No, no; English soldiers do not murder like that, go away!"

Dhoondia assumed the title of "King of the World"—he did nothing by halves—and used to escape with such celerity that he eluded three separate columns. Wellesley got his men to march thirty miles a day under a burning sun—a long day's march for India—but still Dhoondia fled before him. They came to a river too deep to ford: "Who can swim?" shouted Wellesley; he saw that the enemy had left their guns on the further side.

"Half a dozen of you swim across and seize that country boat: get a gun aboard." It was a long swim, for the stream ran fast and took them down: but at last they brought the boat over; it just took one gun, so one by one the guns were taken over to Wellesley; these he presented to the Maratha corps which accompanied him. Still he pressed on after Dhoondia: it was like a race, and on September 10 the British came up with the brigands. It was a cavalry fight: both sides rode exhausted horses: Wellesley in a single line charged upon the promiscuous crowd and broke them; among the dead they found the body of Dhoondia, which the soldiers dragged in triumph into camp upon a gun-carriage. His young son was discovered in a baggage-waggon, and Wellesley took charge of him and had him educated at his own expense.

The pertinacity of this long ride after the brigands through



## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

jungle and wood and over burning sands and slippery rocks added much to Wellesley's reputation.

Meanwhile the Marathas were causing anxiety: this brave and turbulent nation had, early in the eighteenth century, seized upon a large portion of the Mogul empire: but later generations had weakened and the great state was breaking up into smaller principalities, which counted themselves independent of the Peishwa of Poonah.

The Rajahs of Berar, Holkar and Scindia were the strongest chiefs: they were each jealous of the other, and in 1802 Holkar marched on Poonah and defeated Scindia and the Peishwa, who sought protection from the Company. The Peishwa was taken in an English ship to Bombay for security, where he concluded the treaty of Bassein, which stipulated that the Peishwa should admit into his territories an English army of 6,000 men and pledge himself never to make war, except with the consent of the English. There was a French General, Perron, who had 30,000 infantry and 8,000 cavalry and 290 pieces of cannon: he was in the service of Scindia and held a vast extent of territory: his well-disciplined army made the Marathas a very difficult people to subjugate.

Wellesley in 1803 had been raised to the rank of Major-General and now was instructed to re-establish the authority of the Peishwa at Poonah. He at once began to prepare for his expedition, choosing a season when the rivers were in flood, because the Indians could not cross large bodies of water as easily as English troops. There were taken many other apparently trivial precautions which his great talent of observation and attention suggested to him.

In March Wellesley proceeded with 10,617 men 200 leagues through the Maratha districts without opposition. On April 15 he fell in with the army of the Nizam and joined forces. Three days after he learnt that Amrat Rao intended to burn Poonah on retiring from it. Upon this

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

Arthur Wellesley took 400 cavalry and galloped by night across a difficult country, doing sixty miles in thirty hours, and arrived like a meteor shot from the sky, under the walls of Poonah. The inhabitants, who had been grieving over the imminent destruction of their city, hailed him rapturously as their saviour and deliverer.

Wellesley took possession of the city in the name of the Peishwa. But that Prince, indolent and false, did not trouble himself to supply the troops with any provisions, though they were 1,100 miles away from their depôts. "There is abundance in the country, but it is all hid away, and in spite of the prices which we offer, we can get nothing but what we carry with us."

When Scindia was requested to abandon a menacing position which he had taken up, he insolently replied that he should not withdraw until the English army had returned to Seringapatam, Madras and Bombay.

Wellesley wrote: "I have offered you peace on conditions just and honourable. You have chosen war, and you shall undergo all its calamities."

Lord Mornington had given his brother ample powers to treat or fight: Lord Lake was in command of 20,000 men in Oudh, with orders to attack Perron and seize Delhi and Agra; Wellesley was to attack Scindia.

Perron, after long conferences, signed a special convention with Lake and sailed for France with an enormous fortune. The remains of the French army were soon defeated and Delhi, the ancient capital of Hindustan, fell into the power of the Company.

Whilst Lake was winning the battle of Laswari with his cavalry only, Wellesley was capturing cities in the west. A letter written by a Maratha chief says, "The English are a strange people, and their General an extraordinary man; they arrived here in the morning, examined the walls, carried them, have killed all the garrison of the place, and

## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

are now gone back to breakfast. Who can resist such men as these ? ”

On September 21 Wellesley found himself unexpectedly only six miles from the enemy. “ Only an affair of cavalry ! ” he muttered, and gave orders for the baggage to be placed in a position of security. Then he moved briskly to the attack, but scarcely had he deployed his troops than he discovered that he had the whole Maratha army before him.

Wellesley had 8,000 men, of whom 1,500 only were Europeans, while the enemy had nearly 50,000 men drawn up in a strong position near Assaye. His men and cattle were tired, but if he did not give battle he might be attacked and lose all his baggage. He made a rapid survey of the position, found a ford across the river which was undefended and ordered the advance. His troops came on in good order, as if at a review : their coolness and self-possession seemed to astonish and confound the Marathas.

But Wellesley's weak artillery was soon silenced by the enemy's 128 guns, and had to take its place in the rear of the column ; meanwhile the infantry dashed forward with the bayonet and forced back the Maratha infantry, while their gunners ran away and left their guns. But some took shelter under their guns, or pretended to be dead, and when our Sepoys passed them they sprang up and fired their pieces. For a time the battle fluctuated : here one side was winning, and there the other : many who had fled soon rallied and returned to the battlefield. Wellesley led a desperate charge upon these, had his horse killed under him by a cannon shot, mounted another and swept the opposing force away. Most of the action took place in a triangle formed by the ravines and was only a mile wide, and Scindia's cavalry had no room to move. Colonel Maxwell was killed while pursuing the fleeing infantry. The battle began soon after three o'clock and was over at six. The wounded

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

covered the whole face of the country, and more than a hundred guns were captured. The artillerists were nearly all cut to pieces beside their guns : our cavalry could not follow far, as the horses were worn out. The English loss was 44 officers and 365 men killed : 126 officers and 1,541 men wounded. The battle was really won by the bayonet. "Never," says Southey, "was a battle gained against such enormous odds. The enemy had ten times as many combatants in the field as the English : his troops, disciplined and commanded by European officers, were twice as numerous as those of the British army : his artillery, served with the greatest coolness, proved so superior that at the first discharge it silenced the whole of Wellesley's pieces." The General himself said, "This battle of Assaye was the most obstinate that I have ever seen, and which, I believe, has ever been fought in India. The enemy's cannonade was frightful." "The resistance of the Marathas," says a French author, "was heroic ; their gunners died beside their guns, and whole corps of infantry suffered themselves to be cut to pieces at the post which had been assigned them, without withdrawing one step."

On November 6 Scindia proposed a suspension of arms, which Lord Mornington approved of : but with his usual treachery he shortly afterwards joined the Rajah's army, and Wellesley had to follow hard to save his convoys. Then he came up with the enemy at Argaum when they were getting ready to encamp. It was late and very hot, but he resolved to attack. But when his Sepoys got within range of the guns they remembered the havoc at Assaye, turned and fled. "Luckily I happened to be at no great distance from them," wrote Wellesley, "and I was able to rally them . . . if I had not been there I am convinced we should have lost the day." Not twenty minutes' sun remained when Wellesley led on the British cavalry to the charge, but there was bright moonlight, and much loss was inflicted. The troops were

## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

under arms and the General on horseback from six in the morning until twelve at night.

The result of these two battles was that a treaty of peace was signed by Scindia: the Governor-General wrote, "I am extremely proud of your treaty and am convinced that it will form a brilliant era in the history of this country and a noble termination to your military career."

It was in part because they saw in Wellesley a frank truth-speaking foe that the Maratha chiefs came to him to offer peace.

Wellesley was in favour of treating Scindia generously and restoring Gwalior to him: "The Governor-General may write what he pleases at Calcutta; we must conciliate the natives, or we shall not be able to do his business, and all his treaties, without conciliation and an endeavour to convince the native powers that we have views besides our own interests, are so much waste paper."

In January 1804 Wellesley rode out to surprise a body of brigands which had assembled on the frontier of the Deccan. It was his last service in India, and, as he declared, "the most harassing service in which he had ever been engaged." He had to ride sixty miles in thirty hours when he was not feeling well, and then the brigands mounted and rode away before he reached them. More galloping, more fatigue! but at last he overtook them, mastered them and seized their cannon and baggage. It was necessary to break up these bands before they grew into large armies and, as before, became conquerors and a mighty nation. After this Wellesley went to Poonah and thence to Seringapatam. Here he wrote to Lord Lake, asking for leave to return to England on the score of ill-health. But in reality he was vexed by the conduct of the Indian princes who had signed the treaties: he was also hurt by the neglect of the Court of Directors: "I have served the Company in important

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

situations for many years and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors."

He might well feel aggrieved, for since Robert Clive no English general had done so much for the glory and prosperity of India; he had never lost a single convoy, or any portion of the Company's property. He wrote out and sent to various officers his ideas of the best way of dealing with, or fighting with the Marathas, and of feeding the troops.

Burke had said in the House of Commons, "If the English were driven from India, they would leave no better traces of their supremacy than the hyaena and the tiger"; and Count de Warren wrote, "So far as their material comforts are concerned, the condition of the natives has degenerated from year to year: and as to their moral state, it has made no progress since the days of Alexander."

It certainly was a strange thing that a trading company, concerned chiefly for its own dividends, should have risen to the status of an empire, and in its early struggles for existence there was little leisure or power left to cultivate the virtues of the native population.

Arthur Wellesley, the slow thinker and observer, who said of himself "that he had passed his life in trying to find out what was on the other side of a hill," gave it as his opinion that a policy which is unjust cannot be wise. He believed that the best way of securing the fidelity of the natives was to attach them by acts of kindness to their rulers.

On his departure the English in Calcutta presented General Wellesley with a valuable sword, and voted a monument in memory of the battle of Assaye. But what pleased him most was a tribute from the natives of Seringapatam. "You have a right to our gratitude for the tranquillity, security and prosperity which we have enjoyed under your beneficent administration."

Before he sailed Lord Mornington was able to inform his brother that he was now Sir Arthur Wellesley, as His Majesty

## SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY,

had nominated him an extra Knight of the Order of the Bath.

Other generals had gone home with heavy bags of rupees ; Sir Arthur had not availed himself of the bribes which were so usual. Once in 1803, the envoy of the Nizam offered £70,000 for some information as to the districts to be assigned to his master. General Wellesley listened to the proposal with great gravity, and when the Indian had ceased to speak, said to him, " Can you keep a secret ? " The envoy, hoping he had succeeded, replied eagerly, " Certainly, sahib." The General made a low bow to the Minister, saying " And so can I."

One of the great reforms which Wellesley introduced into the army in India was to limit the number of carriages for transport and make use of the native merchants to feed his army. They followed wherever he marched at their own risk, and were well paid for their services. For the custom had been for the English soldiers only to be fed by Government : the Sepoys, or native troops, were paid extra money and had to buy their own food. In consequence every army was followed by a large train of bakers, butchers, goats, oxen, so that General Harris had with him 35,000 fighting men and 120,000 followers. With such a mob it was impossible to make a forced march.

When Sir Arthur was quitting India Napoleon was at Boulogne, preparing for an expedition into England which never came off.

On April 10, 1806, Wellesley married the lady who had been waiting for him, Lady Catherine Packenham. She had offered to release him from his engagement as smallpox had destroyed much of her beauty. But Sir Arthur declined to avail himself of her generosity.

Two sons were born to them, both of whom had attained at the Duke's death, to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Thus Sir Arthur passes from the wild warfare in Indian

## THE HERO OF ASSAYE

jungles to meet the trained generals of France in the Spanish peninsular.

When he died at Walmer Castle, full of honour, Queen Victoria said, " He was the pride and genius of the country."

So the dunce of the family became the valued friend of kings and queens.



## CHAPTER VIII

### HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

**H**ENRY MARTYN was born at Truro in Cornwall in February 1781, and seems to have inherited, like his brothers, a weak constitution. His father had been a miner, but through industry had taught himself arithmetic and had been admitted as a clerk into a merchant's office at Truro.

Henry was sent to the Grammar School, where he made rapid progress in classics. He was of a lively and cheerful temperament and somewhat idle in his boyhood ; not fond of games and too gentle and meditative to be a good companion. But one of the senior boys made friends with him and often saved him from his tormentors. When he was not yet fifteen he travelled up to Oxford all alone in the coach, to try for a scholarship at Corpus. He did well, but was not elected scholar. After two more years at school he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1797, and so little did he know of mathematics that he tried to learn his Euclid by heart. But when he began to read Newton's *Principia*, a new talent seemed to be born in him and he took delight in mathematical studies. The boy who had helped him at school was also at Cambridge and exercised a good influence over him, bidding him read not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God. He must also have wished to please the father in Cornwall who had saved up so long in order to send him to college.

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

Martyn inherited a petulant and irritable temper which sometimes carried him away and filled him with remorse. Once at table he lost his temper with a companion who was chaffing him, and in a moment of anger flung a knife which only just missed his friend's head and stuck quivering into the wall. In the long vacation of 1799, he tells us in his diary, his temper drove him to be harsh to his sisters and father: "Oh, what an example of patience and mildness was he!" But we must be careful to tone down a little of the self-depreciating confessions in his journal; for if we judged him by those expressions, we might esteem him to have been of a gloomy, desponding temperament, whereas those who knew him say he was always cheerful and kindly, fond of playing with children and capable of a hearty laugh.

In the College examination at the end of 1799 he was first of his year and the good news delighted his proud father. But in a month the good old man was in his grave; the thought of his past failings in filial respect much troubled Henry, and in his sorrow he took up the Bible, being exhorted to the step both by his sister at home and his Truro friend K—that is the only name by which he can now be known.

"I began with the Acts," he says, "as being the most amusing." But he was soon immersed in St. Paul's theology, and grew very sad and desponding, feeling a deep sense of his own unworthiness, much to his friend K's disappointment. But as he began to attend Mr. C. Simeon's church in Cambridge he "gradually acquired more knowledge in divine things." He was reading very hard all the time and was ambitious of coming out high. We do not know if he was greatly surprised when in January 1801 he heard his name read out as "Senior Wrangler." In the same list Robert Grant, afterwards Governor of Bombay, was third wrangler.

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

"I obtained my highest wishes," he writes, "but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow."

It is rare for a man to come out so high who has not been well trained before going up to college; but Martyn was known as "the man who had not lost an hour," so assiduously had his mind been set on his work.

In the summer of 1801 Martyn went up to Cambridge for the vacation, and got to know Charles Simeon intimately. This excellent clergyman delighted in the "wonderful genius" of the young man and persuaded him to become his curate. Martyn was meanwhile taking pupils and reading for his fellowship, which he won in 1802. Soon after this he tried for the Latin Essay, though with little hope as he had hardly touched a classical book since his matriculation. However, he won the prize! It is not so astonishing that a miner's son educated at a country Grammar School should come out first wrangler; but that he should also obtain the Latin essay, competing with the best scholars of his year, when his classics must have been rusty, is very remarkable.

After this he took a walking tour in North Wales through Llangollen and Bethgellert, talking to any one he met and learning to be contented with his lot. On October 23, 1803, he was ordained a Deacon of the Church of England, and began to help Mr. Simeon at Trinity Church, Cambridge. But after reading the life of David Brainerd, the apostle to the North-American Indians, he felt a strong desire to go and do likewise, and offered himself to the Church Missionary Society for Missions to the East.

But early in 1804 Martyn got the news that the slender means which his father had left him and his younger sister had been lost. He could not become a missionary and leave his sister in poverty. He talked the matter over with Mr. Simeon; the latter wrote to his friends in London, William Wilberforce and Charles Grant. Grant was a

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

Director of the East India Company, which sent out chaplains to minister to their servants, and he was proud to be able to send so distinguished a man as the Senior Wrangler.

Martyn went up to London and dined with Wilberforce at Clapham, and discussed the matter : but he had to wait for a vacancy, and employed his time in pastoral work at Cambridge. Then he returned to Cornwall to bid adieu to his relations and to one whom he loved better than a sister, Miss Lydia Grenfell, who lived near St. Michael's Mount.

Near Truro he preached to crowded congregations, though some of the richer folk absented themselves purposely ; he enjoyed walks with his sister by the winding river. " Below the house," he says, " is an arm of the sea flowing between the hills which are covered with wood. By the side of this water I walk in the evening, out of the reach of all sound but the rippling of the waves and the whistling of the curlew." There he must have pondered on the great sacrifices he was about to make in going to India ; for a Senior Wrangler has brilliant prospects before him, if he will accept what is offered. His great sacrifice, however, was his love for a good and beautiful girl.

" July 29 (Sunday), at St. Hilary Church, my thoughts wandered from the service, and I suffered the keenest disappointment. Miss Lydia Grenfell did not come. Yet, in great pain, I blessed God for having kept her away, as she might have been a snare to me." . . . " Called after tea on Miss Lydia and walked with her, conversing on spiritual subjects. All the rest of the evening and night I could not keep her out of my mind. I felt too plainly that I loved her passionately." There is much more to the same purpose, proving the great sacrifice which Martyn was to make. It did not occur to the Senior Wrangler that God, who created the world, meant man and wife to work together and love one another. If she had gone with him to India,

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

he might have done better work, and would probably not have died so early. But, as Mrs. Charles Kingsley used to say with dark, flashing, indignant eyes, when she heard of any one who thought to improve on nature, "That mans thinks he is wiser than God!"

On the next day he wrote in his journal, "A few faint struggles to forget her and delight in God, but they were ineffectual." He returned to Cambridge and waited for the summons to India month after month; meanwhile he was learning the rudiments of the Hindustani and Bengali languages and taking pupils, as he says, "with some impatience and irritability of manner." In 1805 he went up to London and preached in Mr. Cecil's chapel near Bedford Row. Cecil's criticism of his style of preaching was, "Sir, it is cupola-painting, not miniature, that must be the aim of a man that harangues a multitude."

On June 3 Martyn wrote, "Mr. Cecil said that I should be acting like a madman if I went out unmarried. A wife would supply by her comfort and counsel the entire want of society." However other friends gave opposite advice and reopened the old wound.

Three weeks later he started for Portsmouth; the journey from Cambridge took two days. Mr. Simeon and other friends saw him off. Going to India in those days was not the every-day affair it is now: "My feelings were those of a man who should be suddenly told that every friend he had in the world was dead." The *Union*, in which he sailed, anchored off Falmouth. So he landed, made his way to Marazion and spent some days with his friends and Miss Lydia. "With much confusion I declared my affection for her, with the intention of learning whether, if I ever saw it right in India to be married, she would come out; but she would not declare her sentiments. . . . I am enveloped in gloom."

The *Union* was in company with other transports, and

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

Henry Martyn tried to influence the soldiers and sailors on board. They came near a Botany Bay ship, carrying 120 women for transportation. "The captain is, I find, a man of bad character. He has promised, however, to dispense some Testaments among them."

A troopship in those days was a trying ordeal to one who wished to speak about sacred things; sneers, angry looks, cutting remarks came from officers and men, yet Martyn persevered in speaking freely and earnestly to the young cadets, the ship's officers and men as they sat or walked on the deck. As they neared the Cape they learned that the troops would be landed for active service. The Cape was to be wrested from the Dutch; it was January 1806 when they landed. Martyn and many ladies remained on board, hearing the fire of guns and musketry. "The poor ladies were in a dreadful condition; every peal seemed to go through their hearts. I have just been endeavouring to do what I could to keep up their spirits." A few hours later he went on shore and spoke to the wounded. "One of them on being asked where he was struck, opened his shirt and showed a wound in his left breast. The blood which he was spitting showed that he had been shot through the lungs. As I spread my great-coat over him, by the surgeon's desire I spoke of the blessed Gospel and besought him to look to Jesus Christ for salvation." Then he visited some Dutch farmhouses which were being used as hospitals. Once he was mistaken by a Highlander for a Frenchman and was nearly shot. "As I saw that he was rather intoxicated and did not know but that he might actually fire out of mere wantonness, I sprang up towards him and told him that, if he doubted my word, he might take me as a prisoner to the English camp, but that I certainly was an English clergyman. This pacified him, and he behaved with great respect."

When the Dutch capitulated Martyn took lodgings for

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

a few weeks in Cape Town, visited the hospitals and preached on Sundays.

In the second week of February he rejoined his ship for India ; they sighted Ceylon on April 19, and on the following Sunday Martyn preached his farewell sermon on board. Many of his hearers ridiculed and reviled him. "Some said, 'Martyn as well as the rest can share the plunder of the natives of India ; whether it is just or not he does not care.' This brought back the doubts I formerly had about the lawfulness of receiving anything from the Company." A chaplain of the Company at that time received £1,000 a year.

On nearing Calcutta the great heat affected his health and spirits. "Entered the Hoogley ; the flat shores on either side were covered with low wood. . . . I thought to have seen whole fleets of ships, vast numbers of natives on the shore and appearances of cultivation, but there was nothing of the sort. Five or six miserable people only were seen cutting down the jungle for firewood . . . The approach to Calcutta, particularly about Garden Reach, where we lay several hours, is very beautiful. The rich verdure and variety of the trees, and the elegant mansions which they partly hide, conspire to render the same highly agreeable to the eye ; but the thought of the diabolical heathenism, amidst these beauties of nature, takes away almost all the pleasure I should otherwise experience."

Diabolical heathenism ! That was the old unsympathetic way of regarding a religion that was not your own. St. Paul had a better way when he said, "whom ye worship in your ignorance, him declare I unto you." The heathen at all events had a fear of the unknown God, and in that fear we can now discern the rudiments of a higher form of religion.

Martyn, soon after landing and conversing with a Brahman, writes in a more tolerant spirit, "I see that they

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

are a religious people, and my heart almost springs at the thought that the time is ripening for the fulness of the Gentiles to come in." He had very soon cast off the narrow views in which he had been brought up, and recognized "the soul of goodness in things evil." His work was at first to preach every Sunday evening at the Mission Church and every third Sunday at the other. But he was attacked in sermons for his evangelical doctrines, and called the "son of thunder," because he denounced the sins of the age. All the time Martyn was busy learning the native language from his munshi or tutor.

In July 1806 he wrote to Lydia and proposed that she should come to India and be his wife and help him in his work. "You would not be left in solitude if I were to make any distant excursion, because no chaplain is stationed where there is not a large English society. My salary is abundantly sufficient for the support of a married man. . . . I have now long loved you most affectionately, and my attachment is more strong, more pure, more heavenly, because I see in you the image of Jesus Christ."

On March 5, 1807, Miss Grenfell wrote to say that she could not come, as her mother would not give her consent. Her reply reached him on October 24, and made him very sad. He was then at Dinapur, but received a further check by being requested in a letter from some of his congregation to preach to the English in future from a written sermon! It is usually now the written sermon that gives offence! His studies in Sanscrit, Persian and Hindustani still went on, with a view to a translation of the New Testament into Hindustani, which was completed in March 1808. He also was intent on translating into Persian and Arabic.

He was stationed at Banhapur in June 1808, and here he says he was in the midst of infidelity. His sermons were severe and soon emptied his church: "Mr. — informed me that the reason why no one came to hear me



## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

was that I preached faith without works, and that little sins are as bad as great ones, and that thus I tempted them to become great sinners."

In 1809 he was at Cawnpore, having arrived in a fainting state through the heat and the long journey. But soon after he arrived he was preaching to 1,000 soldiers, drawn up in a hollow square, when many actually dropped down—the heat was so great. In a letter he describes how his days were spent. "We all live here in bungalows or thatched houses: we usually rise at daybreak and breakfast at six. Then we pray together, after which I translate into Arabic with Sabab, who lives near me. We dine at twelve and sit recruiting ourselves with talking a little about dear friends in England. In the afternoon I translate with Mirza into Hindustani. At sunset we ride or drive and then meet at the church and raise the song of praise."

After a time his health gave way, and signs of lung disease, which had taken so many of his brothers, began to show in him. He got leave from Lord Minto to leave Cawnpore and travel through Arabia. He sailed with Mountstuart Elphinstone as his fellow-passenger and found his society very helpful. On landing at Goa they visited the Portuguese churches, stupendous for their magnificence. "In one of the monasteries we saw the tomb of Francis Xavier, the Apostle of India, most richly ornamented. . . . The friar who showed us the tomb happening to speak of the grace of God in the heart, without which, said he, as he held the sacramental wafer, the body of Christ profits nothing, I began a conversation with him, which however came to nothing."

So St. Francis, who gave up all for the love of God 250 years before, and Henry Martyn were brought together in thought and sympathy. They were both heroes, though Martyn from bodily weakness had not done so

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

the moisture was kept a little longer upon the body and not so speedily evaporated." The cool air of the night restored him, and next day after his long ride on horseback Martyn wrapped round his head a large wet towel and fed himself on curds and milk from the next village.

The very first city he came to he was in the midst of theological discussions with learned mullahs, being in good health and spirits. He writes to his dearest Lydia: "I am in Persia, intrenched in one of its valleys, separated from Indian friends by chains of mountains and a roaring sea, among a people depraved beyond all belief, in the power of a tyrant guilty of every species of atrocity. Imagine a pale person seated on a Persian carpet in a room without a table or chair, with a pair of formidable moustaches and habited as a Persian—and you see me!" Here he expected to remain six months, as he found that the Persian translation of the New Testament, which he had made in India, was incorrect, and the Persian spoken at Shiraz was very pure: thus he was able to improve his work. But in attempting to preach he excited so much Muhammadan indignation that they threw stones at him in the street and hurt him in the back. His host then wrote to the Governor, who sent an order to all the gates, that if any one insulted the Englishman he should be bastinadoed. This order produced a good effect, and they now bowed to him and called him "Feringhee Nabob."

"This is my birthday on which I complete my thirty-first year. The Persian New Testament has been begun and I may say finished in this year 1811. Such a painful year I never passed, owing to the privations I have been called to suffer, and the spectacle before me of human depravity. But I hope I have not come to this seat of Satan in vain. The Word of God has found its way into Persia, and it is not in Satan's power to oppose its progress, if the Lord hath sent it."

## HENRY MARTYN, SCHOLAR AND SAINT

In May 1812 he started in company with a caravan, hoping to present his Persian Testament to the King of Persia, but he had to content himself with presenting it to the Ambassador. On his way fever and delirium seized him and he was some weeks in bed and very ill and weak.

Then he tried to journey on, crossed the Turkish frontier, entered Kars and Erzeroum : his guide had little compassion for his weakness and galloped over rough roads, often in soaking rain. Thus ague and fever again came on, and Hassan his guide, stormed at him for causing delay.

“ October 5 : the sleep has refreshed me, but I am feeble and shaken, yet the merciless Hassan hurries me off. At night I feel as if in a palsy, my teeth chattering, my whole frame violently shaken.” On the next day he wrote : “ No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God, in solitude, my companion, my friend and comforter. Oh ! when shall appear that new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness ? There shall in no wise enter in anything that defileth : none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.”

These were Henry Martyn's last words : he died at Tokat, in Asia Minor, in October, perhaps on the 16th. He had devoted his great talents to his Master's service, and by his translations into Hindustani and Persian made it easier for his successors to spread the good news of Jesus Christ.

## CHAPTER IX

### SIR JOHN MALCOLM, SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

JOHN was the son of a lowland Scots farmer in Dumfriesshire, who cultivated a small estate known as Burnfoot, hard by the banks of the lovely Esk. George Malcolm, the father, was well educated, having been trained for the ministry, and was a sturdy yeoman of sense and character. His wife, a Pasley, was also very douce and intelligent. John, the fourth son, was born in 1769 and was much like other wellbred Scots, healthy and quick and fond of paddling in the burn, or fishing or snaring rabbits. His lessons he would put off till he trudged up the hill, book in hand ; he was full of fun and frolic and mischief, when he could, and the dominie Graham who kept school used to say when he could not find out the author of any little escapade, "Faith ! Jock's at the bottom of it !"

Years after, Malcolm sent the old dominie a copy of the *History of Persia*, which he had written. On the title-page was scrawled, "Jock's at the bottom of it."

It is strange to find how this border farmer got good places for his sons. Robert, the eldest, was chosen for the Civil Service of the East India Company. James, the second, received a commission in the Marines (afterwards Sir James) ; Pulteney, the third, afterwards Admiral Sir Pulteney, was made a midshipman. When John was eleven the Johnstones of Aloa offered his father an appoint-

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM

ment for him in the Indian Army. His uncle took the boy up to London—a long jaunt in the rattling coach, shook his head and said, “John, you’re a big lad for your age, but I have my doots ye won’t pass at the India House.” John was taken before the Directors, stood facing them at the end of a long table—a smiling, bonny, fair-skinned son of the soil.

There was no written examination then for candidates: the august company of Directors just leaned forward and read what God, or the deil, had written in his face. The Chairman said, “My little man, what would you do if you went to meet Hyder Ali?” “Do!” said Jock, looking suddenly very martial, “Why, sir, I would out with my sword and cut off his head!”

The Directors looked at one another and laughed, “He will do!” “That’s the sort!” Jock had passed his entrance examination, supposing he could sum well. His uncle put him to school near London till he should sail, for he had to wait a year more: it was not until April 1783 that John’s ship anchored in the Madras Roads, and his kinsfolk at Madras measured him and found he had grown several inches on the long voyage.

A merry, good-tempered boy—food for powder? Not yet, his superiors thought, for they sent him to do garrison duty at Vellore.

Tippoo Sultaun was the King of Mysore now, and in 1784 a treaty of peace was made with him and prisoners were to be exchanged.

John Malcolm was sent to command a detachment of British troops and bring our men from the frontier: he was to meet Major Dallas at the frontier. When Dallas met the detachment coming from the Company’s territories, he saw a slim, rosy, healthy-looking boy astride on a rough pony, went up to him and said, “Where’s the commanding officer of this detachment?”

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM,

John drew himself up proudly, saluted and replied :

"I am the commanding officer, sir."

Dallas tried not to smile : those two became life-long friends.

John was so young ; it is no wonder he made mistakes at first ; he was too generous and open-handed, and he got into debt. Did he borrow money to pay the debts ? Not he ! The canny Scot set to work and half starved himself in his eagerness to save up his pay. An old native woman in the regimental bazaar saw his thin cheeks, found out from his native servant what was the matter, and in her motherly compassion implored the pretty English boy to take from her all he wanted, and pay her the rupees just when he liked.

John never forgot this kindness, or any one else's, and when he grew rich he thought of the old brown woman and settled a pension on her for her life. Ah ! if the Directors could have caught a glimpse of the human kindness here displayed on both sides, they would have learned a lesson worth knowing. It is better to draw your purse than to draw your sword, and love is stronger than hate.

Poor John wrote home and confessed all—asked his friends to forget the past part of his conduct ; it should not occur again.

In a few months John Malcolm was marching on Seringapatam ; in the Nizam's camp he got to know two famous political, that is diplomatic, officers—Sir John Kennaway and Graeme Mercer ; from their talk he gained the desire to become a " political " and negotiate treaties.

He was now full-grown, tall, handsome, merry, noisy sometimes, and bubbling over with fun ; an athlete and fond of sport, but yet so playful that his friends styled him " the boy Malcolm," a title which stuck to him many years. With Mr. Mercer he now began to study Persian and Indian history. When he was yet a subaltern in a

## SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

Sepoy regiment he had written these wise words : " An invariable rule ought to be observed by all Europeans who have connexions with the natives of India—never to practise any art or indirect method of gaining their end, and, from the greatest occasion to the most trifling, to keep sacred their word : but when they act a different part—when they condescend to meet the smooth-tongued Muhammadan or the crafty Hindu with weapons of flattery and cunning, they will of a certainty be vanquished."

At last Malcolm found an opening for an appointment in the Political Department. He applied for it and was only half an hour too late ! Some other young officer had got it. He went back to his tent, flung himself down on his couch and gave vent to bitter disappointment.

Tears of vexation stood in his eyes—" Always my luck ! " he muttered. Yes, John Malcolm, it was your luck ; and if we have guardian angels to hover over us with better thoughts, yours must have smiled in pitiful wonder. For the young officer who obtained your place had no sooner reached the native court than he was murdered. Just your luck, John Malcolm !

For nine years he had served without one week's leave of absence—at Seringapatam he had been appointed Persian interpreter by Marquis Cornwallis ; but soon his health began to fail and the doctors said he must go home. His great friend, Sir John Kennaway, was going in the same ship, so he was content.

Great was the stir in Eskdale when a fine, handsome young man, set up by the long sea voyage, came smiling down the street. Old friends stared, but did not recognize him till he laughed his old rollicking laugh and hit them in the chest. Then they knew it was little Jock come home.

Then the talk began—the long intimate cracks by the ingle-nook, the queer stories of strange heathen folk, the account of battles won and dangers just escaped : and

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM,

he was not proud, was Jock ; but every old pal was greeted with genial and homely words of kindness. And how proud his father and mother were as he strode into kirk beside them. They had often prayed there for his welfare ; now they were fain to give hearty thanks. A month or two and he was awa', appointed aide-de-camp to General Clarke, now Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army.

On their way they stopped at the Cape and found the Dutch fighting for their little settlement : he may have met Henry Martyn there, or heard him preach.

In 1795-96 John Malcolm, still a subaltern, was on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Secretary to General Clarke ; and when that officer was transferred to Bengal, Malcolm remained as Secretary to General Harris, who took him into his house as a member of his family.

When Lord Mornington first came to Madras, on his way out to Calcutta, he read some reports drawn up by Malcolm on the state of the Deccan, had a talk with him and soon after appointed him assistant to the Resident at the Nizam's Court. Hyderabad at that time was leaning towards French influence. Raymond, a French officer, had drilled his levies and given them the French colours.

Lord Mornington determined that those French troops must be disbanded or destroyed. Malcolm was sent down to confer with the officers and found them in mutiny because they were in arrears of pay. When the soldiers saw Malcolm they swore they would treat him as they had treated their own French officers. They were just about to lay violent hands upon him, when some Sepoys of the French battalion, who had formerly been in the Company's army and had served in Malcolm's own regiment, recognized him, and remembering how kind he had been to them, they ran at once to his rescue with a glad shout. Shoulder-high they bore him above the surging crowd, carried him out of it to a place of safety and showed white



## SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

teeth as they grinned their congratulations. The French corps was dispersed without shedding a drop of blood, and Malcolm learnt a second time that love is stronger than hate.

Very soon he was summoned to Calcutta and carried with him the colours of the French battalion. Lord Mornington warmly welcomed him and heard all he had to say about Tippoo and the war that must come. The Governor-General took Malcolm with him when he went to Madras to expedite the preparations for war against Tippoo.

Malcolm's first duty was to accompany the Nizam's troops, really to command them, on the way to Seringapatam. When he arrived he found a seething body of mutineers, whom he soothed and made his faithful soldiers in a very short time. The 33rd Regiment, commanded by Colonel Arthur Wellesley, joined him at this time, and a life's friendship with the Iron Duke began thus in Mysore. On May 4, when all was ready for the assault on Seringapatam, Malcolm entered the tent of General Harris, who was sitting alone deeply pondering over the details of the coming assault. Malcolm very cheerily cried: "Why, my Lord, so thoughtful?" thinking to cheer him up in accosting him by a title which must soon come to him.

"Malcolm," said the General rather sternly, "this is no time for compliments. We have serious work in hand; don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion, that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort or perish in the attempt. If Baird is beaten off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches. If he should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army: for success is necessary to our existence."

The General was sick with responsibility: Malcolm was sure we should win, and the optimism of the younger man

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM,

cheered the commander, though he scolded him for expressing it with an air of levity.

Seringapatam fell, and the great Muhammadan usurpation of Southern India collapsed in a single day.

Malcolm had done so well as Secretary to the Commission for making a treaty with Mysore, that Lord Mornington chose him to go on a mission to the Persian Court. At the end of 1799, Captain John Malcolm sailed from Bombay to the Persian Gulf ; in Persia he was very pleased at his reception, and the Shah was much taken by the handsome presents which were brought him from India, and the courtiers were struck by the envoy's fine stature, commanding presence and right good humour.

A treaty was soon drawn up which greatly pleased the Governor-General ; but soon after, when the Persian Ambassador came to Bombay to ratify the treaty, he was shot in an affray in the streets ; so Malcolm was again sent with apologies and more presents. He succeeded so well that the Persians said the English might kill a dozen ambassadors if they would pay for them at the same rate.

When Malcolm might have been by the side of his friend, Arthur Wellesley at Assaye, he fell sick and had to go to Bombay for a time. But he returned in time to cheer the General's staff with his humorous talk and rich, racy stories. "Boy Malcolm ! we are right glad you are come back to us !" So the officers said.

The native officers too laughed at his jokes, and went away grinning and happy ; for instead of being depressed by the climate and the want of good food, he threw himself back in his chair and sighed, " Heigho ! I wish I had a wife and twelve children ! "

In 1804 he was busy negotiating a treaty with the boy Prince Scindia. " We were well received by the young Maharajah, who was looking rather grave at first ; but a severe shower took place while we were in his tent. The

## SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

water lodged on the flat part of the tent, under which Mr. Pepper, an Irish officer of the escort, was seated, and all at once burst in a torrent upon his head. From the midst of the torrent we heard a voice exclaim, "Oh! Jasus!" followed by a hideous yell. The Maharajah laughed loud and we all joined in the chorus." So wrote Malcolm, and the schoolboy rag that followed helped on the business of the treaty. For a hailstorm followed and the Ministers gathered the hailstones and filled Malcolm's hands.

The next prince to give trouble was Holkar, and a British army followed him to the river Sutlej. Our Hindu Sepoys did not like to cross the river, and some of the leading companies sat down on the bank, when Malcolm rode up to them, addressed them in his brave, hearty manner, and said :

"The holy shrine of Amritsar lies over the river! Who will come with me on a pilgrimage to Amritsar?"

They all started up at once, crossed the river and marched into the Punjab. Holkar saw that his game was up and sent envoys into our camp for terms of peace. The Sikh chiefs also sent envoys, and Malcolm was giving an audience to them, when two friends rushed into his tent, shouting, "Two tigers! two tigers close by!" Malcolm had been perplexed by some question the envoys had asked him; he now jumped up and seizing his ready gun, cried out to the astonished Sikhs "Bang! Bang!" (a tiger! a tiger!), ordered his elephant to be brought round and rushed out. After a time back he came with the spoil, replaced his gun, and went on with the conversation as if nothing had happened.

"The Englishman is mad!" the envoys had declared.

No, he had gained time to think out the problem they had presented, and he returned from the tiger-hunt with his mind made up.

Malcolm had now risen to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel,

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM,

but had received no mark of distinction from the Crown. He was not well, and felt rather left out, and had thoughts of going home for good. But in his Residency in Mysore a great joy came to him, for he fell in love with Charlotte, the daughter of Colonel Campbell, and on July 4, 1807, they were married. Lord Minto was now Governor-General, and he asked Malcolm to go on a mission to Persia. "I *must* propose this service to you, because the public interests require it." Malcolm sprang at it, and was to be attended by a large staff of military and political officers. At first all went well, but the French had great influence at the Shah's court: they were drilling the Persian troops, casting cannon and instructing the army. So difficulties were thrown in his way and he never reached Teheran. In great wrath he sailed back to Bombay and ere he reached it a vessel met them and Malcolm found a letter for him announcing the birth of a daughter. So private joy compensated him for his public chagrin. But Lord Minto welcomed him as kindly as if he had been successful.

The next thing that he had to do was to stop a state of revolt among the officers of the Madras army. Malcolm listened to their grievances and by his candid and genial truth-speaking won the men over.

But Sir George Barlow, the Governor of Madras, thought he had not been strict enough: Sir James Mackintosh, however, approved of his conciliatory measures. As Malcolm was anxiously waiting the upshot of this discussion, another summons came from Calcutta, asking him to proceed to Persia again. On his way he finished his *Political History of India*, and wrote to his wife: "I begin now to look forward with great delight to that enchanting word, *Finis*. The moment I cease to write I will have a jubilee. I mean to dance, shoot and play myself, and let who will write histories, memoirs and sketches." On the coast they had to wait some time, so with his young officers

## SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

he enjoyed himself as "the boy Malcolm," hunting and exploring.

After a time the Shah received him in his royal camp and his object in the mission was obtained: he returned a happy man to his wife and children. Next year they all went to England; Malcolm was now forty-three and he looked forward to a country life. At first he took a house near Cheshunt in Hertfordshire, and went north to see his old friends. His father and mother were both dead, but many friends greeted him rapturously. "Sandie," said he to an old servant, "there's been many changes, but I hope the old house is still a good house to live in."

"Faith! it's mair than that—it's the best hoose in a' Scotland to dee in!"

Before the end of 1813 the Prince Regent had knighted him.

In 1814 his *History of Persia* was published by Murray in two grand volumes; from Byron and Scott and many others the author received flattering letters. In 1815, after Waterloo, Malcolm visited Paris, and was warmly welcomed by the Duke of Wellington, his old pal. The Duke said to him, "People ask me for an account of the action. I tell them it was hard pounding on both sides, and we pounded the hardest. There was no manœuvring: Buonaparte kept on his attacks, and I was glad to let it be decided by the troops." And again, "Walter Scott is here. I took him to the Duke, who has been very attentive to him. . . . the Poet is happy."

In 1816 Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1817 he returned alone to India, for his fortune was small, and he was still in the prime of life. The Earl of Moira sent for him to Calcutta, as Malcolm knew more about Central India than any other living. He returned to Madras as Brigadier-General and the Governor-General's agent. "What is really delightful," he writes,

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM,

"all, down to the lowest black or white, red or brown, clothed or naked, seem happy at my advancement."

The boy Prince Holkar, had been persuaded to join others in a war against Britain. The army marched against the Maratha chiefs. Malcolm led his brigades across the river Sepree in face of the Maratha batteries. "I think, my boys, we had better give them the cold steel," he shouted. And they rushed on fearlessly. His native aide-de-camp rode up to Captain Borthwick and cried, "Look at the General! he is front of our men, and they are firing! For God's sake bring him back!" Malcolm was thinking perhaps of the Duke's pounding, and was over eager to get at his big game.

"We have taken seventy pieces of cannon in this battle of Mahidpur, killed and wounded between three and four thousand and dispersed all their infantry—the sole object of this war has been to destroy cruel and lawless freebooters who every year ravaged all the settled country around, and committed the most merciless and horrid acts of barbarity on the inhabitants."

After war—negotiations: Malcolm was soon making friends with little Holkar. "All the chiefs of Holkar are in good humour. The boy is delighted with a small elephant that dances like a dancing girl. The little fellow, though only eleven years old, rides beautifully . . . taking a blunt spear nine feet in length he tilted with two or three others in very superior style, wheeling, charging, using his spear as well as the rest of them. He is sorry at my going away, as he finds I am fond of play and hunting."

"A son of Robert Burns came to see me: a very fine young man. We had a grand evening, and I made him sing his father's songs. . . . From the highest ruler to the lowest robber, from the palace in the city to the shed in the deepest recess of the mountain-forest, your friend Malcolm Sahib is a welcome and familiar guest, and is as much pleased,

## SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

thank God, with firing arrows and eating roots with the latter, as at the fine durbars and sumptuous feasts of the former."

An officer on Sir John Malcolm's staff writes : " The inhabitants are returning to their villages and looking forward to better times. . . . This is Sir John's work, and a most glorious work it has been. His is a noble character, and such are required to keep us now on the high ground on which we now stand in India."

In 1819 Malcolm had two disappointments which depressed him a little : he was passed over for the Governments of Bombay and Madras. But he soon got over it. He writes to his wife, " Let us learn to be grateful for the extraordinary good fortune we enjoy. Let us habituate ourselves to look down as well as to look up, and then we shall escape many a torturing reflection."

In 1821 he went back to England, with no intention of returning to Indian work, unless he was appointed Governor of a presidency. He took Hyde Hall on the borders of Hertfordshire and Cambridge, where Julius Hare, Whewell, Sedgwick and many other distinguished men passed pleasant nights and days. Hare says, " That house, in which the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one." Malcolm visited Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ; he travelled about and had his notions, like General Gordon, later, of how Ireland should be treated. He also visited Scotland and Sir Walter Scott. " We had a large party and many a tale, and Sir Walter declares that I beat him in legends."

He was also busy writing *Sketches of Persia*, and a *Life of Lord Clive* ; and at last an offer came for him to fill the post of Mr. Elphinstone as Governor of Bombay. A farewell dinner was given him, and the Duke of Wellington

## SIR JOHN MALCOLM,

spoke and said: "It is now thirty years since I formed an intimate friendship with Sir John Malcolm. During that eventful period there has been no operation of consequence, no diplomatic measure, in which my friend has not borne a conspicuous part. Alike distinguished by courage and by talent, the history of his life during that period would be the history of the glory of his country in India." Those words made Malcolm's blood tingle in his veins; praise from the greatest Englishman of his age was very sweet.

This is how he spent his time in Bombay from 1827-30.

"I have a public breakfast six days a week: every one comes that likes. It is a social levée, informal. I am down half an hour before breakfast and stay as long after. Every human being who desires it, from writer to judge, from cadet to general, has his turn at the Governor. At half past ten I am in my own room, have no visitors and am given up to business. I give a grand dinner and a dance to from eighty to one hundred every month, and a dinner occasionally to a big-wig going to England. . . . I have three elegant carriages, and three pairs of Arabian horses. I have four or five good riding-horses, and leave the door every morning at a quarter after five, returning a little after seven, having always gone nine or ten miles. I drink no wine, and live very moderately." His son, George Malcolm, was on his staff, the rest of his family were in England.

He was in his sixty-second year when he finally gave up India and returned home. He got elected M.P. for Launceston as a red-hot Tory, following the old Duke in politics, as before he had done in war. He used to quote his father's saying, "I was well: I desired to be better: I took physic, and I died!" He was fighting the Radical battle now, but Launceston was soon disfranchised and Malcolm went into Eskdale, where at a big dinner the "three knights of



## SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT

Eskdale" were toasted, Sir James, Sir Pulteney and Sir John : three worthy sons of a yeoman farmer. Soon came paralysis and death ; and so ended the strenuous life of the most robust and athletic of all our Indian statesmen, of one who believed that good faith was stronger than the sword or the tricks of diplomacy. He loved the natives of India, and he was loved by them : he was buried privately in the vaults of St. James' Church, Piccadilly, but a granite obelisk recalling his name and exploits stands out against the sky from the healthy summit of Langholme hill, overlooking Eskdale in Dumfriesshire.

## CHAPTER X

### MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER

**T**HIS soldier-civilian was the fourth son of a Scots peer, Baron Elphinstone, who became governor of Edinburgh Castle ; one of his uncles was a Director of the East India Company. Mountstuart spent the first fourteen years of his life in Scotland, mostly at Edinburgh Castle, from which he attended the High School, being a manly boy and somewhat prone to getting into scrapes. Lithe of figure with long golden hair (some might have called it red), good-looking and sprightly, full of imagination and therefore of sympathy, he chummed with the French prisoners when the guard was not looking and learnt to sing the songs of the Revolution.

At the age of fourteen he was sent to a school at Kensington, but still his report was "not studious, full of spirit and too boisterous."

Yet he liked to read and quote Shakespeare, and poetry in general did not come amiss to him. At sixteen he embarked for India, July 1795. Sir John Shore was then Governor-General of India, and under him there were quiet times. But the ex-Vizier Ali, alluded to in a former chapter, very nearly put an end to Mr. Elphinstone's career, for he was acting as assistant to the magistrate at Benares when the Vizier made his attack on the Residency. The news came only just in time for him and his friends to mount

## MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

their horses, and they had to gallop through the streets for their very lives with Ali's troopers screaming and firing at their heels.

Soon Lord Wellesley came out as Governor-General and then things began to hum ; Tippoo had to be subdued in the south, the Marathas had to be put down in Central India.

In 1801 Elphinstone was appointed an assistant to the British resident at Poonah, to the court of the Peishwa, the greatest of the Maratha princes. It was a post where ability and courage had a good field. For the Marathas, having usurped the power of the Mogul, were now beginning to quarrel among themselves, and Lord Wellesley took the side of the Peishwa and entered into a family alliance with him.

It happened that Major John Malcolm had fallen ill and left the English camp, so that Elphinstone was sent to take his place. Very eagerly the young man made his way to the front, where he found Arthur Wellesley in command. They very soon became great friends and at the battle of Assaye rode side by side for some time, watching, directing, as if on parade, while the cannon roared and squadrons charged and the bayonet flashed all round them. When the day was won, the General said to his young companion, " You have mistaken your calling in becoming a civilian, for you were certainly born a soldier."

Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote to his brother, the Governor-General, " I have received the greatest assistance from Mr. Elphinstone since he has been with me. He is well versed in the language, has experience and a knowledge of the Maratha powers . . . he has been present in all the actions which have been fought in this quarter during the war, and at all the sieges. I take the liberty of recommending him to your Excellency."

When peace was made with the Marathas Elphinstone

## MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

was appointed Resident at Nagpur, the court of the Rajah of Berar. There he had quiet times and indulged in reading Thucydides, as he had not read him at school. He was one of those men who develop literary tastes late in life, and now when he was not using the boar-spear he delighted in studying classical authors, mostly poetry. "April 3, rose at four; read *Antigone*; rode out and ran a jackal, but did not kill; breakfasted, read thirty-six pages of the *Memorabilia*; went out in the buggy."

In 1809 he was selected by Lord Minto to conduct a British mission to the Court of Kabul. Afghanistan was then an unknown country to us, and it was said that if Elphinstone, a fair, close-shaven man, had let his beard grow and assumed an Afghan dress he would have met with less suspicion.

However Shah Soojah was a courteous, well-mannered prince, and was trying to be friendly, though a dangerous revolution in his own country was hampering him. But he undertook to prevent the passage of French and Persian troops through his kingdom, and the English were to pay him handsomely for the trouble.

On his return to Calcutta Elphinstone was appointed Resident at Poonah. It was on his voyage from Calcutta to Bombay that he met Henry Martyn, and enjoyed many a long talk with him. Mackintosh and Malcolm were both at Bombay; the former wrote of Elphinstone, "He has a very fine understanding, with the greatest modesty and simplicity of character."

At Poonah Elphinstone found time for reading Greek and Italian authors; lived in a tiled palace on wooden posts twelve feet high. "This place," he says, "is delightful, the climate and scenery are pleasant, and the business not much otherwise, in spite of the excessive villainy of the people. . . . As there is good hog-hunting in reach, I like it better than any station I have seen."

It was here he finished writing his *Kingdom of Cabul*,

## SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER

which was published by Messrs. Longman, was considered a great success, and brought him a literary reputation.

Lord Moira, known later as the Marquess of Hastings, had succeeded Lord Minto, and military measures soon commenced, for the Pindaris, lawless robbers and brigands, were pouring into every defenceless country and were supported by some of the Maratha chiefs. Also the Peishwa, the great Maratha prince at Poonah, was behaving treacherously and gathering armed men suspiciously. General Briggs, one of the assistants to the Resident, writes: "One night, after an anxious day, owing to reports of troops brought into the town, I received certain information that the cattle for the guns had been sent for, that the artillery were drawn up in front of the park, that the streets were full of mounted men, and that the Peishwa was in full durbar discussing with his chiefs the subject of immediate war. I hastened to inform Mr. Elphinstone, whom I found sitting in a large tent, playing a round game of cards with a party, among whom were several ladies. He saw me enter and observed my anxiety to speak to him, but he continued his game as usual for half an hour when, after handing the last lady of the party into her palanquin, he came up to me rubbing his hands and said, 'Well! what is it?'

"I told him the news, which he received with great sangfroid, and we walked together to the Residency office. There we encountered the European commandant of our contingent. He knew nothing of what was in progress, but observed that the Peishwa's Minister had told him some of his troops had been discharged, and all was quiet.

" 'I don't believe a word the Minister says,' replied Mr. Elphinstone; 'however we can't do anything this evening, and as the Minister is an arrant coward I think we may sleep in peace.' In the morning two guns were brought to the Residency."

A fortnight later the enemy were swarming round the

## MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE,

English position, waiting only for the signal to be given. A letter from Elphinstone explains further—

“ I am watching the Peishwa’s intrigues with the Sepoys, and I find them sending into camp in the night large sums of money and a quantity of shawls, but the Bombay regiment is on its march here—I have written to them to come on as fast as possible, regarding nothing except the health of the men.”

The Bombay regiment arrived and the cantonment was moved to Khirkee, “ a delightful position. I felt quite relieved when I saw it established here, but the impression made in town was that the Feringhees had fled before their invincible army and would soon be clear out of the country. These feelings were shown with great insolence ; our cantonments were plundered, a gentleman was wounded and robbed of his horse, and it became unsafe for an officer to ride even between our old camp and our new.” Later, “ The Peishwa sent a very bullying message to desire I would move the cantonment to such place as he should direct, reduce the strength of the native brigade and send away the Europeans ; if I did not comply, peace would not last. I refused, but said I was most anxious for peace, and should not cross the river towards Poonah, but if his army came towards ours we should attack it. Within an hour after out they came with such readiness that we had only time to leave the Sungum with the clothes on our backs, and crossing the river at a ford, march off to the bridge, with the river between us and the enemy. The Sungum, with all my books, journals, etc., was soon in a blaze, but we got safe to the Khirkee bridge and soon after joined the line.”

Grant Duff, who saw the scene from a height, thus describes it : “ A mass of cavalry covered nearly the whole extent of the plain, and endless streams of horsemen were pouring out from every avenue of the city. . . . It was towards the

## SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER

afternoon of a very sultry day, there was a dead calm, and no sound was heard except the rushing, the trampling and the neighing of horses and the rumbling of the gun-wheels. The effect was heightened by seeing the peaceful peasantry flying from their work in the field, the bullocks breaking from their yoke, the wild antelopes, startled from sleep, bounding off and then turning for a moment to gaze on this tremendous inundation which swept all before it, levelled the hedges and standing corn and completely overwhelmed every ordinary barrier as it moved." Then Elphinstone continues : " I sent an order down to Colonel Burr to move down at once and attack the Peishwa. When opposite to the nullah (or gorge) we halted to cannonade, injudiciously, I think, and at the same time the enemy began from twelve or fifteen guns. Soon after, the whole mass of cavalry came on at speed in the most splendid style. The rush of horse, the sound of the earth, the waving of flags, the brandishing of spears, were grand beyond description, but perfectly ineffectual, though at one time I own I thought there was a good chance of our losing the battle. If we had not begun by making this movement forward, the Peishwa's troops would have been quite bold, ours cowed, and we doubtful of their fidelity ; we should have been cannonaded and rocketed in our own camp, and the horse would have been careering within our picquets. As it is the enemy are glad to get safe behind Poonah."

Elphinstone was the hero of the day, though he says little about himself. General Smith came up soon after, and then Elphinstone did his best to save the city from the fury of our troops. For they were excited by the plunder and destruction of their tents, the losses of the Sepoys, the murder of officers, the massacre of our soldiers' wives. However but little harm was done in the city itself and discipline was well maintained.

Mr. Canning in the House of Commons said, " Mr. Elphin-

## MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE,

stone exhibited on that trying occasion military courage and skill which, though valuable accessories to diplomatic talents, we are not entitled to require as necessary qualifications for civil employment; he displayed talents and resources which would have rendered him no mean general in any country." The battle of Khirkee dethroned the Peishwa and made Elphinstone governor of the Poonah territories. The change of government was to the natives very great, and required delicate handling; it has been cited as a precedent and followed as an example by many Indian statesmen. Elphinstone did his best to prevent the destruction of the old families, he recognized the fact that the Hindus do not like change, and made such changes as were necessary seem to develop from within; in this way he carried all classes with him and reconciled them to our rule.

But when he did discover a wicked plot, in which certain Maratha Brahmans were the chief agents, to murder all the Europeans at Poonah and re-establish the authority of the Peishwa, he did not lean towards mercy or toleration, or allow time for the growth of a dangerous rebellion. It was a time of "unrest" demanding instant action and daring, so he ordered the ringleaders to be seized and blown away from the mouth of a gun. This terrible example cowed the malcontents and saved the lives of the Europeans. Severity to some is oftentimes a kindness to many.

But the Governor of Bombay, Sir Evan Nepean, was startled by the bold stroke and advised Elphinstone to ask for an act of indemnity. He replied, "If I have done wrong, I ought to be punished: if I have done right, I don't want any act of indemnity."

In 1819 the Court of Directors selected Elphinstone to be Governor of Bombay. Here he made himself loved and respected, for Bishop Heber said: "All other public men have their enemies and their friends, their admirers



## SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER

and their aspersers, but of Mr. Elphinstone everybody speaks highly."

He was many-sided at this period ; to some he appeared as an ardent sportsman, with his whole heart set on the chase ; others found him a literary recluse, a bookworm ; while yet others saw him given up to the details of his official duties. When he went on his visitation tours there was always in the camp a shikari, or huntsman, whose duty it was to make inquiry for wild hogs ; then came a holiday of one or two days and hot riding through the jungle.

He had been ordered to cut down expenses, and he began by refunding £4,500 which he had spent on his own personal establishment before the order came. "No Government in India," wrote a visitor from England, "pays so much attention to schools, in none are the taxes lighter or justice more prompt."

One of his secretaries thus describes his personal habits : "He rose at daybreak and, mounting one of a large stud he always had, rode for an hour and a half, principally at a hand gallop. He had a public breakfast every morning and spoke to all who wished to see him. After luncheon he took a short siesta, and in the afternoon read Greek or Latin ; dinner at eight with conversation ; at ten he rose from the table and reading for half an hour in his own room went to bed. Although surrounded by young men, he never suffered the slightest indecorum, and if any one after dinner indulged in a jest that was unseemly he would not say anything, but, pushing back his chair, he broke up the party.

When, after eight years of government, he was quitting Bombay and his old friend, Sir John Malcolm, was taking his place, there were meetings of Europeans and natives to give him their farewells, and the latter in their address said they had never been able to appreciate the benefits of British rule until he became Governor, for he alone tried to see things from an Indian point of view.

## MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE,

Elphinstone travelled slowly through Egypt, Syria and Palestine, then lingered in Greece and Italy, thoroughly enjoying the associations of the olden time.

He was only fifty years of age when he returned to England, but he felt as if the climate of India had robbed him of his health and he would not enter Parliament ; twice he declined the post of Governor-General of India, alleging his state of ill-health. He had neither wife nor children, and only a moderate fortune, for he had been very liberal and munificent in India. He settled down to the life of a private gentleman, though he was never forgotten, for statesmen frequently sought his opinion, and letters fulminating indignation left his country house when he heard of the wrongs and spoliation of native princes. He wrote a history of India which appeared in 1841, and became a standard work.

Living quietly near Limpsfield, on the Surrey hills, he developed a greater love for poetry than ever, and would discuss his favourite authors with the Indian friends who came down from London to visit him. He even liked to travel about and see the scenes described in the book he studied. One of his last tours was in Cornwall, where he went over the battles of King Arthur with Tennyson in hand.

His modest country house, Hookwood, was encircled by a little home-park, where he petted his favourite horses. He was very reticent unless his visitor really wished to hear about the strange scenes in which he had moved. Quite at the end of his life his sight began to fail, and he had to hire some one to read to him.

When the Mutiny of 1857 burst upon the country his intense interest made him put all other pursuits aside. He did not approve at first of the change of government from the Company to the Queen, fearing that the authority of the Ministry of the day might be put to corrupt use :

## SCHOLAR, SOLDIER AND RULER

that the patronage of India might be employed for party purposes.

"Sooner or later," he writes, "we must introduce natives into the Council itself." He died in his eightieth year and was buried at Limpsfield; a great meeting was held in London and a statue was voted to his memory.

Though not ambitious, he did not like being beaten at anything. General Briggs relates how he was once on a visit to Poonah while he was Governor of Bombay, and an old friend came to see him riding on a camel, an unusual habit for Europeans. Elphinstone asked many questions about his ride. "Not very fatiguing? What! forty miles a day!" That very night Elphinstone ordered a riding camel to be brought to his tent, mounted and rode many miles during moonlight, to satisfy himself of the sensation of riding on a camel.

At another time he was visiting the falls of the Gutparba, where the falling water makes an arch over the perpendicular rock. There was a rocky ledge under the watery arch, very narrow and slippery.

Some one said, "Captain —— walked across there once."

"Are you sure?" replied Elphinstone. "Well then, let you and me try if we cannot do so also." He started off, and his staff looked at one another in dismay, but had to follow the leader.

In his horror of luxury he tried to dispense with superfluous articles of clothing, which was not beneficial to his health. For some time he attempted to do without the luxury of a bed.

"Why did you do that?" asked a young cousin once of the aged statesman.

"Because, dear, I was a fool," he replied curtly.

Though unwilling to accept high office in his later years, yet he was much consulted, and those who knew him best always valued his opinion on Indian questions: his authority

## MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE

on all questions of government and treatment of the natives was accepted as the highest that could be sought, and no civilian's memory is regarded with greater veneration than that of Mountstuart Elphinstone.

## CHAPTER XI

### SIR CHARLES METCALFE, A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR

CHARLES METCALFE was born in Calcutta in January 1785, being the second son of Major Metcalfe, a rich officer of the Company's army. The Major had bought himself an estate in Yorkshire and was a Director of the Company.

His two sons, Theophilus and Charles, were sent to Dr. Goodall's house at Eton. Charles seems to have eschewed cricket and boating and read any amount of French and Italian books. "Ah, Sherer," he wrote after reaching India, "those were days of real happiness. In those very cloisters has my youthful imagination planned to itself a life of greatness, glory and virtue—there have I concluded peace, commanded armies, or headed a party struggling for liberty." A schoolboy reading *Ariosto* for the pleasure of it! A strange prodigy in these days. The Major obtained for Charles a writership in Bengal, so at fifteen he left the Eton he loved so well and sailed for India. Lord Wellesley was then troubling his London masters by his ambitious schemes: one of these was a college to promote the education of the young civil servants; this college was hardly finished when Metcalfe landed: he was in fact the first student to sign the statute book, and he often dined in college.

At first the novelty of Anglo-Indian life amused him,

## SIR CHARLES METCALFE,

and society made much of the small student, but by June he told his father he hated India and asked for a small place in Lord Grenville's office. In answer, his mother, with a touch of humour, enclosed her son a small box of pills. "I think you are bilious," she wrote. "You study too much : ride on horseback." A sensible mother ! In a few weeks the youth began to be more cheerful and even ambitious. "No one possesses more ambition than I do ; and am I destined to be great ?"

Lord Wellesley knew Major Metcalfe and liked Charles, and seeing he had good stuff in him, appointed him assistant to the Resident at Scindia's court. On his way there he fell in with the Governor-General's escort and got permission to go with them to Lucknow. "Everything I saw recalled to my memory the 'Arabian Nights,'" he writes. Thence he joined his superior at Scindia's court, John Collins, a very overbearing and imperious person, who promptly quarrelled with his assistant for being so confoundedly clever and for arguing so conceitedly. So young Metcalfe resigned and returned to Calcutta.

Lord Wellesley invited him to a seat in his office, where for a year and a half he got good training and learned to reverence and love the Governor-General.

"The ignominious tyrants of Leadenhall Street," as Lord Wellesley called the Directors, were for suppressing the Calcutta college and setting up Haileybury in its stead, but Major Metcalfe strongly supported his old friend Wellesley.

In 1804 Charles was appointed political assistant to Lord Lake, who was already taking the field against the Marathas, but on his way to the camp Metcalfe, riding in a palanquin, found himself suddenly set down and abandoned by his bearers. He jumped up and drew his sword, for a band of robbers were jibbering all round him ; he slashed and cut and thrust till he felt faint from loss of blood : then he staggered into the jungle and dropped near the bank of a

## A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR

river, while the thieves collected their spoil. "All the time I thought of home and what you were doing—at the Abingdon races perhaps?"

When all was quiet he crawled back, and found the robbers gone, and the bearers philosophically resting near his palanquin. "To Cawnpore!" he murmured. There an aunt nursed him and he soon was able to join Lord Lake's camp. That General, a blunt old soldier, had a general contempt for civilians, and when Metcalfe presented his boyish face, fresh from Government House, he shrugged his shoulders, and let Metcalfe see it.

The boy-student smiled to himself and bided his time patiently. Soon the army was lying before the strong fortress of Dig, and a storming party was being chosen. "Let me go, sir," said Metcalfe.

There was a general laugh when permission was given to Metcalfe to join. Then came the waiting in the trench, the sudden uprising, the rush, the cheer, the climb to the parapet, the standing in the breach.

"My God! the little stormer is leading them in! Well done, little stormer!" Lord Lake changed his opinion about the boy: he even made honourable mention of him in his despatch, and despised him no longer.

Holkar had been driven across the Sutlej and had accepted our terms: Metcalfe was sent to the Maratha chief with assurances of friendship.

The famous Pathan leader, Amir Khan, was present at their meeting and behaved rather insolently to the young diplomatist. "Holkar had not at all the appearance of the savage we knew him to be. The same countenance, however, which was strongly expressive of joy when I saw him, would look very black under the influence of rage or any dark passions. A little lap-dog was on his seat of honour—a strange play-fellow for Holkar. The jewels on his neck were invaluablely rich. Amir Khan is a blackguard in his

## SIR CHARLES METCALFE,

looks and affected to be particularly fierce by rubbing his coat over with gunpowder."

The next appointment which Metcalfe held was assistant to the Resident at Delhi, where the old Mogul Emperor, Shah Allum, blind and feeble, still played at being a king. In 1807 he writes: "My finances are quite ruined, exhausted beyond any reasonable hope of repair. You know that I am very prudent, yet ever since I came to this imperial station I have gradually been losing the ground which I had gained in the world. I see nothing but debt, debt before me."

But new duties and larger allowance came very soon: he converted the addition to his salary into a sinking fund for the payment of his debts, and in a short time paid off his debts to the last sixpence and soon laid the foundations of a fortune.

In 1808 the Punjab was quite unknown to us, but rumour had come that a powerful chief named Ranjit Singh was consolidating an empire on the banks of the Hyphais. Lord Minto thought it wise to try and secure this ruler's friendship: he selected Charles Metcalfe for this mission, though he was only twenty-three years of age. The Sikh ruler received Metcalfe with courtesy: "As a compliment to us the Rajah used chairs at our meeting, partly collected from our camp; he made use of an expression of regret for the death of Lord Lake, saying it would be difficult to find his equal for gentleness, humanity and greatness as a general; he also said he knew well that the word of the British Government included everything." Metcalfe did all he could at later meetings to persuade the Sikh that this treaty would be as much to his interest as to ours, but he was suspicious and seemed indifferent as to whether the French seized Kabul or not.

Months passed and still the Rajah hesitated: he wanted to know if the British Government would recognize his



## A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR

sovereignty over all the Sikh states on both sides of the Sutlej. To this Metcalfe replied he had no authority to say.

As time went on the Rajah grew more discourteous and even rude : a man less modest and patient than Metcalfe might have broken up his camp and returned to the British frontier. But our envoy made allowances for the want of restraint, though he was vexed to find Ranjit, instead of giving his attention to the negotiations, wasting his time in drunken revels. Then came a despatch from Lord Minto to the effect that he would not allow the weaker chiefs to be sacrificed to Ranjit's ambition, and that a strong force was being sent to the river Sutlej.

When Metcalfe told Ranjit this, the Rajah took it quite coolly, but very soon went down to the courtyard, mounted a spirited horse and galloped frantically to and fro. He was thus subduing his violent passion by exercise ! Then the Rajah consulted his Ministers : "The Rajah consents to all the demands of the British Government," was their message to Metcalfe. But that very evening Ranjit wished to withdraw his assent : then Metcalfe fired up, and protested it was an insult to his Government. The negotiations were then continued, but it was evident that the Rajah was half inclined to go to war with England, when a lucky thing happened which opened his eyes to the value of English discipline. One day Metcalfe's escort of British Sepoys came into collision with a party of Sikh fanatics—half soldiers, half saints. There was a quarrel, a fight—the Sikhs began it with pure contempt for these feeble Hindu soldiers. But to their surprise the Sepoys stood their ground, rallied to their officers, would not run away ! It was very disquieting indeed, for bullets were seeking their billet most alarmingly ; at last the Sikhs turned and fled : the better discipline had prevailed.

When the Rajah was told of this incident he pondered deeply for an hour and then signed the treaty.

## SIR CHARLES METCALFE,

The success of the mission made the young man's fortune. The next post he was offered was to be Resident of Delhi with a gracious letter from the Governor-General. So at the age of twenty-six Charles Metcalfe was in possession of the high dignity and large emoluments of an office coveted by men of twice his age. Yet his letters do not show any elation, but rather depression and weariness. He could now save £3,000 a year from his salary and debt was a thing of the past. His brother, Thomas, was now his assistant. "I am very pleased with him and think him a superior young man. Here we shall remain for many a long year, consoling one another as well as we can for the absence of all other friends."

In 1819 he left Delhi, as Lord Hastings had made him political secretary, but he regretted leaving his old friends there and the work he had accomplished. "Capital punishment almost wholly abstained from: corporal punishment discouraged and finally abolished." Swords were turned into ploughshares literally, for the villagers were made to give up their arms, and implements of agriculture were returned to them in their stead. Suttee was prohibited, but the old rights of the villagers were maintained.

But he did not like the Calcutta life and duties, though Lord Hastings was ever kind and courteous, and he next got promoted to Hyderabad in South India. "You will find an excellent house," wrote his predecessor, "a beautiful country, one of the finest climates in India—and abundance of leisure."

Towards the end of 1820 he set out for Hyderabad: he had been told that there would be little to give him trouble, but he found at once that the debts of the Nizam were compelling him to oppress his people and wring money out of them, and that it was an English bank that was lending the Nizam money at high interest. "The richest and most easily cultivated soil in the world has been nearly depopu-

## A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR

lated, chiefly by the oppressions of the Government." Sir John Malcolm wrote to Metcalfe, "Every step you take to ameliorate the condition of the country will be misrepresented by fellows who have objects as incompatible with public virtue and good government as darkness is with light. You have to fight the good fight."

It was the sorest task he ever set himself, for the bankers were his friends and were the friends of the Governor-General. Lord Hastings was very faithful to his friends, but for a time he could not understand Metcalfe's conduct and felt aggrieved ; but when it was all explained to him he was quite reconciled to him.

Metcalfe was the most hospitable of men, but sometimes regretted the late hours some of his friends kept. He writes : "I feel the want of a country house incessantly ; as long as I live at the Residency it will be a public-house, and as long as the billiard-table stands the Residency will be a tavern. I wish that I could introduce a nest of white ants secretly, without any one's kenning thereof, if the said ants would devour the said table and cause it to disappear."

"I will tell you," he writes to another friend, "the secret of my happiness. I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. The feeling is so strong that it often overflows in tears, and is so rooted that I do not think that any misfortune could shake it."

Just when Sir Charles was enjoying the tranquil pleasures of Hyderabad he was summoned to take charge at Delhi, where his old friend, Sir David Ochterlony, had acted in such a way as to meet the disapproval of the Government. He had thought to accomplish by a sudden blow what the authorities believed should be done with vast preparations—the attack on the Ját fortress of Bhartpur. Metcalfe was extremely unwilling to dispossess an old friend, but was told that Sir David must go, and if he himself did not accept

## SIR CHARLES METCALFE,

Delhi it would be offered to some one else. Poor old Ochterlony did not live to see his successor installed: the old soldier died of a broken heart before Metcalfe reached Delhi.

At this time we were at war with Burma and rumours of our defeat there were making the authorities at Bhartpur unwilling to take advice. Lord Combermere the Commander-in-Chief was already in camp before the fortress January 1826. At first it was hoped to carry the place by assault, but the breaching batteries had not opened the walls sufficiently, so they had recourse to mining.

"We stormed on the 18th," wrote Metcalfe; "it was a glorious affair, and our success was most complete, but we have had a narrow escape from a most disastrous defeat: neither of the breaches was practicable. Our first mines were bungling, but the latter were very grand. That to the right did a great deal of mischief to ourselves, for the people assembling in the trenches were too near, and the explosion of the mine took effect outwards. It was a grand sight, and was immediately followed by that of the advance of the storming columns up the two great breaches. Both mounted the breaches steadily, and as quickly as the loose earth and steepness of the ascent would permit, and attained the summit without opposition."

So Bhartpur, which had successfully defied Lord Lake twenty years before, was taken at last, and Metcalfe placed upon the throne the boy prince whom his uncle had been endeavouring to thrust out from his rightful inheritance.

In 1827 Metcalfe was admitted to a seat in the Supreme Council and went to live in Calcutta, where he gave large dinner parties and balls, but privately grumbled at the waste of time which social duties involved. But as he surrounded himself with new friends life became more pleasant.

When Lord William Bentinck resigned, Sir Charles was appointed to act as Governor-General for a time, and during

## A FAR-SEEING ADMINISTRATOR

these months he passed an Act which liberated the Indian Press. "If India could be preserved as a part of the British empire only by keeping its inhabitants in a state of ignorance our domination would be a curse to the country, and ought to cease." It is no wonder that when this news came to the ears of the Directors, Metcalfe lost the confidence of the Company. Lord Auckland was made Governor-General, and Metcalfe got the Grand Cross of the Bath. But letters from England told him how angry the Directors were with his highflown notions of freedom and thought. So he wrote and offered to resign his seat on the Council.

He was perhaps over-sensitive, for there had been no official reproof of his doings. He left India with the regrets of all classes of the community; at one of the public dinners a toast was given, "Charles Metcalfe, the soldier of Dig," and when the story of "the little stormer" was told, the military enthusiasm of the many officers present was roused to the highest pitch.

Sir Charles Metcalfe often spoke and wrote of the insecurity of our British Empire in India, and predicted that it would some day be imperilled by our own native army. He used to say, twenty and thirty years before the great Mutiny, that we were sitting on a barrel of gunpowder and never knew when it would explode—we should wake up some morning and find that we had lost India, because our power does not rest on real strength but upon impression or prestige. The Indians think us invincible: when the time comes that we, by some European defeat, lose that great opinion of us, then India will be in danger.

After an absence of thirty-eight years Metcalfe returned to England in 1838. He was rich, unmarried and needed rest, which he obtained at Fern Hill, an estate near Windsor, in Berkshire, inherited from his eldest brother. As to getting into Parliament, he would neither beg nor buy a seat, so he remained a quiet country gentleman.

## SIR CHARLES METCALFE

But not for long ; from the East he went straight to the West, as Governor of Jamaica. Then he returned in 1841 and was invited to go as Governor-General to Canada, where his wonderful patience and almost saint-like temper were called into requisition by trials and provocations. In 1845 he was raised to the peerage as Lord Metcalfe. The next year he returned to England worn out and suffering from cancer. He died in the summer and was buried at Wingfield.

## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES,

The Governor of Bombay was Mr. Elphinstone, whose kind and genial manners won the young soldier's heart at once: "He does not behave in a 'How do?' manner, but is extremely affable and polite. . . I like the country amazingly. I have everything to be wished for—plenty of time to myself, several very pleasant brother-officers." He worked to such good effect that in May 1822 he passed an examination in Hindustani, which fitted him for an interpretership. Very soon after his regiment was ordered to Poonah, where he had his first experience of pig-sticking, and began to learn Persian.

In January 1823 he was gazetted interpreter of the first battalion at Surat, but soon after, at the age of eighteen, he was offered by Colonel Campbell the regimental adjutancy with an allowance of 600 rupees a month.

We cannot but notice how well these Scots stick together and help one another. Burnes was not an athlete, not fond of games, but liked to sit and argue. "I like a jolly party now and then, much study, and am very partial to history, but dislike novels extremely, even Scott's. I was dull at school and reckoned a dolt." In his second year he remitted £50 home to his father, and thought within himself, "How very gratifying this will be to him."

One entry in his journal of October 17 tells a tale of woe: "I have lost a day! G. and H. called on me in the morning and proposed cards: they would play, and I assented at last, provided the stakes were low. We began low but rose to high stakes: I had at one time lost 1500 rupees, and felt I must go on. The upshot of the game was I was thirteen rupees to the good. I have got such a moral lesson that I never intend handling at a round game for some time; I am ashamed of myself and shall ever be so. I've lost a day! I could scarcely place the cards on the table, I got so nervous. No wonder! I had at one time lost my pay for half a year. Had I lost 1500

## EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR

rupees, where would have been my prospects of sending money to my dear father? And these gambblings derange my head and prevent me bestowing proper attention on my Persian studies."

In 1825 he was chosen Persian interpreter to a field force of 8,000 men under orders to cross the Indus and attack Sind. "Four hundred rupees a month! I have already sent home £250 and have more at my command." The force did not advance, but Burnes employed his time in surveying and produced a map of an unknown track; for which he was rewarded by being made quartermaster-general. In 1828 he met Sir John Malcolm at Bombay and volunteered to explore the Indus. Before he had got half way through this task, he was recalled by Lord Bentinck, for political reasons, and made assistant to the Resident at Cutch, which is near the Indus. He was now in a fever heat of desire to explore further lands, when Sir John Malcolm (a brother Scot) gave him an important task: it was to convey to Ranjit Sinh, the mighty ruler of the Punjab, a mob of splendid horses, a present from the King of England. The country was then unknown, and Burnes was directed to explore the lower Indus, and take presents to the Amirs of Sind.

Of this scheme Sir Charles Metcalfe wrote: "This seems to me highly objectionable. It is a trick, in my opinion, unworthy of our Government, which cannot fail, when detected, as most probably it will be, to excite the jealousy and indignation of the powers on whom we play it. It may even lead to war." The Amirs did mistrust us, and believed that Burnes had come to spy out the nakedness of the land. Therefore it was only with the greatest difficulty that he got through to Lahore, though, when he did arrive in the Punjab, he was treated with honorary escorts and salutes of guns.

Thence Burnes went on to Simla, to give an account



## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES,

of his journey to the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, who listened with intense interest to his story and his aspirations for future travel. Burnes writes to his sister in 1831: "The Home Government have got frightened at the designs of Russia, and desired that some intelligent officer should be sent to acquire information in the countries bordering on the Oxus and Caspian; and I, knowing nothing of all this, come forward and volunteer precisely for what they want. Lord Bentinck jumps at it, invites me to come and talk personally, and gives me comfort in a letter."

Burnes received his passports at Delhi two days before Christmas and started with a young surgeon named Gerard, and two native attachés. In March they forded the Indus near Attock and became guests of the Afghans, who at that time seemed to be a cheerful, kind-hearted, hospitable people. "Instead of jealousy and suspicion we have hitherto been caressed and feasted by the chiefs of the country." Burnes enjoyed the bracing climate and the mountains: he writes home, "The countries north of the Oxus are at present in a tranquil state, and I do not despair of reaching Istamboul in safety. They may seize me and sell me for a slave, but no one will attack me for my riches. I have no tent, no chair, table or bed, and my clothes amount to the value of one pound sterling." His dress was Asiatic, that of the lowest orders of the people: his head had been shaved and his beard dyed black: he ate his food with his hands like the highest Afghans. The writer remembers an Afghan missionary telling the Harrow boys how he once was dining in the tent of an Afghan chief, and could not forbear remarking that in Europe it was thought rather a dirty habit to put fingers in the dish. The chief looked up and smiled contemptuously, as he replied: "We in Afghanistan think it a very dirty habit to use forks, because, when you put your fingers in your

## EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR

mouth, they are your own fingers ; but when you put a fork in, how many people may have used that fork before ? ” Perhaps the chief had some private intelligence concerning the washing of forks in Western hotels !

Burnes had no need to conceal the fact that he was European : the people knew him by the name of Sekundur, which is the Persian for Alexander ; with all his assumed poverty, he carried a bag of ducats round his waist, and bills for money if needed.

“ When I go into a company, I put my hand on my heart and say with all humility to the master of the house, ‘ Peace be unto thee ! ’ according to custom, and then I squat myself down on the ground. When they ask if I eat pork, I of course shudder and say that it is only outcasts who commit such outrages. God forgive me ! for I am very fond of bacon, and my mouth waters as I write the word.”

He does not seem to have been living very badly, for he speaks of pillan (rice and meat) stews and preserves of apples, quinces and melons.

Kabul is built between two hills : high and battlemented stone walls, with bastions at intervals, run over the crest of both hills and secure the city against surprise. On the eastern side, where the slope is easier, the wall is double and very thick. At the eastern side of the city is the Bala Hissar, or citadel, the upper part of which is built on a rocky eminence : outside is a deep, wide ditch filled by a stream from the mountains. It is strange to see how completely the ladies in the streets are covered up : a long white cotton garment veils them from the head to below the knee, white, loose gaiters and high-heeled shoes of embroidered leather cover the feet and legs, while a veil of thick white cloth is wound about the face and shoulders. On Fridays the people pray and play—“ Syle ” being their term for picnic or pleasure-party—and the royal orchard

## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES,

is a favourite spot for families and professional story-tellers and makers of ice-creams. The houses had at that time little or no glass in the windows and no fireplaces, though the winter is intensely cold. They warm themselves by a low four-legged stool, under which is placed a pan of red-hot charcoal, with a thickly wadded cotton quilt thrown over the whole. People squat on the floor round this, and insert their legs under the quilt, so they are fairly comfortable. The walls of many of the houses are split and cracked by frequent earthquakes. The gardens round Baber's tomb, on a high terrace to the west of Kabul, are filled with flowering trees and shrubs which contrast with the white marble of the tomb. Burnes must often have sat under the shade of these old trees, and have looked over the valley, studded with forts and villages, gardens and orchards and vineyards terraced far up the slopes of the mountains. A view lovely in summer, with the fall of silvery cascades tinkling on every side.

From Kabul they went to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh or Indian Caucasus, and passed over into the territory of the King of Bokhara. At Bokhara they stayed four weeks and were treated as honoured guests. Then their route lay across the Turkoman desert to Merv and the shores of the Caspian, thence to Teheran, the capital of Persia, and to the Persian Gulf; so by ship to Bombay. After recounting his experiences to the Governor-General at Calcutta, Burnes was sent home and reached Dartmouth on November 4, 1833.

On the 6th he was dining in London with the Court of Directors and was becoming the lion of the season; he was even received by King William IV at Brighton. "I passed through two rooms; a large hall was thrown open, and I stood, hat in hand, in the presence of King William. 'How do you do, Mr. Burnes? I am most glad to see you. There, sit down, take a chair.'

## EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR

"The King stood, but I sat, as compliance is politeness. There was no bending of knees, no kissing of hand, no ceremony. I went dressed as to a private gentleman. I expected to find a jolly-looking, laughing man, instead of which, William looks grave, old, care-worn, tired."

Burnes brought out a map and explained his travels, and what Russia seemed to be doing or desiring to do. Russia had now taken the place of France as the bugbear of English politics. After Burnes had gone twice over his travels to the King, His Majesty said :

"Really, sir, you are a wonderful man. You have done more for me in this hour than any one has been able to do. . . . I trust in God that your life may be spared, that our Eastern Empire may benefit by the talents and abilities which you possess," and much more equally complimentary. The chief thing that struck the King was that this intrepid traveller was only a lieutenant—only a lieutenant !

Burnes now set himself to writing his book, which Mr. Murray published with great success ; but this young man's highest pleasure was in seeing how his honours were pleasing to his good folk at Montrose. For he received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society and was elected into the Athenaeum Club without ballot. And when he reached home, they found him the same simple, unspoilt boy of fourteen years ago, with all the freshness and naïveté of youth. On his return to Bombay, Burnes was sent on a mission to Hyderabad. He was strong in his belief that the natives could be improved by education and gradually fitted for liberty ; but those opinions were not popular either then or later. Lord Auckland was now Governor-General and he sent Burnes on a "Commercial Mission" to Kabul, but really to checkmate Russia in the East. In the autumn of 1837 Burnes was admitted to an audience by Amir Dost Muhammad Khan. His reception was all that could be desired ; he told the Amir that

## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES,

he was bringing him as presents some of the rarities of Europe. The Amir replied that Burnes and his friends were the greatest rarities, the sight of which best pleased him.

The Amir wanted the help of the English, for he was afraid of revolution, afraid of the Sikhs and afraid of the Persians. But Burnes had no authority to promise help, and he stayed on month after month, doing nothing and promising nothing, whereas a Russian agent had come to Kabul full of good promises. Meanwhile the Simla Cabinet had made up their mind to replace on the throne of Kabul a foolish weak prince, who should be their tool. This was to play a very unfair game to their own envoy, Burnes, who had been persuading Dost Muhammad that the English would support him. So Burnes hurried away to Simla and protested and argued—all in vain!

Then Lord Auckland in 1838 sent a large army to restore Shah Soojah to the throne of Kabul, and Mr. Macnaghten was appointed Envoy and Minister at Kabul, to the chagrin and disappointment of Burnes. But letters from England informed him that Queen Victoria had made him a knight for his services, with the military rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. This put new heart into him, and he set about smoothing the way for the advance of the British army through Sind.

So poor Dost Muhammad was driven out of the country (though a prince of sterling worth and a friend of England), and a weak puppet put in his place at a great cost of lives and money. Sir Alexander Burnes at Kabul from 1839 to 1841 had neither power nor authority: his advice was seldom taken, though he alone understood the details of the game. Mr. Macnaghten had been made a baronet, and Burnes was left out and given no post of authority. He naturally felt sore and sorry, and expressed himself bitterly to his friends. In 1840 the news came that Dost

## EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR

Muhammad was coming in arms to regain his own, raising the tribes and calling on the faithful to expel the unbelievers.

A British force under Sir Robert Sale was sent into Kohistan, Burnes being in chief political control. On November 2 he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner in a victorious charge of the Amir. He writes to a brother: "How I escaped unscathed God only knows. I have a ball which fell at my feet, and of three political officers I alone live to tell the tale."

Dost Muhammad at length surrendered and met Burnes: "He taunted me with nothing, said I was his best friend, and that he had come in on a letter I had written to him. This I disbelieve, for we followed him from house to house, and he was obliged to surrender. On our parting I gave him an Arab horse; and what think you he gave me? His own, and only sword, stained with blood!"

Many long weary months did Burnes wait at Kabul, seeing the rising disaffection of the Afghans and burying himself in Tacitus, his favourite author. "September 24, I have read with great relish and enjoyment the first volume of Warren Hastings' Life, with great admiration for the man, founded on his many virtues and noble fortitude—and that too, on the evidence of his letters."

Soon came October 31, 1841, the day on which he had first come to India twenty years ago. With ominous forebodings he wrote in his journal: "Ay! What will this day bring forth? It will make or mar me, I suppose. Before the sun sets I shall know whether I go to Europe, or succeed Macnaghten." But the momentous day did not bring any change; the last entry in his journal was: "I grow very tired of praise, and I suppose I shall get tired of censure in time." But the day of retribution was drawing near.

We had bribed the Afghans to be our friends, and not

## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES,

Russia's ; but soon it was found that this enormous outlay was impoverishing India, and retrenchment and economy became the cry. Then the tribes, one by one, rose against us, and at last the citizens of Kabul began to fret and fume.

On November 1 the streets were seething with insurrection, and the house of Sir Alexander Burnes was threatened by an angry mob. "You are in danger, master," said the Afghan servants, "fly while you can to the cantonments outside the walls."

"Why should I fly?" he replied, "I have done the Afghans no injury or wrong." So he went to bed and slept without fear.

But before he retired, his munshi, Mohun Lal, warned him of approaching danger ; in Lal's own words, "I told him that the confederacy has been grown very high and we should fear the consequences. He stood up from his chair, sighed, said he knew nothing but the time arrives that we should leave this country." Burnes, however, could not be induced to take any precautions, but said that if he sent for a guard to protect his house, it would seem as though he were afraid. The morning dawned with disaster in the air. Messenger after messenger came running in to warn him of danger. At last the Afghan minister, Oosman Khan, called to see him ; the servants woke their master, who rose and dressed and went to receive the Vizier. "Come with me, friend, to the cantonments ! See ! the streets are alive with the insurgents ; every minute is precious !" Sir Alexander looked out and saw the excited throng, but he shook his head and thought, "A British envoy needs not to run away." He believed yet that he could quell the tumult and rejected all advice that might have secured his safety.

However, Burnes wrote to Macnaghten for support from the British troops that were in cantonments ; but

## EXPLORER AND SCHOLAR

it was now too late, for the raging crowd were howling in front of his house, as if thirsting for the blood of English officers. There was a gallery which ran along the front of the upper part of the house; here Burnes stood, attended by his brother Charles, and his friend, William Broadfoot, and addressed some words to the excited throng. But they would not listen to what he said, only yelled out curses in reply, and it was clear that arguments would not turn them from their purpose. Already random shots were being fired, and bullets were being flattened against the walls above and beside them. Then the three Englishmen fired back, feeling that they must sell their lives as dearly as they could. Broadfoot fell, shot dead; the brothers stepped back into the house and smelt smoke; the stables at the back were on fire now, and the howling pack of Afghans came rushing into the garden and shouted, "Come down!"

"There is one more chance," thought Burnes, "I will appeal to their avarice." So he stood forth again and offered them large sums of money if they would suffer him and his brother to escape.

"Leave off firing and come down to speak to us," they shouted.

At last he consented, and the brothers, conducted by a Mussulman of Cashmere, who had sworn to protect them, went down to the garden. But no sooner were they in the presence of the mob than their guide shouted, "Here is Sekundur Burnes!" Whereupon the insurgents fell upon them and hacked them to pieces.

Alexander Burnes was only thirty-six years old when he died on that November day in the year 1841. One wonders why the British troops were not brought out of their cantonments to rescue these officers. Sir William Macnaghten lived only to be assassinated soon after, and of the 4,500 men in camp, only one escaped, a year later,



## SIR ALEXANDER BURNES

to tell the tale of a retreat through the snowy passes and the cruel, treacherous foe.

So perished the eager, impulsive Scot, who gave sound practical advice to his superiors, but was not listened to ; who tried to carry out a policy which he did not approve, because he thought it his duty, who fell because others were too weak to meet the emergency. Here is part of a letter he wrote in 1839, which explains the part he played : “ All my implorations to Government to act with promptitude and decision had reference to doing something when Dost Muhammad was king, and all this they have made to appear in support of Shah Soojah being set up ! When I asked leave to withdraw, Lord Auckland proved to me that it would be desertion at a critical moment, and I saw so myself : but I entered upon the support of his policy not as what was best, but best under the circumstances which a series of blunders had produced. I saw that I had a duty to my country, ill as the representatives of that country in India had behaved to me, and I bore and forbore in consequence. My life has been devoted to my country ; I may in the outset have looked only to personal advantages, but persons have long since given place to things. I now feel myself with an onerous load upon me—the holy and sacred interest of nations ; and much as men may envy me, I begin sometimes to tremble at the giddy eminence I have already attained.”

Was it the northern gift of second sight that cast the cloud of trouble over his visions of the future ? In his hours of gaiety he may have dreamed of returning to Montrose a peer of the realm, honoured, feasted, welcomed as one who had served England well. But to lie dead in the dirt beneath the feet of an Afghan mob ! *Di meliora piis* ! the good deserve a better fate.

## CHAPTER XIII

### MAJOR POTTINGER, THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

**T**HE hero of Herat was the only son of an Irish gentleman living in County Down, and was born in 1811.

Eldred was only two years old when his mother died, but from her he inherited a talent for languages. His father married again, and his second wife was no "injusta noverca," but became the boy's good friend. It is said that Eldred's military instincts once played him false, for having built up a fort on the garden wall, he sprung a mine which blackened his face and his brother's, and flung a heap of stones on an old man and woman who were passing.

He learnt with a tutor at home until he was fourteen, when he and the tutor came into sharp conflict, and his father saw it was time he had a wider field for his energies. A boy who was always reading of battles and sieges seemed most fitted for the army: a nomination was obtained for him to the Company's military academy at Addiscombe, where he spent two years and came out as a cadet of artillery.

As his uncle, Colonel Henry Pottinger, was rising to eminence in the Bombay Presidency, he chose that part of India, worked hard at his profession and in time was put on the staff, and later was made assistant to his uncle in the political department. One day Eldred came to his uncle in great excitement, declared he had been grossly

## MAJOR POTTINGER,

insulted by a low-caste native, and seemed rather too eager to make much of it.

"So I suppose you killed the fellow, Eldred?" said his uncle gravely.

"No, begged! but I will, uncle!"

"Pooh, boy! go and learn Hindustani a little better; most causes of quarrel in this world arise from some small misunderstanding."

The subaltern was quick to see he was making a fool of himself, and on second thoughts he did not even wish to kill the horse-keeper.

Another day the Resident said to him, "The Government want some one to travel in Afghanistan and take notes of what is going on. Now, Eldred, you say you want to travel, here's your chance."

In a day or two off he went towards Kabul, disguised as a Cutch horse-dealer; from Kabul he meant to push on west through a difficult country to Herat, the frontier city of Afghanistan, this time disguised as a Syud, or holy man.

"We met a traveller," he wrote in his journal, "who had been a pack-horse driver with the caravan which Sir A. Burnes accompanied to Balkh. He was struck with the fuss my guide was making about me and appeared to discover me: he began to talk about 'Feringhees' and Sekundar Burnes."

Pottinger had to pretend a vast ignorance of Burnes, and at length the fellow left him, rather puzzled.

But it was worse when they came to the fort of Yakoob Beg, a noted Hazara chief, who used to levy blackmail upon travellers or sell them into slavery. Here they were detained several days and sharply examined. Pottinger assumed long silence and deep devotion and fumbled at his beads, but this only set the ruffians on abstruse questions of the Shia faith, which he could not answer. Hoossain, his guide, explained that he was a soldier, a new convert to

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

Mahomet, going to Meshed for instruction. The baggage was examined : a copy of Elphinstone's *Kabul* was found and caused great suspicion, for there was a print in it of a chief, and they all swore it was an idol. Pencils and a pair of compasses also made the brigands shake their heads sagely. The chief said he would ask Pottinger to live with him always, but he saw from his light complexion that in the winter cold he would die in a week.

On August 7, 1837, the Hazara chief said, "I will let you go!" "We, congratulating ourselves on getting off, were gladly climbing the rocky glen which led to the castle, and had nearly reached the top of the pass, when we were aware of several men running after us at speed and shouting for us to turn back. We had no choice left, so obeyed. I made up my mind that I was to be detained, and was too annoyed for further talk; it however struck me the chief might want a turn-screw or bullet-mould, and I left Syud Ahmed behind to unload the pony, and, if he could find them, send them after. Hoossain and I, with as much unconcern as we could muster, proceeded back alone. We had got within a few yards of the esplanade in front of the castle where the chief was, when we heard a shot, and then a great shout of exultation. What this meant we could not make out: but whatever it was, it had the effect a good shout always has of raising my spirits, and I felt inclined to join in too. But as I thought, we reached the open space and soon came within speaking distance of the chief who, in answer to 'Peace be unto you!' replied, 'You may go now, I don't want you; I only sent for you to make the gun go off, but it has gone off!'

"I turned to be off, wishing him most devoutly a passage to Tartarus, but Hoossain burst into an eloquent oration which delighted me. He asked the chief, 'Do you expect that we are to return from Herat, if you choose to send every time your gun misses fire?'

## MAJOR POTTINGER,

On August 18 they reached Herat, having been twenty-six days on the road, but on the very next day they went outside the walls unarmed and were set upon by slave-dealers. Ahmed pretended that they had friends coming behind, and so the slavers let them go. They learnt by this never to go out unarmed.

Just then the Shah Ramzan and his Minister Yar Muhammad were absent on a campaign, but on September 17 they returned to Herat and were greeted by the populace. They had scarce returned when news came in that Muhammad Shah, King of Persia, was preparing to advance on Herat.

Pottinger thought to himself, "If there is to be a siege, I ought to help my hosts," so he went to the quarters of Yar Muhammad, who received him graciously, rose on his entrance, and bade him be seated by his side. Following the custom of the country Pottinger presented the Vizier with two detonating pistols, told the Minister he was an English artillery officer and put his skill at the service of the Shah. The Vizier was delighted and presented Pottinger to the King, who was a weak puppet in the hands of his Minister. From this time Pottinger threw aside his disguise and did what he could to strengthen the city.

He was disgusted, when the siege began, at the habit the Afghans had of collecting human heads among the slain and wounded after a sortie. He saw that the men fighting in a sortie used swords alone and never waited for the attack of the Persian reserve. By Christmas there was an open breach, but the Persians did not assault: it was said they had been conducting this siege on scientific principles under Russian officers, but they were not sure how to proceed after establishing themselves on the counterscarp, when the foolish Afghans still held out contrary to the best rules of warfare!

So the siege dragged wearily on, Pottinger being very busy directing gun-fire and repairing breaches. On February 8

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

he was sent for by the King of Herat and directed to enter the Persian camp and negotiate a peace.

"I took leave of the Vizier in the public bath of the city; he and others were sitting at breakfast on the floor of the Turkish bath. Not one of the party had a rag of clothing on him except a cloth round their waists, while servants and officers stood round armed to the teeth."

The bath was so hot that Pottinger burst into a profuse sweat and could not sit down nor join in their meal, so he hurried off to the camp and came to a village with narrow lanes and high mud walls with holes and breaches made in them.

Seeing through one of these that some Persians were running to occupy his road in front, he made Syud wave his turban as a flag of truce.

The Persians, hearing that an Englishman was come to beg for peace, were delighted, crowded round, patted his legs and kissed his horse, for they, too, wanted peace.

"Bravo!" they shouted, "the English were ever friends of the King of Kings!" After a smoke they took Pottinger to the quarters of Samson Khan, the Persian General, who received him very civilly, and then gave him an escort to the Persian Commander-in-Chief. On their way the frenzied crowds grew so dense and uproarious that the escort took their iron ramrods and laid lustily about them.

The Persian Vizier asked Pottinger's business very courteously, and was told he had a message from Shah Kamran of Herat, and also letters for Colonel Stoddart, an English officer, whom he wished to see immediately. Pottinger was taken to Stoddart's tent, who was nimbly getting into his clothes of honour to meet the high dignitary of Herat (so Pottinger had been announced) and now bowed low and spoke a Persian welcome.

"Hallo! Stoddart—I'm Pottinger of the Artillery—an Englishman!"

## MAJOR POTTINGER,

Imagine the surprise, the joy of finding a friend to whom he could talk and unbosom his thoughts. They had a good long chat, and then Stoddart accompanied Pottinger to the tent of the Commander.

"Well, sir, what is your message from Herat?" said he testily.

"Perhaps if the tent were cleared it would be more fitting to speak."

"Clear the tent!" shouted the General, and seeing one young man slow to move, he abused him in violent language, and got into such a breathless fury that he finished by spitting after the offender, who slunk out of the tent pale and frightened by the storm of anger which he had unwittingly raised.

After hearing the Afghan proposals the General said, "We can't accept them at all—but you shall see the Persian King."

They were presently sent for to the Shah's tents, which were surrounded by a high screen of red canvas. The Shah sat in an armchair, was plainly dressed in a shawl vest, the black Persian cap on his head; his servants stood with heads bent and arms folded.

The Shah began in moderate, stately language to explain his complaints against Herat, swore he would take it and have a garrison there, and finished by working himself into a passion and repeating, "Kamran is a liar—a treacherous liar!"

The audience lasted more than half an hour. When Pottinger returned to Herat, again they crowded round to hear the news—and disappointment quickly turned to anger.

A few days after, a Persian envoy came in, asking the Afghans to send away the Englishman and come to terms, for the English were not to be trusted; they pretended trade and friendship, but by these means they had mastered nearly all India. Yet the Persians and Afghans distrusted one

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

another, and no terms were concluded. One narrow escape Pottinger had as the siege went on.

One fellow kept brandishing his huge Afghan knife above his head, and had the knife destroyed by a bullet which struck it close to his hand. Pottinger had been looking through a loop-hole at the Persians, and hearing the Afghans bantering the man whose knife had been broken, and being pulled by his cloak to come and listen to the fun, he came down. Just a moment after, a bullet came through that loop-hole and lodged in the lungs of Yar Muhammad's eunuch—a brave fellow always at the post of danger: the poor fellow died in two or three days.

That very evening news came that Major D'Arcy Todd was seeking admittance: he was an officer of the Bengal Artillery and had come with the English Minister at the Persian court.

The Afghan Vizier sent Pottinger a note, asking him to come to his quarters. Pottinger on entering looked about, but saw no Major Todd.

The Vizier made room for Pottinger on the carpet and laughingly remarked, "Don't be angry; I have thrown ashes on it and blackened its face myself." "Eh? I don't quite understand." The Vizier explained his words by saying, "I sent word that the Afghans neither wanted the Turks, Russians nor English to interfere: we trust to our swords. But let the English ambassador's Naib come in the morning to the south-east angle and he will be let in."

Pottinger, much annoyed at the boasting of the Afghan, said—

"Now you have probably prevented the English Ambassador from interfering."

"But I wanted to make the Persians think," replied the Vizier, "that we were all right and did not care much about the English interfering."

When next morning Major Todd came into Herat in



## MAJOR POTTINGER,

cocked hat, epaulettes and hanging sword, people mounted on the roofs to see the gallant sight ! He told the Shah that the British Government offered mediation between Persia and Herat, and Shah Kamran was charmed and invited Sir John M'Neill to come into the city and talk affairs over with him. Moreover the Shah took off his cloak and sent it by Yar Muhammad Khan to Major Todd, an Afghan honour seldom paid. Sir John came in the evening and spent much of the night discussing and writing : in the morning Yar Muhammad was sent for, but he was still asleep.

When that Minister did come, he asked if English Ministers ever slept. "I do not wonder," he said, "that your affairs prosper, when men of such high rank as your ambassador work harder than an Afghan private soldier would do, even under the eyes of the Shah."

But the negotiations failed after all, owing to Persian insincerity : so the siege dragged on from April to June, Pottinger being the life and soul of the defence. Late in June, when food was failing, the Persians made a desperate attempt to carry the place by assault. Rockets and gunfire awoke the Afghans to a sense of their danger ; but the men were giving way all along the walls, and Pottinger seized the Vizier by the wrist, and dragging him forward implored him to make one more effort to save Herat. At last the Vizier got furious, and seizing on a large staff belaboured the hindmost and drove them to meet the enemy.

Some days later the Persians again demanded that Pottinger should be given up to them, but the Afghans replied, "He is our guest and friend."

In August the Persians raised the siege and retired, hearing that the British ships were firing in the Persian Gulf.

Pottinger reported that it was his firm belief that Herat might have been taken on the first day of the siege. The Persians worked well in the trenches, considering they were

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

not trained sappers, and the practice of their artillery was really superb. They only lacked engineers and a general to lead them on.

After the siege came utter prostration, misery and starvation. Yar Muhammad tried to recruit his finances by the old plan of slave-dealing. But Pottinger got advances of money and so restored trade and cultivation, and the people gradually came back to their homes.

He and Colonel Stoddart, who remained with him at Herat, exerted their influence to suppress the traffic in human flesh. But this stirred up jealousy and ill-feeling amongst the officials who were making money by the slaves; in a month after the Persians had gone the English officers were openly insulted and outraged. Stoddart left for Bokhara, and Pottinger only remained because the Shah Kamran earnestly begged he would. The Governor-General, when he heard about the siege, appointed Pottinger political agent at Herat—"glad of the opportunity afforded him of bestowing the high applause which is due to the signal merits of that officer who, under circumstances of peculiar danger and difficulty, has by his fortitude, ability and judgment honourably sustained the reputation and interests of his country."

There Pottinger remained until September 1839, when he made his way back to India and met Lord Auckland in the upper provinces. He was of course invited to join the Government circle at dinner, but nothing was known of his arrival until the guests were assembling in the great dinner-tent. Then they noticed that a "native" in the Afghan costume was leaning against one of the poles of the tent, a shy, somewhat downcast look he had; and the staff looked askance at him and whispered together, "Who is yon intruder? Had we not better order him out?"

Presently the Governor-General came in, and leading

## MAJOR POTTINGER,

his sister, Miss Eden, up to the stranger, said, "Let me present you to the hero of Herat."

Then came a moment's silence, surprise and swelling of the heart—the "native" was no native, but Pottinger of Herat, the gunner who had saved Herat! In spite of etiquette a great cheer went up for the blushing hero, who was wishing himself elsewhere than amongst these smart ladies and spick-and-span officers. After going down to Calcutta and drawing up his report, Pottinger went back as agent on the Turkistan frontier, the country above Kabul.

As the autumn of 1841 advanced he saw there was mischief in the air: the measures of retrenchment, the diminution of the subsidies to the Afghan chiefs were all having their effect on that greedy, grasping people. Pottinger wrote to Sir William Macnaghten and pointed this out; he visited General Elphinstone, but he was smitten with the infirmities of disease and age and would not move from his camp.

On November 2 the storm burst in Kabul with the massacre of Burnes; the disaffection soon reached Pottinger's fort: his assistant, Lieutenant Rattray, was shot down by treachery and Pottinger only just escaped in time into his castle. A few hours later Haughton, Adjutant of the Gurkhas, came up with two companies of his regiment; they cleared the gardens and, leaving sixty men, which made up Pottinger's garrison to one hundred, went back to their camp.

Pottinger's men had only fifteen rounds a man, so he resolved to retreat to this camp at Charchur. There the enemy closed round them. Captain Codrington, who commanded, was killed, and Haughton performed prodigies of valour, while Pottinger, who had been shot in the leg, had to lie still and look on.

The Afghans cut off the water supplies, thirst began to prevail over the little garrison: many Sepoys deserted,

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

the fighting men became a rabble. So Haughton and Pottinger resolved to fight their way to Kabul, though both were wounded. They went by night from the postern gate, delaying by the wells on the road, losing their way in the ravines, afraid to go by the main roads and taking sheep-paths over the mountain, being fired at by picquets at Deh-Afghan, and feeling weak and worn and utterly spent.

They were now very near to Kabul when Haughton, exhausted by the pain of his wound, and by loss of blood and want of food, implored Pottinger to leave him. "Let me die here, old fellow, and ride on! Save your life, do!"

"I would rather die with you than desert you, Haughton; let us rest a bit, and then try to get on; it can't be far now, it can't be very far."

So they rested and again struggled on, and arrived at the cantonments. For many days they were compelled to nurse their wounds and be idle, but on December 23, 1841, Sir William Macnaghten was treacherously slain by Akbar Khan, and then every officer in camp began to look to Pottinger to get them out of the ring of fire which hemmed them in.

On the 25th Pottinger wrote to Major Macgregor at Jellalabad: "Macnaghten has been called out to a conference and murdered. . . . We are to fall back on Jellalabad to-morrow or next day. We may expect opposition on the road, and we are likely to suffer much from cold and hunger as we may have no carriage for tents and superfluities. I have taken charge of the mission—the cantonment is now attacked."

The military authorities had determined they could fight no longer, they must retire to India. Mahomet Oosman Khan had offered to escort our army to Peshawur for five lakhs of rupees, and a council of war was summoned to consider this. Pottinger advised them not to treat with the enemy, because he believed they were going to betray

## MAJOR POTTINGER,

us, and we had no right to purchase our safety at so great a cost. But every one voted to the contrary : they would neither occupy and hold their camp till the spring, nor abandon their baggage and cut their way down : they would pay for safe escort ; and Pottinger with a heavy heart had to arrange the bargain.

On January 6, 1842, the British army set out, but no escort was there waiting for them, as had been promised.

Another piece of advice which Pottinger pressed upon the officers was neglected. "Have all the old horse-clothing cut into strips and rolled round the soldiers' feet and ankles, as the Afghans wear it ; it will protect the Sepoys from the deep snow." But no ! it was not worth the trouble. So the miserable British army went stumbling into the snow, many with bare legs, and they soon grew benumbed and could hardly stagger along ; all the time a yelling mob of Afghans hung on flank and rear, and cut down stragglers unresisted.

At last Akbar Khan, who had slain Macnaghten, came riding up with his men and promised to escort the remnant of the army safely to the British frontier, if three hostages were given up to him. Brigadier Shelton and Captain G. Lawrence were named, but Shelton refused to go. So Pottinger took his place with George Lawrence and Colin Mackenzie as companions.

From that January until September 1842 they remained prisoners in the hands of Akbar Khan. Our army marching through the passes dwindled down to one man, Dr. Brydone, whose picture as he stooped over his saddle was so powerfully painted by Lady Butler : the pony wounded and sorely tired with stooping head and neck just let fall from its mouth a few drops of foam.

"Ah !" said an officer who had seen him come thus into Jellalabad, "everything is correct, except one thing. What would that poor pony have given to be able to dribble

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

like that ! Why ! he was dying of thirst, and his mouth was hot and dry as a cavern in the Arabian desert ! ”

Pottinger in his prison drew up a report of the rising and the capitulation. After a time they were removed to a fort on the Loghur river, a few miles from Kabul, where they enjoyed some comfort and freedom.

Akbar Khan would come and discuss the terms of a surrender of prisoners ; he was in a hurry, for General Pollock was reported to be coming with an army of retribution, and had sent Akbar angry letters.

One day Akbar with some chiefs entered the cell of the Englishmen and said, “ How is this ? What does it mean ? Those bills which Major Pottinger drew up to set free the British army have been repudiated by your Government. They refuse to pay ! Here is British faith indeed ! ”

“ Well ? but the army was to be escorted safely to Jellalabad.”

“ They died in the snow, it was the will of God ! Come, Major, take your pen at once and write us new bills, or you shall be shot.”

“ New bills would be as useless to you as the old,” replied Pottinger ; “ you did not fulfil your promise ; you will lose the rupees.”

“ Hound of an infidel ! make out new bills, or you die ! ”

Then Pottinger turned a grim, stern face upon them, the dour look of the Irish-Scot, and said, “ You may cut off my head if you will, but I will never sign the bills.” He looked as if he meant it : they retired to consult to an upper room, and Pottinger started up and said to his companions :

“ The door is open ! there is a store of gunpowder below, shall we fire it and blow them all up and take our chance of escape ? ”

But the others said No ! it was far too risky.

As Pollock advanced towards Kabul the captives were

## MAJOR POTTINGER,

removed further away, to Bameean, a fort placed on a deep red hill, with tremendous ravines circled by crags and pinnacles and ancient fortifications. And there Pottinger played a very brave game, and if it had not succeeded, it would have been almost ludicrously impudent.

He talked loudly of his power as British agent, and proceeded to depose the Governor of the place and appoint a more friendly chief in his stead !

Then they levied contributions on a travelling party of merchants, and so supplied themselves with funds. Not content with this, Major Pottinger (he had lately been made Major) issued proclamations, calling upon all the neighbouring chiefs to come in and make their salaam ; to some he granted remissions of revenue, and to all he seemed a very powerful personage.

How different was this bold and manly conduct to that of the poor old General Elphinstone and his staff ; the most dangerous step, when dealing with half savage peoples, is to let them see you are afraid.

In the end Pottinger and his companions joined Sir Richmond Shakspear and later arrived at the camp of Major-General Pollock, C.B.

After the war was over it became necessary to inquire into the conduct of Major Pottinger, who had signed a treaty for the evacuation of Afghanistan, and had drawn bills to large amounts on the British Government.

The inquiry commenced on January 1, 1843, and Pottinger was cross-examined. He was asked why he had assumed charge of the mission on Sir W. Macnaghten's death. He replied, "Not only was I the senior officer of the mission, but I was specially requested by General Elphinstone to take charge."

He had to narrate how he had advised some decided course of action, but had been overruled : how Sir W. Macnaghten had previously promised the Afghans fourteen

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

lakhs of rupees : how the council of war had added five more for safe escort.

One can feel for an officer who, after having done his best to carry out other men's plans, is court-martialled, questioned, left in suspense as to whether he has deserved ill or well of his country.

The hero of Herat, as he waited for his sentence, was having rather a bad time, and his heart must have beat rather nervously.

Then at last he was called in to listen to a long-winded résumé of the facts, and at the very end came these words : "The Court cannot conclude its proceedings without expressing a strong conviction that throughout the whole period of the painful position in which Major Pottinger was so unexpectedly placed, his conduct was marked by a degree of energy and manly firmness that stamps his character as one worthy of high admiration." How warmly must these officers have grasped the hand of the brave man who might have saved an army, if he had been in command !

Eldred Pottinger went down to Calcutta, and Society tried to make a lion of him, but the modest, shy, silent man would not be drawn. Heroism takes more forms than one ; in Pottinger it took the form of a sturdy and indomitable perseverance, a courage that could resist overwhelming odds, a grim, unflinching patience that could not be weakened by threat or danger, but there was no outside show of daring, and he shrank from public applause.

Alas ! he never lived to show what the mature man might grow to, for on a visit to Sir Henry Pottinger in November, 1843, he caught the Hong-Kong fever and died. He was just about to start for home—but it was not to be ! he had done his life's work.

It seems unnatural to leave this story without referring more in detail to the fate of General Elphinstone's force which tried to reach Jellalabad.



## MAJOR POTTINGER,

It will be remembered that a very large sum of money had been promised the Afghans by Major Pottinger to secure a safe retreat.

Pottinger did well to mistrust the foe, for as the army left its cantonments, before the rearmost men had got outside the walls, the Afghans rushed in and commenced plundering.

Akbar had prevailed upon the poor old General to make two marches to Bootkhak, though distant only nine miles. "It will be better not to tire your men." Exactly ! it also gave time to Akbar's men to dispose of the plunder and then go ahead and seize the Khoord Kabul Pass.

When our soldiers reached the Pass and were marching in a narrow valley by the side of a mountain stream, with high mountains on either side, then the Afghans flew upon the baggage and shot down our men in hundreds. Akbar was extremely polite and sorry : he could not control his greedy men ! "The best thing you can do, General Elphinstone, is to surrender to me, and I will protect you to the best of my power."

The officers all agreed to this ; the poor shivering Sepoys, who had never seen snow or ice before, deserted and were driven back to Kabul like flocks of sheep—to become slaves for life.

During the halt many of the Afghans had gone forward to man the next pass, which was seventeen miles long ; here hundreds of the Hindustani camp-followers were stripped stark naked and left to die, frost-bitten, in the snow. In the Jugdulluck Pass an abattis, formed of branches of felled trees, was thrown across the road. In their eagerness to get through this obstacle and avoid the danger behind all order and discipline was lost, they became a helpless, shivering mob, hearing the shots behind and the cries and the yells of the pursuer. Brigadier Anquetil, after getting through the abattis, went back to try and extricate those left behind.

## THE DEFENDER OF HERAT

“Where’s our Brigadier ?” the 44th called out, but there was no reply, he was never seen again ; the men selected their own officers and the wildest confusion prevailed. Yet still they pushed on.

But from every spur and height the enemy were firing on our men, and as any dropped from fatigue or wounds he was stripped and slain.

The 44th still kept together and made many plucky charges whenever the Afghans showed a front. But at last they had shot away all their ammunition, then they broke their ranks and fled in all directions. All were killed except a few who were made prisoners, and some officers who galloped away, only to die another day from exhaustion.

We may wonder who it was that selected for a post of such difficulty an old man crippled by gout in his hands and feet, whose nerves had been shaken by bodily suffering. They had amongst them at first the Hero of Herat, but they used neither his brains nor his courage. He had no authority to interfere, and he was too modest to put himself forward. But how he must have suffered to see the honour of England besmirched by irresolution and despair, when all might have been saved if only they had seized the Bala Hissar, the rock citadel, and held it until such time as a relief force could have appeared.

## CHAPTER XIV

### MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE, A MASTERFUL RULER

**P**ERHAPS no Governor-General has left his mark upon India more prominently than Lord Dalhousie : the Marquess of Wellesley had organized British India with his masterly power at the beginning of the century ; from 1798 to 1848 his arrangements continued on the whole, but Lord Dalhousie extended the frontiers and consolidated the Feudatory States, so that some sort of united empire became feasible. He pushed on schemes for railways and canals, and made possible an India of manufacture and commerce. He found it necessary to annex the Punjab, and Russia took the place of France as an object of alarm. Burma too was conquered and brought us into relations with China. Very soon after Dalhousie's return from India, the Mutiny broke out, and for a year or two his policy was extravagantly censured ; but time brought reflection, and the causes of the Mutiny were found to have been in existence before his rule.

James Andrew Brown Ramsay, the third son of the ninth Earl, was born at Dalhousie Castle in 1812 ; the house, built of reddish stone in the twelfth century, stands on the bank of the South Esk. The father of the Marquess had served in the Peninsular War and fought at Waterloo, and was afterwards Governor-General of Canada. James' first impressions of life were taken amongst the snows of Canada. At the age of ten he was sent to England in a

## MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE

sailing brig and entered for Harrow School, having his eldest brother as his fellow-pupil, and Dr. George Butler being headmaster. Here he stayed for seven years, and probably ran over frequently to Bentley Priory, where Lord Aberdeen, a governor of the school, was then living.

Those were the days when the boys, at the end of term, used to race up to Town in carriages and gigs of all descriptions; when the headmaster used to march in procession at the head of his assistant masters from the school house to the school yard. Dr. George Butler, with cropped and powdered hair, short in stature, but hawk-eyed and keen and vigorous enough to rescue a woman from drowning in a canal some thirty years after Dalhousie's entrance, was a figure that inspired awe, while Harry Drury, the clever tutor of ninety boys, supplied in massive proportions what was lacking in the headmaster.

In those days mathematics were despised, arithmetic and writing were taken for granted: yet Lord Dalhousie wrote a fine, delicate hand unspoilt by the writing of lines. The chief end of education was to be able to produce Latin verses of immaculate quality, and to hold style of more account than truth. Yet Lord Dalhousie's minutes are full of matter and thought well expressed. The school yard was the football ground, and the greatest feat was to kick the ball over the school into the road beyond.

In 1823 the Marquess of Hastings returned from India; in the following year he visited his old school, and the visit cost him £600, for with his stately magnificence he presented each boy with two guineas. "So princely a largesse," says Mr. Trotter, "from a grey-haired hero of such fine manners, of a presence so commanding, must have filled many a boyish heart with other sentiments than gratitude alone. The conqueror of the Marathas stood there in all his glory; and young Ramsay, for one, would see in that splendid old Harrovian the

## MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE,

embodiment of a greatness which he, too, might hope some day to rival."

In 1829 James Ramsay's father was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, and the eldest son, Lord Ramsay, went with his father, while James entered at Christ Church, Oxford.

Among the undergraduates there were Mr. Gladstone, Canning and Lord Elgin, the two latter destined to be Governors-General of India after Dalhousie. In 1832 Lord Ramsay died, and the second son having died in his infancy, James was now left the heir with the courtesy title of Lord Ramsay. His reading was latterly much broken by family affairs and he took an ordinary degree in 1833. But the examiners, detecting his superior scholarship; gave him an "honorary fourth."

In 1835 Lord Ramsay contested Edinburgh, and made some vigorous speeches, but failed to get in, and in bidding farewell to the voters quoted humorously "Ye're daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen," Cockpen being a village close to Dalhousie Castle.

In 1836 he married Lady Susan Hay, a tall and beautiful girl, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale; her great love of dogs and horses came in very usefully in India, where she used to tour at large with her husband, or could drive a spirited pair on the Calcutta Course.

They had two daughters, Lady Susan who married Lord Connemara, and Lady Edith who married Sir James Fergusson, Bart.

In 1838 his father died, and the new Earl of Dalhousie entered the House of Lords as a Conservative. In 1843 he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Gladstone being then President; in 1845 Mr. Gladstone resigned his post and the young Earl succeeded. It was just then that Hudson, the Railway King, was uppermost, and numbers were hasting to get

## A MASTERFUL RULER

rich through railway schemes. Lord Dalhousie wished to regulate the railways and keep them under State control, but Sir Robert Peel did not agree, so a policy which might have saved a great panic and manifold ruin was put aside, to be tried with good results in India later on.

The immense amount of work which railway schemes brought him at this period told upon his health, for he wore out both himself and his clerks.

In 1847 Lord John Russell offered him the Governor-Generalship of India; he was then only thirty-five years of age, and to go to India meant that they must leave behind them their two little daughters.

When he landed at Calcutta in January 1848, the on-lookers saw a slim, short figure, a noble head and keen glance; they called him "the little man of Government House"; how should they know that they were receiving one of the greatest rulers England has ever sent India—the great Pro-consul, as he came to be known! In eight years those who had begun by belittling him, and had soon learnt to stand in awe of the erect and masterful chief, and then had grown to trust him loyally, were his most enthusiastic admirers. Not that he had no enemies! His masterful character and haughty demeanour made many during his life, but while he was Governor-General no one dared to oppose him, for they recognized their intellectual master.

His private physician and friend, Dr. Alexander Grant, says: "Sir James Outram told me that he had had intercourse with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel and other leading statesmen in England, but never felt so awed, so stricken by his own inferiority as in his interviews with Lord Dalhousie, who had always treated him with marked kindness."

Captain Trotter gives a description of him as he first appeared in India: "Youthful looking, even for his years, erect in gait, with a slim well-knit figure crowned by a

## MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE,

noble, Titanesque head, lighted up by a pair of large, bright blue eyes. His forehead was broad and deep; the nose slightly aquiline, with fine clearly chiselled nostrils—a shapely mouth, with thin, flexible lips that played in quick answer to every turn of thought and feeling; to all this may be added a voice so clear, sweet and musically intoned, that his visitor found its fascination quite irresistible.”

And this “erect little man” kept his subordinates at work: those who idled winced under his cutting rebuke, but to those who gave freely of themselves he was loyal, friendly and sympathetic.

He would rise at six, and devote the time to eight to the study of his office boxes: at eight he took breakfast, glancing over some of the Indian newspapers, at half-past nine he sat down at his desk, where also he took his lunch, until half-past five; at dinner he was very abstemious, and hated the magnificent banquets which his position made necessary. Nothing interrupted his daily toil, neither heat nor fatigue nor the worries of an Indian march. He was fond of riding “Maharaja,” his grey Arab, and the Countess often rode by his side.

He was a great master of details: every arrangement, from the plan of a campaign to the hutting and water-filters of the troops, or from the exact wording of a treaty to the ceremonial niceties of a Durbar, was carefully scanned by his own eye, and formed the subject of decisive orders from his own pen.

Sir Richard Temple writes: “in cases where he had a right to be masterful, he was prompt to vindicate authority, and whenever he received a provocation justly to be resented, he had quite a special faculty for making his displeasure dreaded.” And again: “Some men are found who while severely exacting obedience from their subordinates, are unwilling to render it implicitly to their superiors. Dalhousie was not one of these: he was invariably courteous

## A MASTERFUL RULER

and respectful to the Court of Directors, while he evidently felt grateful for the support so consistently afforded by them. On their part they were equally considerate to him, and approved his proceedings almost without exception, a circumstance the more remarkable, because they had sometimes differed with some of the most eminent among their servants, such as the Marquess Wellesley." Dalhousie, though he had a proud and sensitive temper, yet schooled himself to be patient and listen to the arguments and grievances of his subordinates ; while towards his colleagues and those who were with him daily he was considerate, kind and obliging.

Many stories are told of the tenderness and gratitude he bestowed on those who had served him faithfully. The Lawrences, Henry and John, had been hard nuts for the Governor-General to crack, having as strong wills as Lord Dalhousie himself ; there had not seldom been strained relations between them ; but the letter which Dalhousie wrote to the wife of Colonel G. Lawrence after her release from captivity among the Afghans proves a noble chivalry in him which no petty disputes could alloy. After congratulating her on being once again in the midst of her family, he goes on, "The kindness of your friends has permitted me to see many of your notes which you never meant for any mere official eye ; and I trust you will not think I take too great a liberty in saying that the perusal of them during the long course of your captivity, showing to me the gallant heart you kept up under it, the cheery face you put upon it, and the uncomplaining and confiding patience with which you bore it all, has filled me with a respect for your character and admiration for your conduct, which, if I were fully to express them, you would perhaps suspect me of flattery."

Again, he wrote to John Lawrence during his fever in 1850 : "I need not say how deeply and truly I grieved to



## MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE,

learn the severe attack you have suffered, and how anxious I shall be to learn again that you are improving during your march. . . . I am terrified at the thought of your being compelled to give up work, and go home for a time, and I plead with you to spare yourself as earnestly as I would plead to save my own right hand."

When Lord Dalhousie annexed the Punjab, he did not merely hand it over to a body of civil servants ; he himself travelled through the Punjab, as he also voyaged to Burma with like purpose, in order to win personal knowledge of the wants and needs of the province. Nothing escaped his eye, from the distribution and feeding of the troops to the organization of the police and gaols, the planting of trees, the making of roads, schools and hospitals.

In 1852 he sailed from Calcutta to visit and cheer the British Army amid the swamps and pestilential marshes of the Irawaddi. But he sailed all along the coast and inspected the Burmese ports which we had held for twenty-seven years. The result was a mountain road cut through the Yoma mountains for military uses. Twice more did he visit Burma, when he was already crippled with pain and disease, and inspected Rangoon, the city of commerce which he had called into existence. But in the year 1853 he was destined to suffer his greatest loss. Lady Dalhousie had been long ailing : a voyage to Ceylon had not strengthened her, and in the spring of 1853 she sailed for England by the Cape. The long sea-sickness exhausted her and she died when nearing England.

Major James Ramsay, his kinsman and military secretary, had to break the news to him, and the Governor-General fell to the ground as if struck by lightning. For months after that he would see no one except on urgent business and seldom quitted the house.

At last a ray of comfort came : his elder daughter, Lady Susan Ramsay, then seventeen years old, wrote to ask

## A MASTERFUL RULER

if she might come over and help him. She came and brought sunshine back again into the darkened life, and with womanly tact and girlish gaiety of heart won her father from his hopeless mood of sorrow. The new railways and telegraphs were being laid, the British territories were being welded together, but the Governor-General's health was giving way. A malady between the knee and the foot was causing him intense pain, the signs of which he tried to suppress, and his doctors advised him to resign. Had he then retired, after his conquests and reforms, he would have left a name inferior to none amongst the rulers of the East. But he knew that the perilous position of Oudh was pressing for decision, and he could not yet go. "Believing it to be my duty to remain in India during this year, and trusting in the Providence of God to avert from me those indirect risks against which you have so clearly and faithfully warned me, I have resolved to stay."

In that fateful year Oudh was annexed. On February 26, 1856, he said to his physician, "It is well there are only twenty-nine days in this month: I could not have held out two days more." On the 29th he received his successor, Lord Canning, at the top of the steps which lead up to Government House.

The crowd on the banks of the Hoogly, who came to see their late Governor-General embark for England, began by raising a cheer, but when they saw a broken invalid totter down on his crutches their cheer sank into a pathetic silence more eloquent of feeling than the loudest acclamations. Sir Charles Jackson in his *Vindication*, writes, "Many who witnessed that triumphant departure had a melancholy foreboding that the curtain was falling on the last act of a great public career; others, more sanguine, hoped that he would recover his wasted strength, and enter on a new course of honour and success, as bright and glorious as his Indian career. But no one in that vast assemblage

## MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE,

dreamed that in a few years the great reputation of their departing Governor would be doubted, sneered at and assailed." On his voyage home Lord Dalhousie wrote out the great minute in which he described with simple accuracy the principal measures of his administration. He remained for ten days at Malta and then continued his voyage in the Frigate *Tribune* and arrived home in May 1856.

At once the Company voted him a pension of £5,000 a year, while a kind message of welcome from the Queen helped to revive his spirits.

A cold winter at Dalhousie Castle did not improve his health, and then came the terrible news of the Mutiny in India. "You can well imagine," he writes to Dr. Grant, "with what deep grief I have heard the tidings which the last mail has brought. . . . I can think of nothing else but this outbreak." And then on the top of this came a bitter flood of newspaper criticism, charging him with being the cause of the Mutiny, though it was mainly caused by the Home Government having neglected the military precautions which he had long been urging upon them.

The Duke of Argyll, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, says: "During the two years or more, when every fifth-rate writer thought it necessary to have his say against something which he called Lord Dalhousie's policy, Lord Dalhousie himself maintained a silence which must have been painful, but which was supported by a proud sense of what was due both to others and to himself. . . . He felt, and he expressed the feeling, that a time which was a time of intense anxiety to all, and of agony to not a few, was no time even to think of any injustice suffered by himself. . . . To Lord Dalhousie's policy in the Punjab—to the men he chose—to the forces he organized—to the people he conciliated—we owe in a very large degree the salvation of India. If it had been possible to carry into effect at once the policy he recommended in respect to the number and

## MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE

of 1860 he died at the age of forty-eight, and was buried in the family vault of the Dalhousies.

So the fiery spirit which saw to everything in India, which made him act as his own Foreign Minister, and Minister for War, which prompted him to plan great schemes of conquest and annexation, and look into the smallest details of the housing and feeding of troops, etc., had at last worn itself out, and, like so many rulers before him, he ended his life under a cloud of accusations. Other Governors-General had made conquests and enlarged the British territories, but none had done so much as he to pacify and settle the newly added provinces. In many ways he had worked for the good of India itself ; for irrigation he pushed on the cutting of canals, for transporting of goods he introduced many lines of railway ; he introduced the electric telegraph, had geological surveys made for coal and iron, promoted the culture of tea and fostered and safeguarded the growth of timber. Perhaps his greatest improvement lay in the example he set to the civil and military officials of a man working not for himself, but for India and all her people.

## CHAPTER XV

### INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

WHEN Lord Dalhousie landed in India in January, 1848, he expected to find his work in the avocations of peace, in the reforms of administration : for he was succeeding Lord Hardinge, a veteran soldier of the Peninsular War, a friend of Wellington : this gallant general had been four years Governor-General, and had partially disbanded the Sikh troops and largely strengthened the British forces, while he had distributed them so as to be ready at a day's notice. Therefore Lord Hardinge assured his successor that so far as he could see it would not be necessary to fire a gun in India for seven years to come.

Others had the same feeling of security : the Editor of the *Friend of India* wrote in 1848 : " Lord Dalhousie arrives at a time when the last obstacle to the complete, and apparently the final, pacification of India has been removed ; when the only remaining army which could create alarm has been dissolved ; the peace of the country rests upon the firmest and most permanent basis."

Three months after these words appeared in the leading Bengal newspaper, an event happened which threw all into chaos and led to the annexation of the Punjab.

After the first Sikh war Lord Hardinge had set a regency of Sikh nobles in command over the Punjab, nominally controlled by an English Resident at Lahore. This Resident advised the Sikh Governor of Multan to submit his

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

accounts to an official audit ; for, like most Sikhs, he was very fond of making money and had been mixing up trade with politics. The trader-prince was vexed, he did not wish to expose his money-accounts to strangers, and in a moment of vexation said he would prefer to resign his post. Unfortunately he was taken at his word too promptly ; another Sirdar was chosen, and two English officers were ordered to accompany him to Multan. But a delay was caused by an order from headquarters to take no step till the new Resident should arrive, and all this time Multan was seething with discontent.

On his arrival Currie, the new Resident, selected Vans Agnew, a civilian, and Lieutenant Anderson, Outram's brother-in-law, for this duty, and they were to take with them a mixed force of 500 Sikhs, and Gurkhas as escort. But the two officers did not go with their escort ; they went by water, while the escort marched by land, and so there had grown up no bond of sympathy between them, they were not known personally to the native soldiers.

They arrived in April 1848 at Multan and the Sikh Governor gave up his fortress as required ; but as the two young Englishmen were coming away with a slender escort to their camp, a fanatic rushed out of the mob and stabbed Vans Agnew in the shoulder, while Anderson was cut down by others, and with difficulty the escort bore off the two wounded men to a mosque at some distance from the fort, but not far enough to be secure from its guns.

Vans Agnew sent off a pencilled note to the Lahore Resident, 200 miles away, begging for help. But next day the guns from the Multan fort opened fire on the mosque and riddled it through and through. Then a mob of natives from the city came in and stared to see Vans Agnew sitting quietly by his friend's side, hand in hand, without fear or anger.

As threats arose and violence seemed imminent, Vans

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

Agnew called out, "Remember! we are not the last of the English!" Then a low-caste native ran in and hacked at Van Agnew's neck with an axe—the Englishmen were both murdered and their dead bodies were treated with every kind of indignity.

The assault seems to have been not premeditated; but once begun, the deed was adopted by the Sikh Governor and a proclamation was issued calling on all the inhabitants of the Punjab to rise against the cursed foreigners.

Currie wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, for help; but he with strange caution replied that it would be unwise to risk the health of the troops in the hot season. The Governor-General, being new to India and its problems, was disposed to trust to the advice of Lord Gough, and the help was refused. It is perhaps the only time in his Indian career that Lord Dalhousie deferred to the opinion of others, and in doing so he was wrong, as events proved.

When Lord Lawrence, who was making a short stay at the lovely hill station of Dhurmsala, heard ten days after the occurrence the news of the Multan murders, he wrote off at once to Elliot, the Government Secretary, to Currie at Lahore and to General Wheeler at Jullundur. He at all events recognized the importance of nipping revolt in the bud. To Currie he wrote—

"I would have over a brigade from Ferozepore and Jullundur and march two European corps and six native ones on Multan. The place can't stand a siege. It can be shelled from a small height near it. I see great objection to this course. But I see greater ones in delay"; and next day he wrote: "I would besiege the place, and if the garrison did not surrender at discretion, I would storm it, and teach them such a lesson as should astonish the Khalsa (Sikh word for Church and State). If you don't act till the cold weather you will have the country, I fear, in flame, and insurrection elsewhere. . . . I would not delay

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

a day in making an example of the rascals. The day they hear the troops have left Lahore, they will lose half their strength. Delay will bring thousands to their standard."

But nothing was done, because Lord Gough thought it was too hot! Two hundred miles of marching across a parched country did not seem very inviting, or very conducive to health.

Fortunately, there was a young lieutenant in another part of the Punjab who was of a different stamp. Herbert Edwardes, as he sat in his tent was shown a letter—just a few pencilled lines—from Agnew addressed to "General Van Cortlandt, in Bunnu, or wherever else he may be." He divined it was something important, tore it open and read it. Without a moment's delay Lieutenant Edwardes set about giving all the help he could, asking for no authority from any superior. He took the small force of 400 men which formed the guard of a revenue officer in that wild district and made a rush for Multan, eighty miles distant. He collected boats, crossed the Indus, occupied Leia, and there awaited the onset of Mulraj from Multan, "like a terrier barking at a tiger," as he expressed it. Meanwhile he took advantage of the hostility which he knew existed between the races in the Punjab to enrol 3,000 Pathans—thus he armed the Mussulmans of the frontier against the Sikhs of Multan, and being joined by Van Cortlandt and by some troops who had served under Lake, he met Mulraj who was advancing with 4,000 men and eight heavy guns. It was June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo, when he met and defeated Mulraj, driving him back in the great heat to his fortress at Multan. A second battle was fought a few days later which ended in penning Mulraj and his men within their walls.

When Lord Gough heard what Edwardes had done, he was all the more convinced that it would have been folly to take a large force into the field. The Resident at Lahore



## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

sent a force under General Whish to Multan, but it was too late. The local rising at Multan had begun to spread all over the Punjab—the siege had to be raised, for “the drum of religion” was summoning the Sikhs to rise and strike for “God and the Guru!”

The Afghans entered into alliance with the Sikhs and a large force swept through the Khyber Pass on their way to destroy the white heathen.

But Lord Dalhousie was even then hastening from Calcutta towards the British frontier on the Sutlej: on his way he held a levée at Agra. Those who saw him were struck by his youth and vigour: there was no weakness of will, no delay or hesitation about the new Governor-General. From Sind and Bombay he ordered up troops to the Punjab. “If our enemies want war,” he said at a military ball, “war they shall have, and with a vengeance.”

In November 1848 Lord Gough started with his army of 20,000 men and 100 guns, and found the Sikh host encamped on the river Chenab. A few skirmishes took place, and the Sikhs retired on the river Jhelum, almost exactly on the spot where Alexander the Great had attacked Porus. A great fight took place in the evening at Chilianwala: the first news that came spoke of a British victory and many guns captured. But later tidings made the victory seem very doubtful. The Sikhs were strongly posted in a jungle, the British right wing were defeated: the centre and left were more successful, but the 24th regiment had been half-destroyed: out of twenty-five officers who went into action, thirteen were killed. The 14th light dragoons rode about confusedly in the jungle and were stampeded back upon our artillery: many of our gunners were sabred at their guns.

The darkness came on so quickly that the guns we had captured could not be retained, but were lost in the jungle and re-captured.

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

The battle began too late in the day : the ground had not been reconnoitred, and little use was made of our superiority in artillery.

Then in the blackness of an Indian night the Sikhs crept forth, like tigers, and, feeling about for our wounded, stabbed them to death.

An unsuccessful general gets but a short shrift : every newspaper was sneering at Lord Gough's "Tipperary tactics" in prematurely rushing on the foe : when the despatches reached England, Lord Gough was recalled and his place given to Sir Charles Napier.

Meanwhile General Whish with 17,000 men and sixty-four big guns had resumed the siege of Multan on December 27. The defence was bravely conducted, but a lucky shot exploded their powder magazine, and on January 22, 1849, the citadel surrendered and Mulraj rode into the British Camp. He had not surrendered too soon, for the British sappers had approached the gateway of his fortress—and the storming party was already being formed. The besieging force joined Lord Gough, and on February 20 the battle of Gujerat began—this time in the morning, with 20,000 men and 100 guns Lord Gough attacked the Sikhs, who were strongly posted with 50,000 men and sixty guns. This time the choleric old Irishman took advice from Sir John Cheape of the Engineers and let the guns do their work first.

The Sikh guns were silenced at last ; but the men fought like heroes. Sir Walter Gilbert, "the best rider in India," followed up the wreck of the Sikh army with a strong force of cavalry, till at last it surrendered—guns and all—and the English prisoners were recovered—in Lord Dalhousie's eyes the most important result of all. The scene of the Sikh submission has been described by Sir Edwin Arnold : "With noble self-restraint thirty-five chiefs laid down their swords at Gilbert's feet, while the Sikh soldiers advancing,

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

one by one, to the file of the English drawn across the road, flung down tulwar, matchlock and shield upon the growing heap of arms, salaamed to them as to the 'spirit of the steel,' and passed through the open line, no longer soldiers."

To this description the late Mr. Bosworth-Smith adds in his *Life of Lord Lawrence*, "But it must have been a more touching sight still when—as it has been described to me by an eyewitness—each horseman among them had to part for the last time from the animal which he regarded as part of himself—from the gallant charger which had borne him in safety in many an irresistible charge over many a battlefield. This was too much even for Sikh endurance. He caressed and patted his faithful companion on every part of his body, and then—turned resolutely away. But his resolution failed him. He turned back again and again to give one caress more, and then, as he tore himself away for the very last time, brushed a tear-drop from his eye and exclaimed, in words which give the key to so much of the history of the relations of the Sikhs to us, their manly resistance and their not less manly submission to the inevitable, 'Runjit Singh is dead to-day.'"

But Gilbert had not yet finished his pursuit, for he set off at full speed after the Afghan forces, drove them over the Indus, through Peshawur, and up to the very gates of the Khyber Pass.

The relief throughout British India was immense: for the Sikhs are no mean foemen to meet. And throughout the army great was the satisfaction that their popular General, Lord Gough, had been able to secure a decisive victory before the arrival of his successor. For Gough was beloved by all, whether civil or military; he was known to be generous and self-devoting in the cause of his men, and men said that when his blood was cool he was an able tactician. The temporary discontent at his hot-headed

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

fight soon passed away, and his promotion in the peerage as Viscount Gough was deservedly popular. But before the final victory was won there were many valiant Englishmen keeping the flag flying in outlying parts of the Punjab.

George Lawrence at Peshawur kept a firm hold on his troops, though they were being solicited to rise by Chuttur Sing : he was living on the edge of a volcano, with the brave Sikhs and the treacherous Afghans beleaguering his Residency. At last he was betrayed by an Afghan into the hands of the Sikhs, who treated him as an honoured guest, said they had received only kindness from his family and at length allowed him to go on his parole to the British headquarters. Then there was Lieutenant Herbert, who had been sent by George Lawrence to occupy the post of Attoch, on the fords of the Indus. For seven weeks he held that weak, crumbling fort with a small garrison of Pathans, who refused to desert him. Not till Dost Muhammad came did they sorrowfully confess they dare support him no longer : for to do so would have imperilled the lives of their wives and children. There was James Abbott, the man who had ridden to Khiva, the friend of Henry Lawrence ; he had been placed among the savage inhabitants of Hazara, " who out of gratitude to him for his kindness, flocked to his standard in the fort of Srikote. For five years he ruled them, holding out against the Sikh army, and turning the most desolate wilderness into one of the pleasantest and most peaceful districts of the Punjab. So that children, remembering how he fed them with sweetmeats, would point to a stone on which he used to rest and say, " It was on that stone that Father Abbott sat " ; for he had with the courage of a lion the gentleness of a woman. There was Reynell Taylor, who had been left behind by Edwardes when he rushed upon Multan : this valiant Englishman, helped by a mere rabble of Pathan recruits, cleared the frontier of Sikh soldiers, got hold of an antique piece of

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

ordnance and laid siege to the fort of Lukki, held by two regiments of Sikhs with ten guns. But he had no ammunition for his crazy gun. "Never mind! run boys, and fetch me round stones from the river bed—they will serve the turn." And he fired his stones at the walls, though every day he might have expected to see a hostile army marching down the Kurram Valley from Kabul, and though he was surrounded by a fanatical Mussulman population.

To face these dangers all alone, with never a white face near him—this was to test the mettle of a man. Taylor never flinched; nay for a month he fired his pebbles until the fort gave in, and he secured the Trans-Indus Provinces.

There were others equally brave and daring—and there was John Lawrence in the Jullundur Doab with four native and one European regiment and a battery of artillery. His province had only been annexed two years before, and there had not been time to pacify and content the natives, when a Guru under shelter of his holy character collected together some hundreds and tried to cross the river into British ground. But the fords were too well watched, the Guru was driven into the Chenab and disappeared with his famous black mare beneath its waters.

And for two or three months John Lawrence was riding north, south and west with his flying hill-corps, striking rebellion a heavy blow on the head, or marching all night to surprise the rebels while they slept.

Sir Henry Lawrence had returned from England on hearing of the second Sikh war: he was inclined to deal gently with the Sikhs who submitted and got a reprimand from the fiery Governor-General.

Edwardes, too, had on his own authority disbanded a Pathan regiment, and Lord Dalhousie wrote angrily to Sir H. Lawrence about it.

"I wish to repeat what I said before, that there are more than Major Edwardes in the Residency who appear to

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

consider themselves nowadays as Governors-General at least. The sooner you set about disenchanting their minds of this illusion the better for your comfort and their own. I don't doubt you will find bit and martingale for them speedily. For my part, I will not stand it in quieter times for half-an-hour, and will come down unmistakably upon any one of them who may try it on, from Major Edwardes, C.B., down to the latest enlisted general-ensign-plenipotentiary on the Establishment."

A letter like this shows the imperious nature of the man : he was cruelly bitter to those who failed from incompetence and those who took too much upon themselves : but to such as fell from no fault of their own he extended a rare and kindly sympathy.

On March 29, 1848, a proclamation was issued by Lord Dalhousie, announcing that the great country of the five rivers was now an English Province, and that the frontiers extended beyond the Indus to the foot of the Afghan mountains. This was certainly the most important acquisition which our Indian Empire had received since the days of Wellesley. Lord Hardinge after the first war had determined to maintain the native crown and Government ; but the crown of Ranjit had descended to a child, so it was agreed that during his minority the Government should be administered in his name by the Resident. The Sirdars suspected our motives—to seize the child and plunder in his name : and they tried their luck once more—and failed.

Lord Dalhousie had come to India hoping to maintain Lord Hardinge's policy in the Punjab : the Sikh war had shown him that it was impossible. He made John Lawrence Chief Commissioner of the Punjab and gave him an active and cordial support. John Lawrence so dealt with the brave people under his charge that, when the Mutiny came, the Sikhs were true as steel. There was another part of India which Lord Dalhousie was compelled to annex

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

—the Province of Oudh. The Kings of Oudh for more than fifty years had been plundering their subjects, growing weaker and more debauched : they had been warned that if they did not rule more wisely there would be unpleasant consequences. Lord Hardinge had given his Majesty two years to reform in ; but in 1851 the Resident reported : ‘ His Majesty continues to show the same utter disregard of the sufferings of the many millions subject to his rule. He associates with none but women, singers and eunuchs.’ ”

In 1854 Lord Dalhousie chose Colonel Outram to be Resident of Lucknow, a man fond of the natives and wise and just in judgment. He was to report on the condition of the inhabitants of Oudh and on the native Government.

In four months Outram reported that the country was a prey to perpetual civil war of a most cruel and barbarous kind. The number of persons killed or murdered exceeded two thousand annually. Whole towns and villages were frequently burnt and many crops destroyed : the wives and children of the peasants were driven off in hundreds, and those who escaped death from cold and hunger were sold as slaves. The average number of villages burnt each year was seventy-eight. The King continued sunk in that gross debauchery which is characteristic of Muhammadan monarchies when their military virtue has become extinct.

In the discussions which followed as to the wisdom of annexation, Sir H. Lawrence exclaims, “ Is the fairest province of India always to be harried and rack-rented for the benefit of one family ? or rather to support in idle luxury one member of one family ? Forbid it, Justice— forbid it, Mercy ! In every Eastern Court the sovereign is everything or nothing. The King of Oudh has given unequivocal proof that he is of the second class ; there can

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

therefore be no sort of injustice in confirming his own decree against himself, and setting him aside." Again, he speaks of native chiefs generally as "Mere children in mind, and as children they should be treated."

The King of Oudh, however, behaved with more dignity than had been expected of him; he resolutely refused to sign the paper which dethroned him. They tried persuasions and threats—all in vain. He uncovered himself and placed his turban in the hands of Outram, declaring that now his titles, rank and position were all gone, it was not for him to sign a treaty—he was in the hands of the British Government, which had seated His Majesty's grandfather on the throne, and could at its pleasure consign him to obscurity."

The old principle of allowing a native prince to sit on the throne and administer home affairs, while an English Resident really governed, had to be changed to a policy of annexation—and this was chiefly because the Rajah, having no responsibilities, usually sank into sloth and vice, or became a grasping, grinding tyrant.

For instance the Resident at Nagpur reported :—

"Of late years all the anxiety of the Rajah and of his favourite Ministers has been to feed the privy purse by an annual income of two or more lacs of rupees, from fines, bribes, confiscations and sales. The Rajah has done many cruel acts, and even carried war into the country of his feudal dependents—all this has aggravated the low tone of his mind: he acts and thinks like a village chandler. His choicest amusement is an auction-sale, when some unfortunate widow is ruled not to be entitled to her husband's estate."

Of this man Lord Dalhousie wrote: "We set up a Rajah at Nagpur. We afforded him every advantage a native prince could command. His boyhood was trained under



## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

our own auspices. For ten years, while he was yet a youth, we governed his country for him, we handed it over to him with a disciplined and well-paid army, with a full treasury and a contented people. Yet, after little more than twenty years, this prince has left behind him a character whose record is disgraceful to him alike as a sovereign and a man. He has lived and died a seller of justice, a drunkard and a debauchee."

Lord Dalhousie spent much larger sums in constructing roads and canals than any of his predecessors had spent. The Ganges canal extends 525 miles, and is useful both for navigation and irrigation. The electric telegraph lines extended over 3,000 miles; a cheap post was established for all India, the making of railroads was encouraged and assisted.

The one great danger, which few at that time suspected, was the great size of the native army compared with the English—233,000 men might easily have wiped out the poor little band of Europeans. And there had been one or two small mutinies which should have given a warning of what might, and what did follow.

Two regiments of the Madras army rose in the dead of night in July 1806, without warning or suspicion of their fidelity. White and brown formed part of the same garrison, mounted guard on the same ramparts; yet suddenly the dark race rose and murdered in cold blood every European they could find with true Asiatic treachery. And it was all about some military regulation—the shape of a turban, the wearing of ear-rings, the cut of a beard: this was the mutiny and massacre of Vellore, eighty-eight miles west of Madras. It was thought by the Sepoys that our purpose was to do away with caste. They were suppressed by relief forces from Arcot under Colonel Gillespie.

Sir Charles Napier thought there was no danger in the

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

Indian troops being massed, but Lord Hardinge alone foresaw the peril of the Sepoy. The former, however, did note that the Brahmans were at the bottom of most of the discontent among the Hindu troops. "All the higher Hindu castes are imbued with gross superstitions. One goes to the devil if he eats this, another if he eats that ; a third will not touch his dinner if the shadow of an infidel passes over it ; a fourth will not drink water unless it has been drawn by one of his own caste. Thus their religious principles interfere with their military duties. . . . Military duty sits light on the low caste man, and as a soldier he is superior."

Lord Dalhousie had warned the Court of Directors of the danger that lay in the Indian army, but they had neglected his advice. He also warned the officials in India, and mentioned the peril in his last address to the citizens of Calcutta.

We have only touched on a small part of Lord Dalhousie's acts of government : there has been no room to speak of the conquest of Lower Burma, the storming of Rangoon with 6,000 men against 18,000, and the picked guards, known as "the Immortals of the Golden Country," whose pride it was to die at their post. But the Pagoda fortress fell, and in 1852 Lower Burma was annexed, and the country at once began to prosper under the able direction of Sir Arthur Phayre. What manner of men the Burmese are has been well described in Mr. Fielden's book, *The Soul of a People* ; the gentle followers of Buddha are glad to be free, we believe, from the old wars of rapine and conquest which troubled their fathers.

For they live in a country which teems with vegetation, and little exertion is needed to support life. They are consequently rather lacking in moral fibre and too content with their primitive state of society. Since Lord Dalhousie's conquest, other races have entered the country,

## INDIA IN THE THROES OF WAR

notably Chinese, Japanese and Indian merchants: so that gradually the male Burman is being ousted from employment. Their women have great business capacity, like the French ladies, and attend to the stalls in the bazaars, The lovely park at Rangoon, named after Dalhousie, seems to recall something of that statesman's energy, for here in the evenings cricket and rowing are in full swing.

## CHAPTER XVI

### SIR HERBERT EDWARDES, THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

HERBERT BENJAMIN EDWARDES was born in 1819 at Frodesley, not far from Shrewsbury : his father was the Rector of the parish and sent his son to King's College, London, where he distinguished himself in modern literature and languages. As he was unable to go to Oxford, he obtained a direct appointment to the 1st Bengal Fusiliers from a family friend, Sir Richard Jenkins. The first Kabul war was just over when he reached the Punjab. Edwardes set to work and studied native languages, passing successfully the interpreter's examination. Then he wrote critical letters on the late war to the *Delhi Gazette* and won the notice of Sir Henry Lawrence, who persuaded him to come to Lahore and act as private secretary. From that time dates Edwardes' great admiration for " the father of my public life," as he called Sir Henry.

Instead of giving a sketch of this hero's life, we propose to give in more detail passages from one year's experience in an Afghan valley. The greater fulness of description will set more clearly before the reader what such a life embraces in its manifold duties and dangers and delights, and will bring us into closer contact with our hero. It was to Bunnu, on the borders of Afghanistan, that Herbert Edwardes was sent by Sir Henry Lawrence in February

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES

1847, to collect the revenues from the reluctant tribes for the Sikh Government, and to conciliate the Bunnuchis if possible, and not to use force unless it were absolutely necessary. Formerly Sikh armies had gone through the country from time to time, to collect the revenue and taxes, but they had indulged in any amount of looting for their own gain ; now an English officer was to go with the force and see that order was well kept. The march from Lahore took up a month, and in March the hot season of the Punjab begins. Edwardes was all his time, during the first fortnight in Bunnu, chasing and punishing his own plunderers. "The Sikh soldiers could not believe that they were no longer to be allowed to help themselves from every farmer's field, pull firewood from every hedge and drag a bed from under its slumbering owner, in order that they might take a nap on it themselves." But the Sikh plunderers learnt at last that the English officer meant to be obeyed. After six weeks toiling in the sun he returned with only a small revenue collected, but with maps of the country and the knowledge that the natives were beginning to trust the British. In the cold season Edwardes returned to the Afghan valley.

Bunnu is quite on the east of Afghanistan, shut in on three sides by high mountains; two streams at times flood and irrigate the valley, which grows all the Indian grains, barley, wheat, sugar and various fruits.

The people are mixed : every status is found among them, from that of the weak Indian to that of the tall Door-ânee : every complexion, from the ebony of Bengal to the rosy cheek of Kabul : all are armed to the teeth, refuse to pay, run away when the collecting army comes, live in walled villages 400 in number : each tribe has its hereditary khan, or chief, or malik, to whom all paid a tenth of the produce of their fields. They were very superstitious : "The vilest jargon was to them pure Arabic

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

from the blessed Koran, the clumsiest imposture a miracle, the fattest fakir a saint."

A native traveller, Agha Abbas, found it useful to pretend to be a saint in passing through Bunnū. He once sat down by a stream to refresh himself, when he saw four men advancing towards him. "Fearing they might be thieves I had recourse to my detonating powder, and placing some on a stone at my feet, I awaited them. I rested my stick on the powder, as they drew near and exclaimed: 'Ya Alee Madad!' (Help Oh! Allah). The powder exploded and the thieves paused, then approached me with great reverence and requested that I would bless them by clapping them on the back."

Another time a man came up to Agha and said he had a daughter who went mad every Sunday and Wednesday: was engaged to be married, and her fiancé did not like the mad fits: he wished Agha to come and cure her.

He went to the man's house and found the girl stretched on the ground, heaping abuse on all her relations. Agha thought she was shamming; so he wrapped some brimstone in a rag and told his servant to light it and hold it to her nostrils, while he covered his head and commenced incantations. The girl objected to the burning brimstone and promised in the devil's name that he (the devil) would not return. Agha then asked to see her in private, and the girl told him the truth, which was that she was pretending to be mad in order to be rid of the man to whom her father had engaged her: there was another whom she dearly loved. Agha promised to help the girl, saw the betrothed and assured him that if the devil left the girl it would fasten on him: but if he married her sister all would be well. This was arranged and the true lover came forward and showed his gratitude by acting as Agha's guide for some stages. He says, "I left Ustarzye with

## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

the satisfaction of having caused the happiness of two beings at very little expense."

The four classes which made up the population of Bunnu were the mongrel and vicious peasantry, ill-ruled by maliks ; the greedy Syuds, or religious mendicants, who were sucking the very blood of the people ; the mean Hindu traders, ever ready to outwit and cheat their Muhammadan employers ; and the Vizerees, half pastoral, half agricultural, lawless but having some sense of honour. When Edwardes came the second time, following a proclamation in which he bid them fear nothing so long as they paid their revenue, many maliks from the west rode in, looking as wild as hawks and prepared to mount their jaded steeds at the least hint of suspicion. They were so uncivilized that they thought his watch was a bird and called the " tick " its song ; one asked if it was true that the English could not tell lies, and seemed full of commiseration ; another asked if he had been reading books for twelve years without sleeping. It was resolved to order the people to cast down their forty strongholds, and build a Crown fort for the English army. But it was no easy work, for the mud of Bunnu is so tenacious, that to break the wall was next to impossible. A cannon-ball made no impression, only lodged quietly in the hard mud. In the upper part it went through and left a round hole. You might make the wall look like a sieve, still it stood firm. The only way to take such forts was to throw in shells or blow down the gate and rush in.

Edwardes first built a fort for himself and then ordered the people to cast down their walls within fifteen days. He had to extend this time, for the work was so terribly hard.

While trying by court-martial in December some men who had been mutinous, a disagreeable interruption occurred. A Bunnuchi, armed with a naked sword, tried to force his way into the council-tent, where Edwardes was sitting

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

on the floor in the midst of the Sikh officers, and inflicted three severe wounds on the sentry at the door. The noise made all look up, and seeing what was the matter Edwardes called out to the sentry to run the fellow through with his bayonet. He therefore brought it to the charge and the Bunnuchi fled ; but outside the tent a Sepoy caught him in his arms and hugged him like a bear, tripped him up and fell on him. A crowd of angry soldiers came up and would have killed him had not Edwardes interfered. The sentry died two hours after : his skull had been cut right through.

This was only one of several attempts, and many soldiers who had gone out at night were killed, so that Edwardes henceforth carried a double-barrelled pistol in his belt. He also got permission to disarm the people, for they were constantly quarrelling amongst themselves, cutting off one another's water from their lands and causing a famine.

Little by little they began to see that Edwardes was trying to do them good and they ceased to squabble and fight and took to tilling and sowing. "The peace that ensued came home to so many, and the cultivation it permitted sprang up so rapidly under that genial sun, that one's good wishes seemed overheard by better angels, and carried out upon the spot before charity grew cold. And, indeed, this is the great charm of civil employment in the East. The officer who has a district under his charge has power to better the condition of many thousands . . . his personal influence affects their state as rapidly as the changes of the air do the thermometer."

As the fifteen days were ended, Edwardes rode round to stir up the people : as he drew near any fort, the natives jumped on the walls and made a great show of levelling. "Shabash ! well done !" he cried, to encourage them. But three forts did not even render this homage ; they



## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

were closed and silent, and their occupants had made no attempt to level their walls.

So Edwardes quartered five horsemen upon each, saying to them, " You are not to come away without twenty rupees, and mind you live free and well till the fine is paid." Before noon the chiefs of all three had paid the fine, glad enough to get rid of their expensive visitors.

In December 1847 Lord Hardinge sailed for England, and Edwardes received this gratifying proof that his chief had not forgotten him.

"The Governor-General has been pleased to raise the salary of Lieutenant Edwardes to 1,000 rupees per mensem as a testimony of his approbation of services rendered since he has been in the Punjab. " J. LAWRENCE."

Lieutenant Edwardes had much trouble to prevent the Sikh soldiers from cutting down the mulberry trees for firewood. "The wantonness of soldiers is very great in the way of plundering supplies of all sorts, for they are birds of passage and feel that they will not miss to-morrow the shade of the grove which they injure to-day. But though I have seen a soldier of Hindustan pull the door off an empty house to cook a chupatti (cake) with, I do not think the same man would have cut down a graceful poplar, or plane tree, for he would have been too civilized and have felt the enormity of the act. A Sikh, on the contrary, has no feeling on such a subject—no love of nature. He sees no aspirations in the towering of the cypress, no sadness in its bending before the wind ; he views it with the eye of a carpenter, and would tell you to a foot how long it would last him and his comrade for firewood.

In January 1848 Edwardes was warned that there was a plot to kill him as he entered one of the forts : " We should get rid of the Sahib, and then the force would go away from Bunnu "—so the people reasoned.

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

On January 21 Edwardes was sitting in his tent after cutcherry (office) business, talking with native officers over Bunnu affairs, when the cry arose, "Swords are going!" Edwardes cocked both barrels of his pistol and went outside, for the row was quite deafening. Scarcely had he got outside than a fanatic Mussulman forced his way through the sentries and entered the tent at the back door. Hearing the rush Edwardes looked into the tent and saw a Bunnuchi with a naked sword plunging after him like a mad bull. The outside door of an Indian tent turns up and is supported on props during the day, like a porch, to keep off the sun. It is very low and the fanatic had to stoop as he came out; so here Edwardes took his stand outside with pistol ready. "His turban was knocked off in stooping at the door, and when he stood up outside, he glared round for his victim like a tiger who had missed his spring. Then his eyes met mine; seeing no resource, I fired one barrel into his breast. The shock nearly knocked him down, for there could not have been two feet between us. He staggered but did not fall, and I was just thinking of firing the other barrel at his head, when a stream of soldiers rushed in and bore away the wretch towards a native's tent, where they hacked and chopped in every direction. My tent was immediately besieged by officers and men, some half naked, just as they had rushed from the works: it was really quite sufficient compensation for the danger to see the unfeigned anxiety of the men and hear their loud greetings and congratulations. All discipline was lost in such a moment of strong feeling. Thirty swords at least, covered with blood, were held out among the crowd, and as many voices shouted: "I hit the dog this way!" "I cut him like this." Then came officers and sirdars of the force, throwing down nuzzurs (gifts) and whirling money round my head—as is their custom on occasions of triumph or deliverance, and the sun set before I could get rid of the assembly."

## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

The body of the fanatic was ordered to be exposed on a gallows, because the Muhammadans believe that this takes away the virtue of martyrdom, and excludes the hero from the Paradise he sought in killing an unbeliever.

This story shows us that Edwardes had done something more than keep order and collect revenue; he had won the love and admiration of his own men, and had taught the natives that an Englishman's word is to be trusted. Ruskin, in his *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, Vol. IV, describes Edwardes as "a modern military Bishop. . . officially a soldier, practically a Bishop—a first-rate fighter of men in war: a first-rate fisher of men in peace; a captain whom all were proud to follow, a prelate whom all were eager to obey." And to his Christian fervour he added a vein of gaiety which attracted at first sight: those who came to know him well found out that there lay deep down a reservoir of deep religious feeling. This too was welcome to the wild and savage native, who under all his fierceness acknowledged the necessity of obeying and suffering the will of Allah.

The very fanatic who tried to kill him was prompted to do his furious act by the thought that he was doing God's service, and would be rewarded hereafter. One morning two Pathans were brought to his tent; they were dressed in the commonest white clothing, and had an air of misery mingled with "ashamed to beg." They talked of far away places across the Indus and seemed to have known better days, so Edwardes gave them ten rupees between them. They took the money gratefully, salaamed and departed. In February of the following year the two Pathan beggars again appeared and asked if they might travel under Edwardes' protection. He consented, and on the march picked their brains as they sat during the heat of the day under some shady trees. The talk fell upon Tak, and with his finger on the map Lieutenant Edwardes asked who knew anything of that country?

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

One of the two Pathans modestly lifted up his head and said, "I do, my father was once king of that country." It was indeed Shah Niwaz Khan, the son of that king from whom the Sikhs had taken Tak, and grandson of a greater king who had brought streams from the mountains to turn a desert plain into a land flowing with milk and honey. And now his grandson was a wanderer and a beggar.

"As his tale unfolded," says the Lieutenant, "I thought of my miserable ten rupees at Jummū, and felt deeply grieved at having given such paltry relief to such great misfortunes. On inquiry, I found he had had no food for two days, after selling his arms and a few remaining accoutrements; so I ordered him 500 rupees out of the treasury, and sent him on rejoicing to Bunnū, to see his exiled family and bring me tidings from the valley."

Edwardes wondered how he could help this unfortunate prince, and as luck would have it, there was a vacancy in the Tak Government soon after, and Edwardes begged the Resident, Sir Henry Lawrence, to give it to the Pathan, Shah Niwaz. He would not be an independent prince like his father, and he would have to collect revenue for the Sikhs instead of for himself; but it would make him fairly rich, would restore him to his home and country, and it would place over the people a grandson of that Surwur Khan, whose memory was so dear to them.

Sir Henry was delighted at the proposal, so poor Niwaz Khan, who yesterday had no clothes, received a dress of honour (not much moth-eaten) and was despatched with a bounding and grateful heart to administer the government of his native country. This took place in the summer of 1847: at that time Tak was on the verge of ruin, for the Afghan chiefs had screwed the last penny out of the cultivators, till many of them had abandoned their lands.

In six months' time Edwardes revisited Tak and saw that Shah Niwaz had recalled the fugitive farmers, was sitting

## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

daily in his own durbar and transacting his affairs with great ability ; in short, he so ruled the country that it prospered and was happy. Niwaz had also found in the mountains a band of outlaws who had once been his father's soldiers and had been expelled by the Sikhs. Peera, their leader, had become the terror of the country-side, for he seized on all traders and "bumped" them off to the hills, where they were made to write for a ransom suitable to their wealth : no Hindu dare go out of his village for fear of Peera.

Shah Niwaz took off the ban of outlawry and invited them to come home to Tak, with pardon for all past offences if they would live honestly in future.

Peera joyfully agreed, and came riding on his fleet mare into Tak as proudly as any Roman consul, for whom a triumph was waiting in the streets of Rome. All the town flocked out to meet their Robin Hood, and dancers and musicians led the way to his old home, where trays of sweetmeats were presented to him : the high-bred mare, the dear creature that by her speed had so often saved his life, was rubbed down and caressed by admiring boys and girls : all night long, under the bright moon, the most graceful dancers of Tak were striving who could win most smiles from the good-humoured and repentant outlaw.

So the meeting of the Pathan beggars with Lieutenant Edwardes was a blessing to many others beside the beggar prince. When we read of such things we cannot but see how large a field India presents for doing good and for making people wiser and healthier and better. A benevolent despot in such cases can do so much more than a committee sitting (and often squabbling) in an English city.

In March 1848 Edwardes had to march against some rebellious Afghans, and a *mêlée* took place during which a tall ruffian came suddenly up to the Lieutenant and thrust his *juzail*, or long gun, into his stomach, so that he was

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

nearly pushed out of his saddle. The ruffian then fired ! The priming flashed in the pan and the gun missed fire. " As he drew back the gun, I cut him full over the head : but I might as well have cut at a cannon ball, the sword turned in my hand ; and the fellow, without even resettling his turban, commenced repriming his juzail—an operation which I did not stay to see completed. I have always looked back to the moment when that juzail missed fire as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face."

It was towards evening of April 22, 1848 that Lieutenant Edwardes was sitting in a tent near the Indus taking evidence about a robbery. Loud footsteps, as of some one running, were heard without, came nearer and stopped before the door. The court and witnesses looked towards the door, where there was a whispering, a scraping of shoes and brushing off of dust from the runner's feet : then the purdah, or curtain, was lifted, and a Kossid, or running messenger, stripped to the waist and streaming with heat, entered and presented a letter-bag, whose crimson hue proclaimed the urgency of its contents. It was, he said, from the Sahib in Multan to the Sahib in Bunnú, and was on important public service.

Edwardes saw it was addressed to " General Cortlandt, in Bunnú, or wherever else he may be." The General was under his orders, so Edwardes had a right to open it and did so. Something in the Kossid's manner forbade him, he says, to question him before the crowd in and about the tent.

He opened it deliberately and found a letter within directed to himself. It was a copy taken by a native clerk of a letter addressed to Sir F. Currie by Mr. P. Vans Agnew, with a postscript in pencil written by Agnew himself which ran as follows—

" MY DEAR SIR—You have been ordered by Sir F. Currie

## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

to send one regiment here. Pray let it march instantly, or hasten it to top-speed. If you can spare another pray send it also. I am responsible for the measure. I am cut up a little, and on my back. Lieutenant Anderson is much worse. He has five sword wounds, I have two in my left arm from warding sabre cuts, and a poke in the ribs from a spear. I don't think Mulraj has anything to do with it. I was riding with him when we were attacked. He rode off, but is now said to be in the hands of the soldiery.—Yours in haste, P. A. VANS AGNEW."

During the perusal of this letter, Edwardes tells us, he felt that all eyes were on him, for no one spoke, not a pen moved, and there was that kind of hush which comes over an assembly under some indefinite feeling of alarm. "I never remember in my life being more moved, and feeling more painfully the necessity of betraying no emotion. At last I looked up at the Kossid and said, 'Very good! Sit down in that corner of the tent, and I'll attend to you as soon as I have done this trial.' Then turning to the gaping munshis, I bade them go on with the evidence. The disappointed crowd once more bent their attention on the witnesses. But from that moment I heard no more. My eyes were fixed mechanically upon the speakers, but my thoughts were at Multan with my wounded countrymen, revolving how I ought to act in order to assist them."

In an hour Edwardes had resolved what to do, and how to do it, and broke up the court. Horsemen were despatched in all directions to seize and bring all ferry-boats, and the camp was ordered to get ready to cross the Indus.

Edwardes wrote to Agnew—"I have one infantry regiment—two horse artillery guns, and between 300 and 400 horse. This is a small force, but such as it is, you are welcome to it, and *me*. Your position is one of imminent peril; but God will bring an honest man out of worse

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

straits ; so trust in Him, and keep up your pluck. . . . With all my heart I hope you are both safe at this moment.” But the Kossid who took it heard the tidings of the death of Agnew and Anderson on the road, and brought the letter back.

Then came the crossing of a branch of the Indus by moonlight, a tedious operation, to ferry over 1,200 soldiers with guns, camel-swivels, horses, carts and camp followers in one punt which would only hold forty men at a time.

Almost the last time it crossed, the punt foundered and obliged the Sikh regiment to ford up to their chins, with arms and clothes in a bundle on their heads : but all behaved merrily and well, and they reached the main river by noon of the 23rd. Three boats, a rapid and wide river, a storm at sunset—no hope of crossing that night—when loud shouts proclaimed that thirteen more ferry-boats had arrived, but in the end one went down with fifty men, of whom eight only were swept away. Edwardes’ influence over the men was immense, but he found the Multan Sikhs had written to his Sikhs to mutiny and kill him, and then join their comrades at Multan.

“In the dusk of the evening, while I was eating my dinner, the adjutant of the artillery, a Hindu, came in and besought me on his knees to move his guns to the right, as the Sikhs were conspiring mischief. ‘They have a prophecy,’ he said, ‘that in two years and a half from their defeat on the Sutlej, their independence shall be restored. That time has exactly come !’ ”

Soon after this, news came that Mulraj with his guns was advancing, so Edwardes, feeling it a desperate and useless thing to fight 4,000 men with eight guns, took his force back across the Indus ; and he was the only man in the whole camp who wanted to retreat ! he had a thousand who would have played the traitor if he had not put the Indus between himself and Mulraj.



## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

"The Sikh soldiers had sold me : my very price had been agreed upon : 12,000 rupees to the regiment for joining the rebels in the battle, and 12,000 more if they brought over my head with them. So there I stood alone among my soldiers ; some traitors, some true men, but all urging me to prove a fool, all fearing I might prove a coward."

So there Lieutenant Edwardes waited—waited ever so anxiously for General Cortlandt and his reinforcements. It was a custom of Sikh armies, if they wished to find out the position of an ally, to fire two guns at nightfall. This Edwardes did, and listened. Scarcely had the echo died away when eight guns and countless muskets rent the air, but not in the desired direction. It was the enemy who fired in defiance for a whole hour. Dismay fell on the little camp—no help is coming—none ! When hark ! due north there rolls down the Indus the deep boom of a distant gun ; a minute's pause, and then another boom is heard. Surely it was the answer to their signal—the English friends were coming at last !

The reason for the delay was this : when Cortlandt's force heard the two signal guns they were floating down the river ; they had to pull to the nearest shore and disembark a gun before they could fire in reply. By seven next morning the reinforcing fleet of twenty-six boats were safely anchored alongside.

We cannot follow the course of the war ; for nine months Edwardes and Cortlandt held Mulraj at bay and defeating drove him into Multan. Lieutenant Taylor, who had been left in Bunnu, kept sending all the help he could, for he too was a king of men, firm and gentle and strong.

At the battle of Kinyeree, which has been called the Waterloo of the Punjab, fought on June 18, 1848, Edwardes wished to wait for Cortlandt's guns, but the wild Pathans could not be controlled : he implored the infantry to lie down a little longer, and ordered his horsemen to ride

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

in a compact body and charge down on the rebel cavalry. "Put off the general engagement by charging home Foujdar, or not a man of us will leave this field." Gladly did these brave men get the word to do this desperate deed. Spreading their hands to heaven, the noble band solemnly repeated the creed of their religion, as though it was their last act on earth, then passed their hands over their beards with the haughtiness of martyrs, and drawing their swords, dashed out of the jungle into the ranks of the enemy's horse, who, surprised and scared, turned round and rode away. But after a time the enemy rallied—their whole force advanced to annihilate Edwardes and his little band : there was a moment of awful suspense, a hush and a silence as of prayer. Hark ! What is that ? Hark ! again : it is the bugle-note of artillery in the rear ! Thank God ! the guns have come at last. Soon the rattling of the wheels is heard, the crack of whips and clank of chains, as they strain at the carriages, and now amid shouts of welcome the foremost gun gallops to the front. "Oh ! the thankfulness of that moment !" exclaims Edwardes, "the relief, the weight removed—after waiting seven hours for a reinforcement that might never come ! Our chance now is nearly as good as theirs." The six guns were round in an instant—down sank the enemy in the long stalks of the sugar—they were astonished ! Where had the Sahib got those guns ? Then, after most of the enemy's guns had been silenced, Edwardes called for a charge. But before the regiment could reach the battery, half a dozen horsemen rode out from a clump of trees behind Edwardes and threw themselves on the guns. Their leader received a ball full in his face and fell over the cannon's mouth. Alas ! it was Shah Niwaz Khan, the beggar Pathan prince, who had been recalled from exile to rule over his own country. Poor prince ! his heart was so full of gratitude that he gave his life for the English.

## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

Later, a sad accident happened to Lieutenant Edwardes. He had just loaded his pistols and went on cramming them into his belt, as he listened to a horseman's report. The hammer of one got entangled, but without looking he seized the barrel in his right hand and pulled the pistol into its place. A loud report, a pang of pain, and he had lost the use of his right hand for life ! Quickly the news spread : Edwardes was reported dead, and Mulraj made a handsome present to the messenger who brought the news, saying, " He was a stout youth ; it is a pity he should be cut off so young ! " The native doctor sewed up his hand with a packing needle ! pain, swelling, inflammation ensued till Dr. Cole came and cut the stitches.

At last Mulraj was confined to his fortress and General Whish set to and bombarded the place : Sir Henry Lawrence returned from England in time to see the opening of the second siege. On December 30, a shell from a mortar laid by Lieutenant Newall of the Bengal Artillery pierced the dome of the Grand Mosque in the citadel and blew the vast fabric and the magazine into the air. In this explosion 500 of the garrison and about 400,000 pounds of powder were said to have been destroyed. In January Mulraj had had quite enough : he wrote to General Whish offering to surrender. " Your slave desires only protection for his own life and the honour of his women—you are an ocean of mercy ; what more need be said ? "

He protested that he never meant to rebel, that it all began by an accident, and that his own troops forced him to fight the English.

Edwardes tells us how he did all this—how he raised his army by personal influence, how he won their gratitude, admiration, love, how he ruled them kindly but with a strong will—with a determination to make many barbarian wills give way to one that was civilized : no man helped him without being rewarded, no man opposed him without

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES,

being punished. So when he held up his hand for soldiers, the soldiers came.

And his army was fed and paid out of the revenues of the country which it conquered. He divided his army into brotherhoods and gave each a flag: they picked their own officers. The only strict discipline enforced was to abstain from plunder. "The officers sat twice a day with me in *darbar*; I learnt to know them all, their characters, circumstances, prejudices, wants; by living the same life that they did, by wearing the same dress, talking the same language, and sharing with them all dangers and fatigues, they became attached to me, and I to them. The crowded city has its virtues, but so has the desert and the mountain; and he who walks the world aright will find something good wherever he finds man."

I think we now know something of this—one of the greatest of our Indian heroes, of whom Sir H. Lawrence wrote: "Since the days of Clive no man has done as Edwardes, nor do I know of many who could and would have acted as he did on the Multan outbreak."

He returned to England in 1849 to find himself feasted as a national hero, and at the Mansion House, when returning thanks for the drinking of his health, he turned to Major Nicholson by his side and exclaimed, "Here is the real author of half the exploits that you have attributed to me." On his return to India in 1851 as Brevet-Major and C.B. he was chosen Commissioner of the Peshawur division, and Lord Dalhousie wrote to him—

"Holding it, you hold the outpost of Indian Empire."

In 1857 came the Indian Mutiny, when he raised a thousand Multani horse to go anywhere with Nicholson to lead them. In June he wrote to his wife: "I am overwhelmed with offers of men for service from every wild tribe on the surrounding hills. . . . It must be a dull heart indeed that does not acknowledge that nothing but God's mercy has

## THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

saved us. . . . Sir John Lawrence has steered his province through the storm with courage, and I hope the Punjab has set a good example to the rest of India. It was, I always thought, one of the standing wonders of the world that we held India by an Indian army. The fabric of a hundred years, piled up unreflectingly, province on province, kingdom on kingdom, upon the bayonets of a single race, has subsided in a month, and nothing short of this would have ever brought about the reorganization of the army of India on a more solid footing. So it's all for the best, but alas ! the price that has been paid ! ” And again he writes : “ No doubt an overruling God has some vast good in store that all this bloodshed is to usher in. The natives are confounded. They don't know what to attribute it to. They say it is our unanimity, our resolution, our devotion to the public service, our good destiny, and so on ; and I then wind up by saying, ‘ Yes, it is all these, no doubt. But who gave those virtues to us rather than to you ? Why, God ! And those who counted the English as few at the beginning of the war forgot to ask on which side God was to be counted. ’ ” Edwardes believed that it was our duty to spread the Christian faith, not as a Government, or by force, but as individuals and by example.

He wished to encourage Christian schools in his province. “ The great city of Benares was a far more bigoted capital of Hinduism than Peshawur is of Muhammadanism, yet it is now filled with our schools and colleges and missions, and its pundits are sitting at the feet of our professors earnestly and peacefully, though doubtless sadly, searching after truth. What may we not hope to do with the Afghans ? They have much more in common with us—a one and a living God : Mosaic traditions : nay, a belief in Christ. . . . Above all we may be quite sure that we are much safer if we do our duty than if we neglect it. ”

In 1865 he finally left India : but his memory will not

## SIR HERBERT EDWARDES

soon die away: the Edwardes gateway of Peshawur, and the Edwardes Memorial School record some small part of what men felt who witnessed his life lived so nobly for God and country.

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Butler & Tanner Frome and London



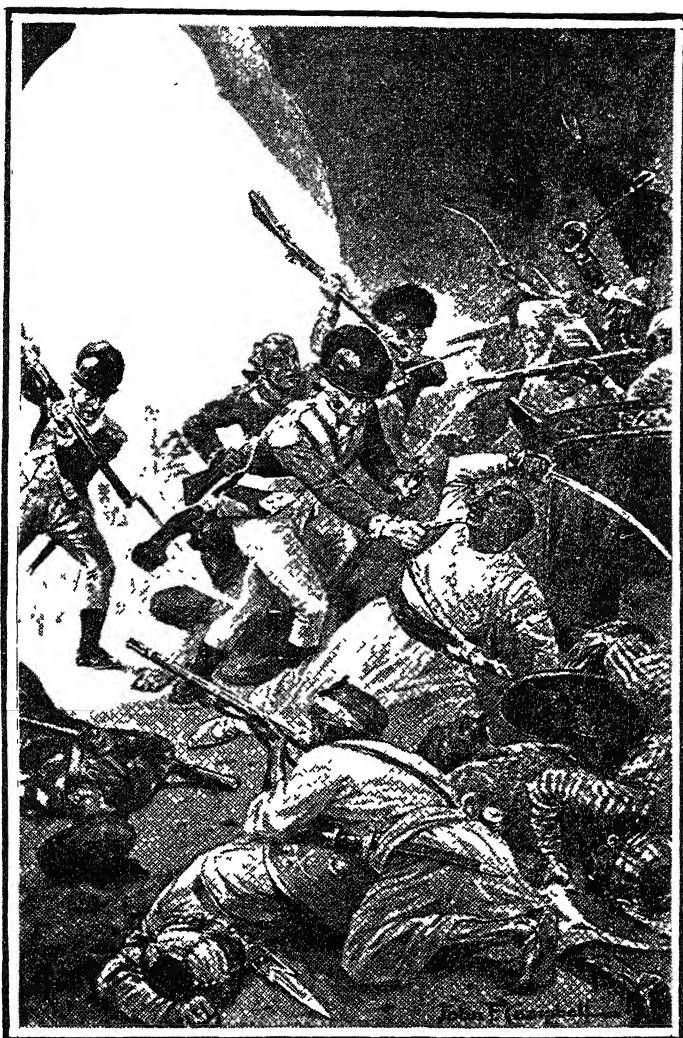
#### A RAID BY PINDARIS

The Pindaris would sally forth after the rains, several thousand strong, mounted and armed with long bamboo spears and some with matchlocks. They moved with great rapidity, and stayed only a short time in any one place. They used the utmost despatch in looting a town or village; and employed incredible tortures to discover hidden hoards.





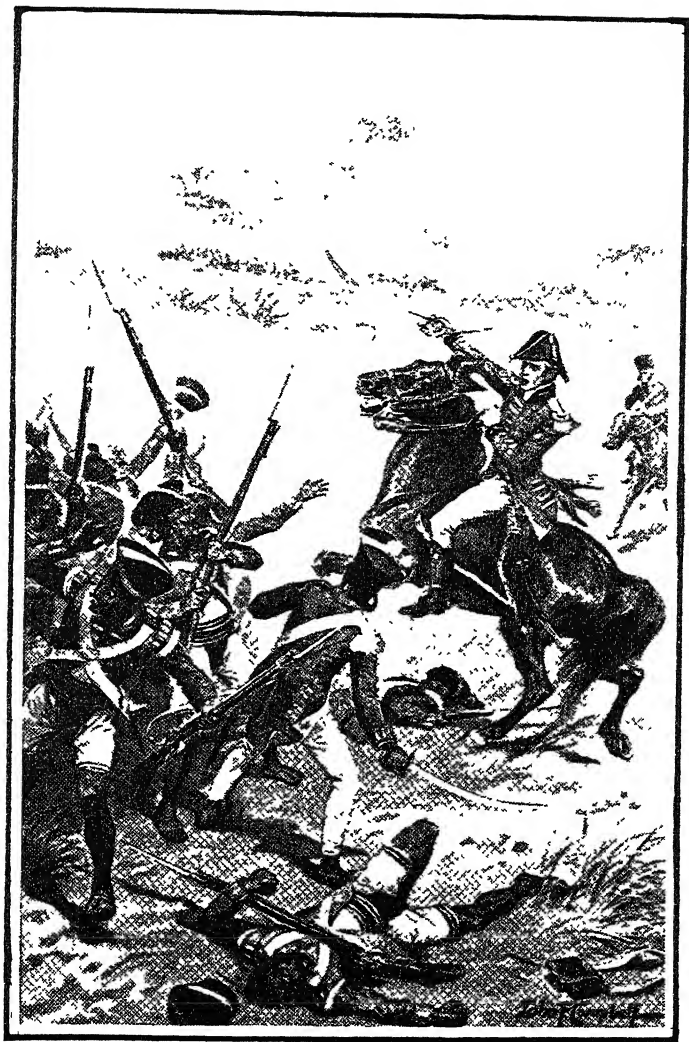




### THE DEATH OF TIPPOO SAHIB

When Seringapatam was assaulted, Tippoo took an active part in the defence until two wounds compelled him to retire. On his way he encountered some English soldiers, one of whom seized his jewelled sword-belt. Tippoo endeavoured to defend himself and wounded the soldier, but was at once shot dead

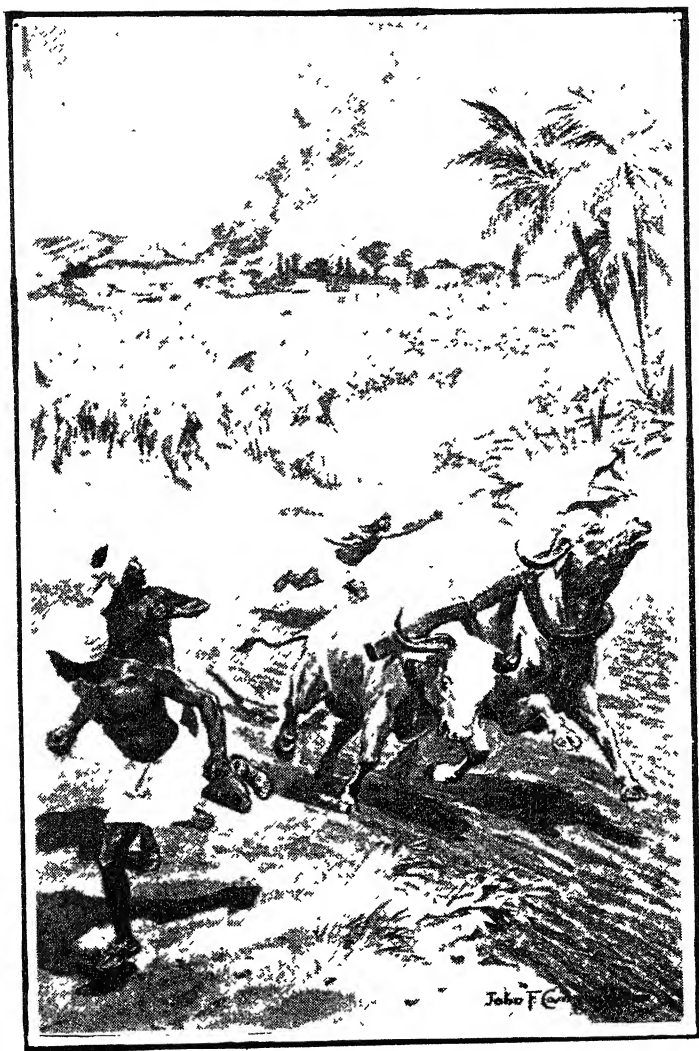




#### SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY RALLIES THE SEPOYS AT ARGAUM

Sir Arthur with his force overtook the enemy at Argaum as they were preparing to encamp. Although it was late and very hot he resolved to attack, but as soon as his Sepoys got within range of the guns they remembered the havoc at Assaye, and turned to fly. Fortunately Sir Arthur was at hand and was able to rally them, otherwise the day must have been lost.





### AN INDIAN CAVALRY CHARGE AT POONAH

A mass of cavalry covered nearly the whole extent of the plain, and endless streams of horsemen were pouring out from every avenue of the city. The effect was heightened by seeing the peaceful peasantry flying from the fields, the bullocks breaking from their yoke, the wild antelopes bounding off, and then turning for a moment to gaze on the tremendous inundation which swept all before it, levelled the hedges and standing corn, and completely overwhelmed every ordinary barrier as it moved.





#### ATTACKED BY ROBBERS

On his way to join Lord Lake, Metcalfe's palanquin was suddenly set down, and leaping out he found that his bearers had taken to their heels and that he was surrounded by robbers. He cut, thrust, and slashed till he was faint from loss of blood, when he managed to stagger into the jungle. When he had recovered he returned to find the robbers gone and his bearers calmly seated round the palanquin.



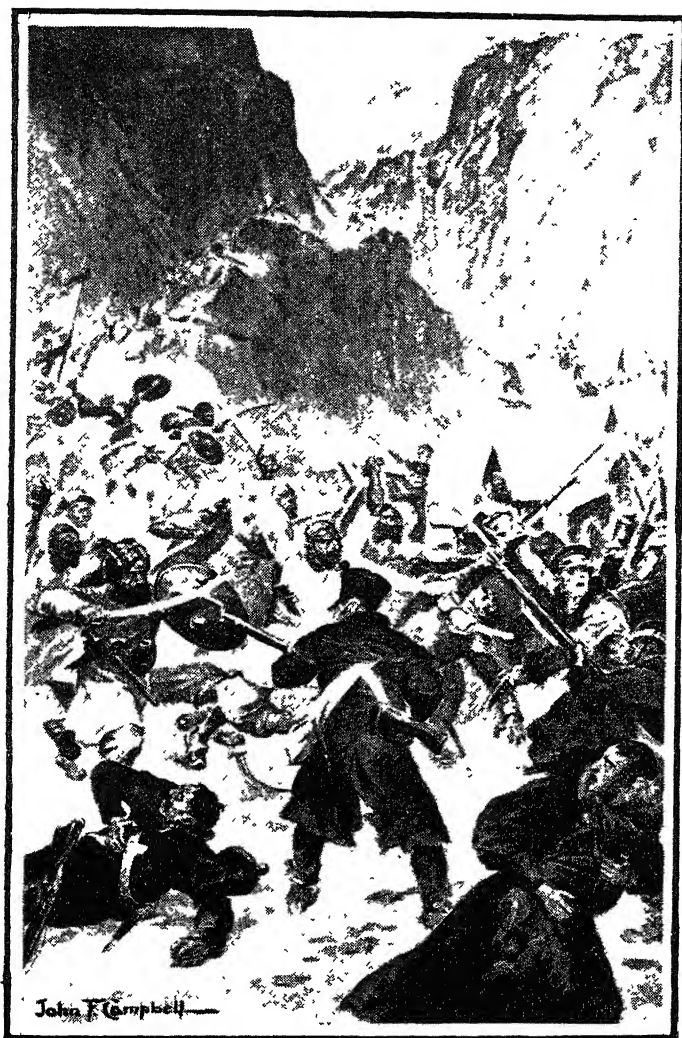




### THE MURDER OF SIR ALEXANDER BURNES

Though urged to fly by his Afghan servant Burnes refused, for he believed that he could quell any tumult that might arise; but the house was soon surrounded by a yelling crowd. They offered large sums of money to be allowed to escape. The Afghans agreed and invited them down, but no sooner had they descended from the house than they were hacked to pieces.





#### THE DISASTER IN THE KHOORD KABUL PASS

As soon as our men had entered the Pass, a narrow defile with precipitous mountains on either side, the Afghans rushed down upon the baggage and shot down our men in hundreds. General Elphinstone was persuaded to surrender, and the poor shivering Sepoys, who had never seen snow before, were driven back like sheep to Kabul, to become slaves for life.